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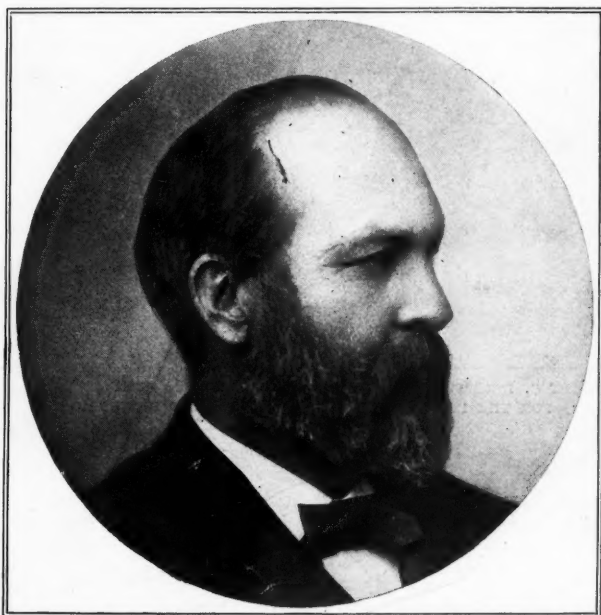
Number I

FAMOUS SPEECHES AT NATIONAL CONVENTIONS



BY LYNDON ORR

HISTORICALLY, the first national convention called to nominate a candidate for the Presidency was that which met at Baltimore in 1831, and unanimously declared Henry Clay to be its choice. Before that time, nominations had been made by the so-called "caucus system," which gave the real



JAMES A. GARFIELD, OF OHIO, WHOSE SPEECH ON BEHALF OF JOHN SHERMAN, AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1880, LED TO HIS OWN NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY

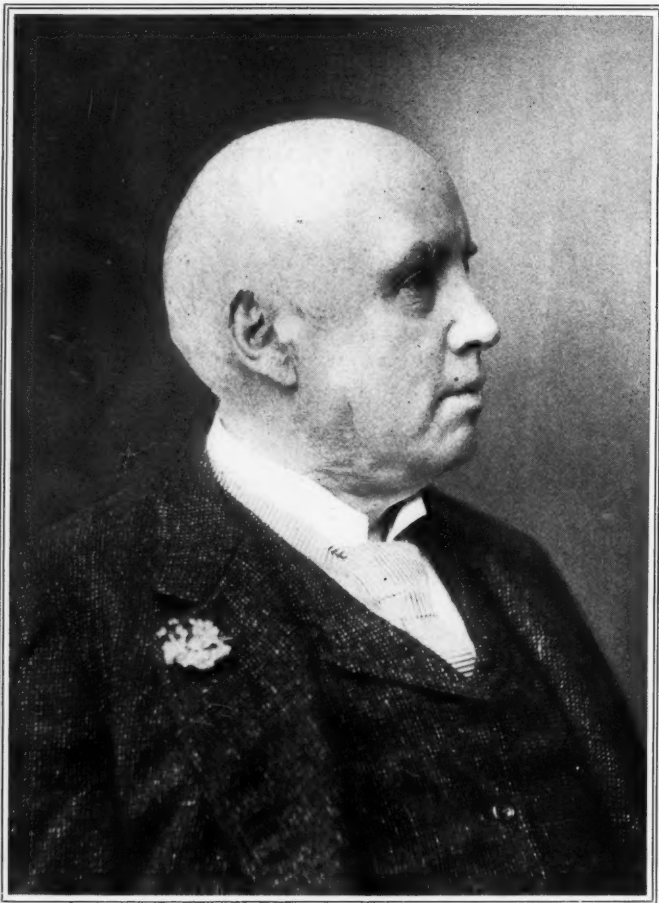
From a photograph by Pach, New York

power into a very few hands, and which therefore became unpopular as being oligarchical.

No sooner had the Whigs—or National Republicans—nominated Clay in open convention, than the Democrats, under

omission, a stray Tennessean was hastily discovered, admitted to the convention, and allowed to cast the fifteen votes which had been allotted to his State.

Slight interest was felt in some of these early conventions, because in most cases



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, OF ILLINOIS, WHO, IN 1876, NOMINATED BLAINE FOR THE PRESIDENCY WITH A SPEECH THAT HAS BECOME A POLITICAL CLASSIC

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York

Jackson, adopted the same system; but, for a long while the national conventions were rather tame affairs. The delegates were somewhat irregularly chosen. For instance, at the Democratic convention of 1835, there were no delegates at all from four important States. Among these States was Tennessee, where President Jackson himself lived; and to remedy the

the candidate was already so clearly indicated as to make the actual proceedings a matter of mere form. There was a good deal of miscellaneous oratory, but no set nominating speeches. A candidate was usually presented to the convention in two or three simple sentences, with no attempt at eloquence. The only one of these brief nominating speeches which

has been preserved is that of an obscure delegate from Pennsylvania at the Democratic convention of 1844. This individual, after voting for Martin Van Buren on three ballots and for James Buchanan on five more ballots, arose and said:

"I cast my vote for James K. Polk, the bosom friend of General Jackson, and a pure, whole-hogged Democrat!"

This speech is interesting, because it brought about the first "stampede" recorded in convention annals, and it ended in securing the nomination of Mr. Polk, who was the earliest "dark horse" among Presidential candidates. Here we see the beginning of the modern type of convention, which is no longer, as a national convention used to be, a rather dull, deliberative body, but which has become the scene of a great political drama, enacted every four years with the whole nation as its spectators.

It was at the Whig convention of 1840 that the telegraph was first used to report the proceedings. The convention was held in Baltimore, and a wire had been run between that city and Washington three days earlier. Its first use, therefore, was to tell the members of Congress what the convention was doing. Dr. Schouler records the circumstance thus:

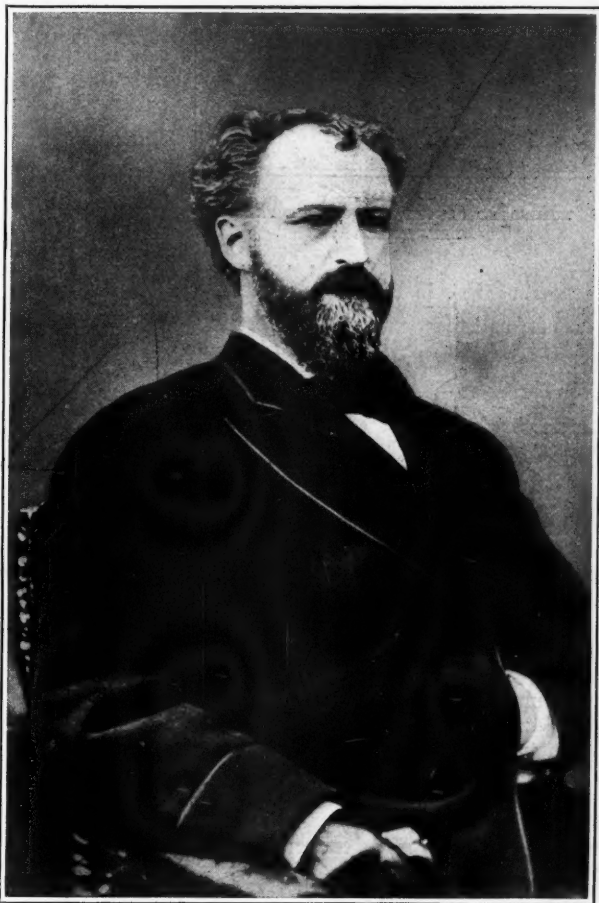
Every half-hour the strange little machine at the east end of the Capitol reported the progress of meetings held forty miles away; and written bulletins, posted up on the wall of the rotunda, gave quick intelligence of the news.

In our days the enormous convention halls

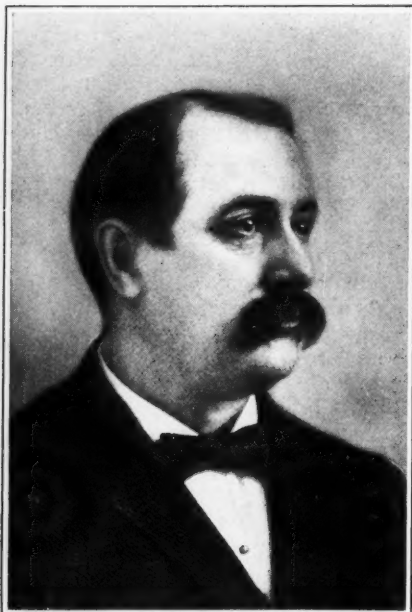
are the focus of a maze of wires which, minute by minute, give to eighty million people a most complete report of what is happening. In telegraph-offices, theaters, restaurants, clubs, and every sort of public place, the expectant crowds of interested citizens can follow the proceedings as well as if they were in the convention hall itself.

THE LINCOLN CONVENTION OF 1860

Even at the memorable convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860, there was no oratory worth mentioning; yet here we see what resembles fairly well the scenes enacted at the conventions of to-day. The Republican delegates met



ROScoe CONKLING, OF NEW YORK, WHO AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1880 MADE A FAMOUS SPEECH NOMINATING GRANT FOR A THIRD PRESIDENTIAL TERM



DANIEL N. LOCKWOOD, OF NEW YORK, WHO
NOMINATED CLEVELAND FOR THE PRESI-
DENCY IN 1884

at Chicago, in what was styled a "wigwam," which held almost ten thousand persons; and then, as now, the spectators took a real, if unacknowledged, part in the proceedings.

The two leading candidates were William H. Seward, of New York, and Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois. Lincoln, who was one of the shrewdest of political managers, saw the importance of having a cheering multitude on his side. The cohorts of Seward, numbering thousands, and headed by a magnificent brass band, spent the morning in parading around Chicago, in order to impress the populace. The Lincoln managers, who had no brass band and no organized "marching club," saw their opportunity. While the Seward men were moving up and down the city, the followers of the Illinois statesman made directly for the convention hall. They swarmed into it by thousands, and so nearly filled it that when the Seward marchers arrived, very few of them could get in. Hence, when the two candidates were presented, the cheers for Seward were comparatively faint, while the shouting for Lincoln nearly took the roof off the building. An

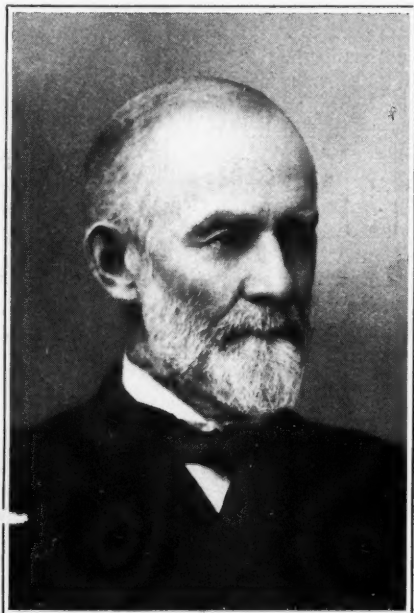
eye-witness of the scene—the late Murat Halstead—has written:

The uproar was beyond description. I thought the Seward yell could not be surpassed; but the Lincoln boys were clearly ahead, and feeling their victory, they took deep breaths all around and gave a concentrated shriek that was positively awful, and accompanied it with stamping that made every plank and pillar in the building quiver.

When Lincoln was finally nominated, on the third ballot, the noise was so terrific that no one could hear the roar of a cannon which was fired on the roof of the hall. It may be noted, too, that this was the first convention at which the shouters were regularly organized. Seward's *claque* was led by Tom Hyer, a prize-fighter; while the adherents of Lincoln followed the signals of two men who had been posted conspicuously in the galleries.

INGERSOLL'S GREAT SPEECH IN 1876

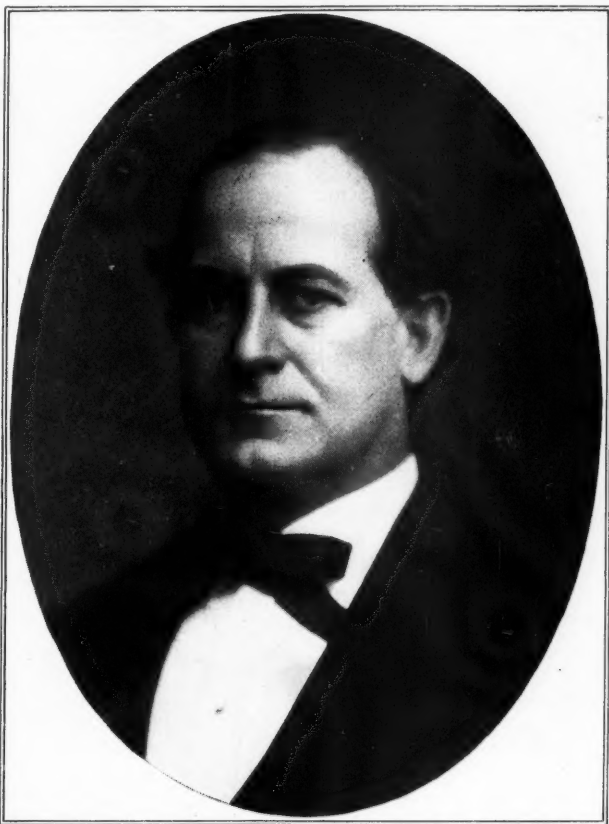
From 1860 to 1876, the evolution of the national convention went slowly on. But, until the last-named year, there were no violent conflicts within either party to call forth any conspicuous display of elo-



EDWARD S. BRAGG, OF WISCONSIN, WHO MADE
A FAMOUS SPEECH FOR CLEVELAND IN 1884

quence. Grant's two nominations came to him by the unanimous vote of the delegates. The Democrats nominated Seymour in 1868, and Greeley in 1872, with no great hope of winning; so that with both parties the proceedings were rather tame.

son Davis. When the convention met in Cincinnati, it seemed almost certain that Blaine would get the nomination; but there were many Republicans who viewed him with distrust because of the affair of the Mulligan letters. Moreover, just before the convention met, Mr. Blaine was



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA, WHOSE "CROSS OF GOLD" SPEECH AT THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF 1896 LED TO HIS NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY

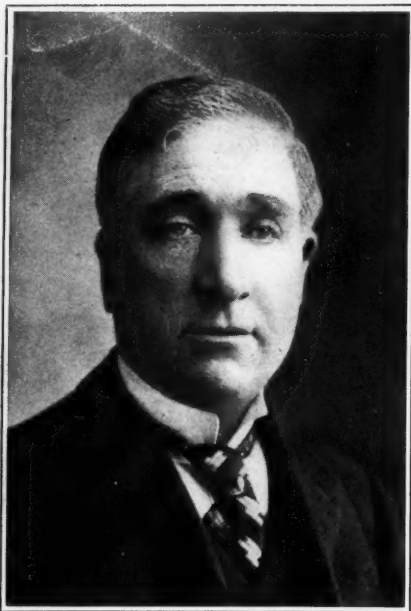
From a copyrighted photograph by Fredricks, New York

But in 1876, the field was thrown open by the retirement of Grant; and the Republican convention of that year was thrilling in its excitement and in the acrimony of the struggle. By that time Mr. Blaine had become the idol of his party. A short time before, he had revived the war spirit of the country by his brilliant though intensely partizan oratory in the Congressional debate over the question of granting amnesty to Jeffer-

son Davis. When the convention met in Cincinnati, it seemed almost certain that Blaine would get the nomination; but there were many Republicans who viewed him with distrust because of the affair of the Mulligan letters. Moreover, just before the convention met, Mr. Blaine was

smitten by a sunstroke, and lay for two days unconscious at his home. This fact was made the most of by his opponents, some of them declaring his illness to be a sham in order to excite sympathy, while others asserted that it made his physical condition a very serious matter.

At Cincinnati, where the convention met, the tide ran strong for Blaine. Few American statesmen have ever won such passionate devotion from their followers.



BOURKE COCKRAN, OF NEW YORK, WHOSE
SPEECH AGAINST CLEVELAND IN 1892
FAILED TO PREVENT HIS THIRD
NOMINATION

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York

As the moment for the actual nomination approached, the whole vast throng was quivering with excitement. When Maine was reached in the roll-call of the States, a great surge of noise arose, lasting for many minutes. While it continued, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, of Illinois, who had been designated to present Mr. Blaine's name, made his way to the platform and fronted the sea of faces.

Colonel Ingersoll was then but little known outside his native State. Few persons present suspected that he was a consummate political rhetorician. When he spoke, each sentence was like an arrow piercing the assemblage with wit, with eloquence, and with epigram. The conclusion of his speech, bitterly partizan though it was, appealed intensely to his hearers, to whom the Civil War was still a vivid memory. His words have become classic in the annals of convention oratory.

This is a grand year, a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the sacred past; a year in which the people call

for the man who has preserved in Congress what their soldiers won upon the field; a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of rebellion.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed



LEON ABBETT, OF NEW JERSEY, WHO RENOMINATED CLEVELAND IN 1892

From a photograph by Schill, Newark

knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every traitor to his country. For the Republican party to desert that gallant man now is as though an army should desert its general upon the field of battle. . . James G. Blaine has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it "sacred," because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

In the name of the great Republic; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers that died upon the field of battle; and in the name of those that perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings she so vividly remembers—Illinois—Illinois—nominates for the next

President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

Colonel Ingersoll's eloquence caused Mr. Blaine forever after to be known as "the Plumed Knight"; but it failed to make him the Republican candidate. Again a "dark horse," in the person of Rutherford B. Hayes, who had no political enemies, carried off the prize and became President.

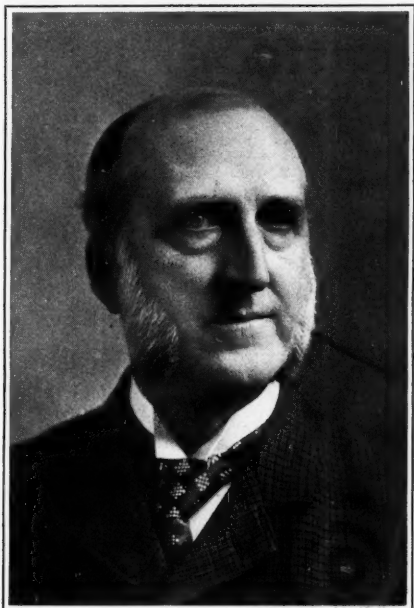
The Democratic convention held at St. Louis in that same year nominated Mr. Tilden without any great display of oratory; for by his astute political man-

spoken of as a possible candidate. Since he had left the Presidency he had made a tour around the world, and had everywhere been received by monarchs and great statesmen with the highest honors. Returning to the United States, eight months before the convention met, he had traveled from San Francisco to New York amid the most extraordinary demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. He himself was probably reluctant to be a candidate for another term. When asked whether he would accept it, he replied: "I will neither accept nor decline an imaginary thing."

Later, however, he wrote:

I owe so much to the Union men of the country that if they think my chances are better for election than those of other probable candidates, I cannot decline if the nomination is tendered without seeking on my part.

When the convention met, General Grant's name was brought forward by Roscoe Conkling. His chief opponent was Mr. Blaine. Roscoe Conkling was a showy politician, with gifts of sarcasm which he was continually abusing. He



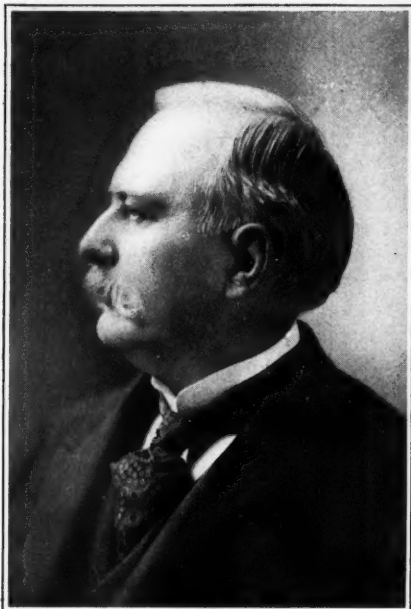
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, OF NEW YORK, WHOSE SPEECH FOR MCKINLEY WAS THE MOST NOTABLE ORATION OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1900

From a photograph by Anderson, New York

agement he had practically secured the delegates in advance.

ROSCOE CONKLING'S SPEECH IN 1880

Fully equaling the great struggle of 1876 was that which stirred the Republican convention held four years later in Chicago. It was, indeed, a sort of battle, and its most conspicuous claimant for the nomination was quite appropriately a soldier. General Grant had long been

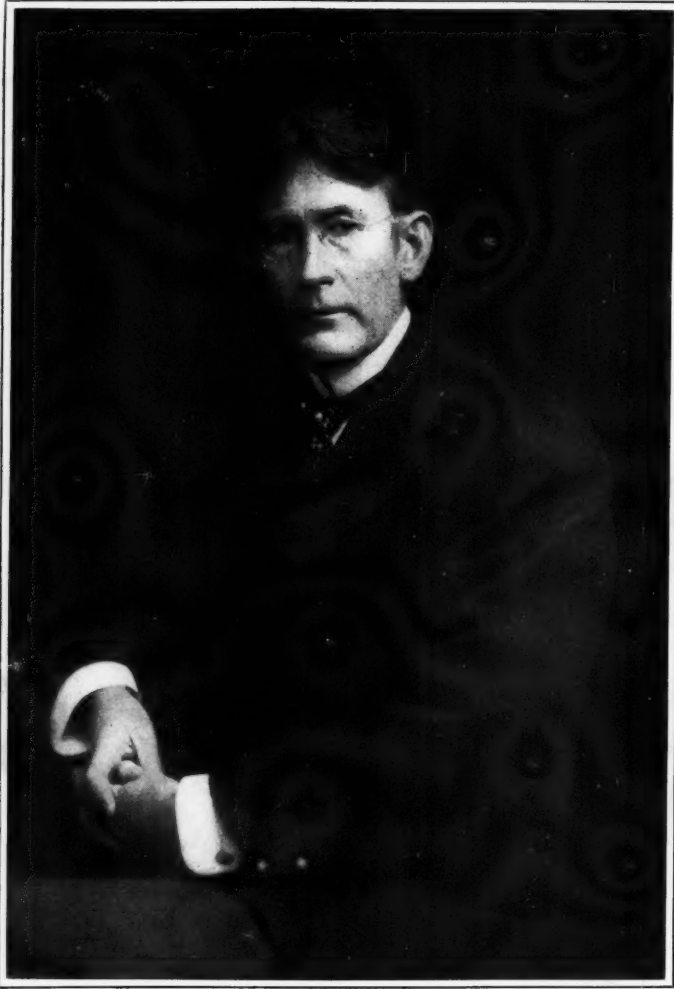


JOSEPH B. FORAKER, OF OHIO, WHO NOMINATED MCKINLEY BOTH IN 1896 AND IN 1900

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

seldom tried to conciliate his opponent, and he deeply hated Mr. Blaine. At the convention, Conkling's words and manner were arrogant and insolent to a degree. Taunts and insults came to his

convention into giving him the seventy additional votes needed for a clear majority. Nothing like Conkling's conduct had ever been seen at any national convention. He did not even confine himself



FRANK S. BLACK, OF NEW YORK, WHO NOMINATED ROOSEVELT FOR
THE PRESIDENCY IN 1904

From a copyrighted photograph by Gessford, New York

lips so readily that he not merely deepened the hostility of the Blaine men, but estranged the friends of other candidates whom otherwise he might perhaps have won over. But he was sure of at least three hundred and six Grant delegates, and he seemed to feel that he could bully the

to verbal taunts, but once, at least, he rushed at an opposing delegate who was speaking, and, seizing him by the shoulders, thrust him down into his seat in spite of the jeers and hisses which came from every quarter of the hall.

Conkling was very fond of spectacular

effects. On the night before the nominating speeches were to be made, he let a rumor circulate to the effect that he had changed from Grant to some other candidate. This he did to heighten the effect of his performance on the following day. When the roll was called and when Conkling's chance arrived, every one was tense with suppressed excitement to see just what the New York leader was about to do.

What he did was very characteristic of the man. Instead of going quietly to the platform, he swaggered down the aisle, and then suddenly leaped upon the table assigned to newspaper correspondents, upsetting their ink-bottles and scattering their "copy" over the floor. They cursed him loudly, but their voices were drowned in the shouting. Then Conkling wheeled about and, facing the convention, declaimed dramatically a bit of doggerel by Charles Graham Halpine—better known as "Miles O'Reilly"—which he had picked up from some one on the evening before:

When asked what State
he hails from,
Our sole reply shall
be:
"He comes from Ap-
pomattox
And its famous ap-
ple-tree!"

Some have said that he did not quote this verse; but the present writer makes the statement on the authority of Senator Hoar, who presided over that convention, and of Mr. Conkling's own nephew and biographer.

Conkling's speech was vigorous and pugnacious.

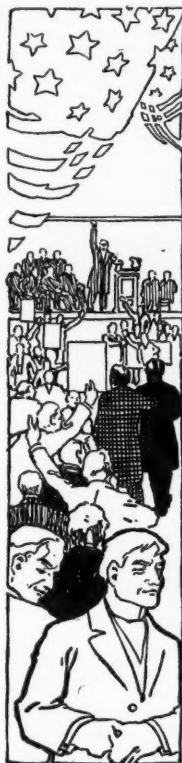
With Grant as our leader, we shall have no defensive campaign, no apologies or explanations to make. . . . Without patronage or power, without telegraph-wires running from his home

to the convention, without election contrivance, without effort on his part, his name is on his country's lips. . . . His fame was born not alone of things written and said, but of the arduous greatness of things done.

And so on. The harangue was greeted by a tumult which lasted for more than half an hour. When it subsided, General Garfield, responding to the call for Ohio, had to nominate John Sherman. It was an extremely difficult task to follow after Conkling and to get a hearing for a somewhat prosaic candidate; yet Garfield, with infinite tact and perfect taste, spoke some sentences which to-day remain a model of fine feeling and pure eloquence. In quiet tones he said:

I have witnessed the extraordinary scene of this convention with deep solicitude. Nothing touches my heart more quickly than a tribute of honor to a great and noble character. But, as I sat in my seat and witnessed this demonstration, this assemblage seemed to me a human ocean in a tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured.

Not here, in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are gathered, is the destiny of the republic to be decreed for the next four years—not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates, waiting to cast their lot into the urn and determine the choice of the republic; but by the four millions of Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and country, with the history of the





past, the hopes of the future, and reverence for the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by, burning in their hearts—*there* God prepares the verdict which will determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heat of June, but at the ballot-boxes of the republic, in the quiet of November, after the silence of deliberate judgment, will this question be settled.

It was the effectiveness of this speech which doubtless led one Pennsylvania delegate, after thirty ballots had been taken, to cast his vote for General Garfield, thus beginning a stampede which defeated Grant and Blaine and Sherman, and gave to Garfield himself the nomination and the Presidency.

CLEVELAND'S THREE NOMINATIONS

The next famous convention speech was made at the Democratic gathering of 1884. Here the three chief candidates were Senator Bayard, of Delaware, Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, and Governor Cleveland, of New York. Cleveland soon had a majority of the delegates, but the Democratic rules require a two-thirds vote to nominate. Mr. Cleveland's name had been brought before the convention by his old friend, Daniel N. Lockwood, of Buffalo, who was not, however, in any respect an orator. The delegation from New York was divided in sentiment. Forty-nine of its members were for Cleveland, but the other twenty-one were Tammany men, led by John Kelly, and they hated the Governor. Nevertheless, according to the unit rule, the whole

seventy votes were cast by the State chairman, Daniel Manning, for Mr. Cleveland. When this was done the Tammany men raged together, and Thomas F. Grady broke out

into a violent attack on Cleveland. Then General Edward S. Bragg, a Wisconsin delegate, arose and spoke for the young men of his State. He ended with the memorable sentence:

They love Cleveland and respect him, not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity and judgment and iron will, but they love him most of all for the enemies he has made.

A roar of applause shook the great hall, and on the second ballot Mr. Cleveland received the nomination.

Four years later, Mr. Cleveland was renominated by acclamation and without any famous oratorical accompaniments, his name being brought before the Democratic convention in a brief speech by Daniel Dougherty, a lawyer of Philadelphia. Defeated in that year by General Harrison, he retired to private life; but in 1892 he was again a prominent candidate. At the convention in Chicago, owing to the political arts of Senator David B. Hill, he was opposed by the whole delegation of his own State. His name was therefore presented to the convention by Governor Abbett, of New Jersey, while the name of Senator Hill was presented by William C. de Witt, of New York. Neither spoke with much effect.

Mr. Cleveland had a clear majority of the delegates from the start, but whether he could secure a two-thirds vote was doubtful. Again, as in 1884, the Tammany leaders bitterly opposed him. The Cleveland men, however, were full of fight, and they refused to let the convention adjourn that night without balloting. The session lasted until long after midnight. At a quarter past two in the morning, Bourke Cockran, of New York, arose to make a final effort to defeat Cleveland. Mr. Cockran pretended an exhaustion which he probably did not feel. The scene has been described as follows:

As he faced his audience he seemed





languid, heavy-eyed, and utterly worn out. A feeling of sympathy won him the goodwill of the convention before he spoke a word. Then, in a voice that was rich and resonant, he uttered an earnest plea for harmony, making it appear that harmony could be achieved only by dropping Mr. Cleveland as a candidate.

His words were touched with sarcasm, yet he said nothing to give personal offense.

I believe that Mr. Cleveland is a popular man—a most popular man. Let me now add that he is a man of most extraordinary popularity—on every day of the year except election day! He is popular in Republican States, because his Democracy is not offensive to Republicans. I oppose him in this convention because his candidacy imperils the success which now comes to us with bright, alluring prospects. I appeal to you to pause now, before this contemplated action is taken, before this invasion is made complete. Build, gentlemen, build your hopes of success, not upon the shifting sands of political professions. Build it upon the solid rock of Democratic harmony, of Democratic unity, and of Democratic enthusiasm. Then the people in whom you have trusted will repay your confidence with majorities so decisive that Republican prospects throughout the Union will receive a completer check even than they have received in the State whose triumphant Democracy now asks you only for permission to win for you a Democratic victory in November.

Mr. Cockran's eloquence, however, was of no avail. At three o'clock in the morning the roll was called, and Mr. Cleveland was found to have more than the necessary two-thirds vote.

OTHER FAMOUS SPEECHES

Mr. Bryan's famous "cross of gold" oration, delivered at the Democratic convention in 1896, was not a nominating speech at all. It was a reply to a number of arguments that had been made over the so-called "silver plank" in the proposed platform; but probably no convention speech was ever so dramatic, or

had so instantaneous an effect upon the fortunes of the speaker.

The convention had got entirely out of hand. Twenty thousand men were yelling like wild beasts when Mr. Bryan appeared upon the platform. He was unknown to most of them, yet in a moment he had mastered them. The incident is too well remembered to be detailed again, but his peroration may be repeated:

It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation. Shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers? No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people!

Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out into the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them:

"You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns—you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

This speech, coming at the psychological moment, and thrilling with the fire and force which make popular oratory irresistible, placed the eloquent Nebraskan at once in the leadership of the Democratic party, and has kept him there for twelve years.

Many people, think, however,



that Mr. Bryan surpassed even this extraordinary effort in the passionate harangue which he made before the St. Louis convention of 1904. This later speech has never been reported in full, but those who listened to it say that they never before heard such splendid spontaneous eloquence. The circumstances under which it was delivered were quite unusual. The leading Democrats had prepared a reply to Judge Parker's famous "gold telegram," and in this reply they had practically abandoned their adhesion to the silver standard. Mr. Bryan at the moment was seriously ill, yet he at once rose from his sick-bed, pale as a ghost, and shaking with fever, to utter a last plea for the cause with which his name was linked. For an hour or more his impetuous spirit dominated the weakness of his body, and he poured forth a torrent of impassioned declamation. Even those who were opposed to him marveled at his power.

Recent Republican conventions have failed to call out any unusual oratorical efforts. This fact is due, in the main, to the absence of any spirited contest. In 1896, Mr. McKinley had little serious opposition, and was nominated on the first ballot, his name having been presented by Senator Foraker, of Ohio. At the Philadelphia convention of 1900, he was renominated by acclamation, his name having been again brought forward by Senator Foraker, and seconded by Governor Roosevelt, of New York.

The most interesting speech at this last convention was made by Senator Depew, after the nomination had been made. In it he uttered a sentence which has been often repeated:

We have the best ticket ever presented. We have at the head of it a Western man with Eastern ideas, and we have at the other end an Eastern man with Western character—the statesman and the cowboy, the accomplished man of affairs and the heroic fighter, the man who has proved great as President,

and the fighter who has proved great as Governor.

The last Republican convention—that held in Chicago four years ago—knew long beforehand that the only possible candidate was Mr. Roosevelt. It is said that all its proceedings had been carefully prearranged down to the last detail. Nevertheless, when President Roosevelt was formally nominated to succeed himself, the chosen speaker, Frank S. Black, ex-Governor of New York, did succeed in rousing the delegates to unfeigned enthusiasm. One passage of his speech was a striking piece of rhetoric:

The fate of nations is still decided by their wars. You may talk of orderly tribunals and learned referees; you may sing in your schools the gentle praises of the quiet life; you may strike from your books the last note of every martial anthem; and yet out in the smoke and thunder will always be the tramp of horses and the silent, rigid, upturned face. Men may prophesy and women pray; but peace will come here to abide forever on this earth only when the dreams of childhood are the accepted charts to guide the destinies of men.

A study of convention speeches is of much interest, not only to the student of politics, but to the student of oratory. The most effective speech is usually that which leaps forth spontaneously in the tempestuous whirl of clashing interests. From the very nature of the case, its rhetoric is florid, its expressions extravagant, and its phrasing impressionistic.

Nevertheless, a fine oration like that of Colonel Ingersoll or that of Mr. Bryan is magnificent in its own way. It is not to be judged by academic standards, but rather by the indescribable and wonderful effect that it produces upon its hearers, rousing their emotions, mastering their wills, and for the moment holding them entranced by the spell of the magician who can reach at once their reason and their hearts through the enchantment of the spoken word.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE AMERICAN BOOK-PUBLISHERS?

BY MERTON H. FORRESTER

WHEN the question is asked, "What has happened to the book-publishers?" it is very likely to be met by the counter-question, "Has anything happened to the book-publishers?"

Well, yes; it is very certain that something has happened to them. They know it themselves; and the facts also prove it.

About twelve years ago there began what was called at the time a "book-boom." A period of business depression was commencing to give way before advancing prosperity. Money became easier and more plentiful, so that more could be spent for reading. In the second place, an entirely new class of readers had been bred up to the point of wishing to have books. The steady advancement of popular education was responsible for this. A higher standard of writing in the newspapers, the circulation of the so-called "Sunday supplement," and, finally, the establishment of good magazines at a low price, had by degrees fostered an interest in good reading; so that when financial conditions grew more favorable, the sale of books and the demand for them increased in surprising fashion.

From 1895 to 1900, the American publishers reaped a golden harvest. Before that time, a book was considered highly successful if twenty-five thousand copies of it were sold. A sale of fifty thousand copies was astonishing; while only at rare intervals did a book of any sort sell to the extent of one hundred thousand copies. But after 1895 there was a great expansion in book-sales. Beginning with "Trilby," and continuing with the books of Ian Maclaren, Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, James Lane Allen, and Paul Leicester Ford, there was an eager demand on the part of the public, which

presently led to the enormous sales of "Eben Holden," and, above all, of "David Harum"—which last book represents the high-water mark of that period, with an output of some six hundred thousand copies in less than two years after the date of its publication.

It seemed as if the American people had made the reading and buying of books almost a national characteristic. And it was not merely novels that were so widely circulated. If any one were to turn over the list of the best-selling books for 1895 and 1896, he would find that more serious literature was also very much in vogue. Stevenson's "Vailima Letters," Rhodes's "History of the United States," Nordau's "Degeneration," Kidd's "Social Evolution," and Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World," held their own with the romances of Crockett and Major.

At that time publishers came to look with scorn upon books that sold but moderately. They felt that the public, having been once awakened to a taste for good literature, would go on buying books indefinitely and in numbers which would increase in geometrical proportion with each succeeding year.

WHAT A FALLING-OFF WAS THERE!

How stands the case to-day? These hopes have not been realized. On the contrary, there has been not merely a decline in the business, but an actual "slump." Very few books to-day attain a sale of fifty thousand copies. The enormous figures of ten years ago seem now like a strange dream to the publishers—unreal, or at the most only a fascinating and tantalizing reminiscence. And of the books that sell, it is only the novels and romances that are conspicuous.

This, in brief, is what has happened to the publishers—a decline in their business, a falling off in the sale of books, apparently a growing unwillingness on the part of the public to buy and read even the best and most interesting works that are now put forth. Andrew Lang not long ago expressed his opinion in a sentence to which most publishers would readily subscribe: "The stern resolution of the public not to buy books is invincible." And in a recent magazine article, the head of a well-known New York book house frankly admits: "The publishing business in America is in a lower estate than it has been since I knew it."

But if this is what has happened to the publishers, the very interesting question at once suggests itself as to why it has happened to them.

The publishers themselves, if you talk to them in private, give various explanations. They will tell you, in the first place, that the interest in books which was shown so strikingly ten years ago was nothing but a temporary fad; that it represented an abnormal condition of public taste, and that the subsequent decline was merely a return to what is normal.

Others declare that the selling of books by the great department-stores is another factor in the situation, because the competition of these stores has driven the regular booksellers out of business. The department-stores buy thousands of volumes at the lowest rate, and sell them at an almost infinitesimal profit—perhaps a profit of only a cent, or even less, upon each volume. They are willing to do so because by their large sales they can still make something, and because this is only a comparatively small department of an enormous business. From the book-publishers' point of view, the disappearance of the old-fashioned bookseller is a calamitous thing for the book trade generally. He was an important factor in the business. His shop, in the old days, was a sort of literary center. He advised his customers about the purchase of books; he kept his shelves stocked with volumes that were of solid value; and in this way, he did something to stimulate and disseminate a love of all good reading.

Again, the publisher will even assert

that the passion for automobiling has affected the book business, just as eight years ago he said the same thing about bicycling. In fact, a publisher will give you any number of reasons to explain the collapse in his sale of books. The one reason which he will not give is his own short-sightedness, his own lack of enterprise, and his own failure to adjust the management of his business to the conditions of the time in which he lives.

RECENT MAGAZINE HISTORY

Here we begin to put our finger on the true explanation of what has happened. The drift of events in the book world finds a close parallel in the development of our American magazines. The old-time magazine was excellent in its way. It often numbered among its contributors brilliant men and women. It had traditions and a history behind it, and both traditions and history were eminently respectable. Yet in the end it was partially strangled and deadened by its history and its traditions. Editors and publishers were both contented to go on in the old way, ignoring the fact that the times were changing, that the public taste was changing, and that almost everything else was changing, too.

The magazines themselves remained substantially unchanged. They kept on publishing leisurely essays and stodgy stories. They failed to respond to the throb of newer life which was felt through all the arteries of the nation. The vivid color and the appealing human interest which had come into our national imagination and our popular ideals made no impression on these relics of a former generation; and they continued to be sold at the unreasonable price of twenty-five or thirty-five cents a number.

The result was that when these publications had attained, at the most, a circulation of a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand copies, they had reached their utmost limit. Their public remained stationary, and the larger public would not read them or buy them. The smell of dry-rot is as fatal to a periodical as it is to a dwelling-house. Healthy persons turn away from it in both.

Then, in 1893, came in the ten-cent magazine; popular, alive to what was interesting men and women everywhere,

and cheap only in the price for which it sold. With good presswork and a great variety of illustrations, it struck a blow at the old-fashioned, lumbering monthlies. It had the vivacity of the newspaper and the excellence of literature.

The result was seen at once in the great circulation which these new magazines achieved. They were bought and read by hundreds of thousands. They competed, on the one hand, with the dull periodicals of the past, and with the lively but superficial newspaper of the present. And in this way, in spite of all the criticism that was lavished on them, they gave a distinct uplift to the literary development of the American people. They really trained a new public, and taught it to read something besides the daily news. They prepared an enormous field in which the book-publishers might have reaped unlimited profit.

For, as a matter of fact, no one has yet done more than scratch the surface of the possible reading public. The census of 1900 showed that the population of the United States, exclusive of its colonial possessions, included more than seventy-six million human beings. At the present time that number must have increased to fully eighty-five millions. Remember, now, that illiteracy is rare in this great population; that the public schools of every description, the private schools, the colleges and the universities, are more numerous and better equipped than those of any other country; and you will see how preposterous it is to think that the records of the book-trade in the past bear any relation to what is possible at the present time.

Instead of wondering because a very clever book reached a sale of six hundred thousand copies, we should rather wonder at the smallness of the figures. Six hundred thousand purchasers represent only three-tenths of one per cent of the population of the United States! One might well suppose that a fairly good book would find at least a million buyers, and that an extraordinary book would sell several million copies.

WHERE THE FAULT LIES

That such is not the case is the fault of the publishers themselves; it does not indicate by any means a general lack of

interest in books and reading. Here we find a close analogy between the magazine-publishers of fourteen years ago and the book-publishers of to-day. They are as blind to the signs of the times as were their predecessors in another field; and the result is that, instead of advancing, they are going backward, grumbling and blaming every one except themselves.

All their methods are practically antiquated. Their relations among themselves and with their authors are complicated by red tape. They employ inefficient readers to pass upon the manuscripts that are sent them. They themselves are out of touch with popular tastes. Even when they do secure a book of merit, they handicap its sale by offering it at the prices established years and years ago. The usual retail price of a novel is one dollar and fifty cents. Less popular works, such as histories, essays, and treatises on economic themes, are sold at an even higher figure than books of fiction.

Now it must be remembered that the vast majority of American families have an income of less than fifteen hundred dollars a year; and however intelligent and fond of reading the members of these families may be, the purchase of books at such prices is a very serious matter to them. They must have, first of all, the actual necessities of life. Good reading, for them, is one of the luxuries; and hence they get it, if at all, through the medium of public libraries, and to some extent through the magazines; but as a rule they never think of buying books.

Dwellers in cities and persons in easy circumstances find it hard to realize the rarity and importance that a book possesses in millions of households throughout the United States. Last summer the present writer spent a short time in a small hotel on the edge of the Adirondacks. There were fifty or sixty grown persons staying there, most of them middle-aged, having a fair education, and with plenty of leisure for reading; yet I never saw a single one of them with a book during all the hours which they spent lounging on the verandas. They were well supplied with newspapers, and now and then a magazine or two appeared; but never once a book. As a matter of curiosity, I investigated the

subject somewhat carefully, and discovered that under the roof of that hotel there were just two books—one a Bible, old and torn, and the other a copy of a government report on agriculture.

Now these people were by no means unintelligent or averse to reading. They would have purchased books and read them, had books been offered at a price within their means. And they were typical of thousands upon thousands of Americans whom the short-sightedness of the book-publishers has simply shut out from the ranks of possible buyers.

A REVOLUTION SURE TO COME

This state of things, however, is certain not to last for very long. A revolution in the book-trade is quite inevitable, and it is coming very soon. Oddly enough, the first step toward it has been taken in conservative England rather than in progressive America. Several London publishing-houses have already begun to issue novels at the retail price of half-a-crown, or about sixty-five cents. The other publishers are aghast at this innovation, and are prophesying its speedy failure. In this case, the wish is evidently father to the thought; but even if the experiment should temporarily fail, the principle is bound to win out in the end, when the cut in prices is made still deeper and more relentlessly.

Some isolated experiments which have been made in the past are quite significant. Edward Bellamy's socialistic novel, "Looking Backward," was published in 1888 at fifty cents, and sold in enormous quantities. When the late Archibald Clavering Gunter had finished writing his well-known story, "Mr. Barnes of New York," he carried it about from one book-publisher to another, and it was each time refused. Then he brought it out at his own expense, and sold it on the news-stands at fifty cents. The public rose to it at once, and bought something like a million copies. It was an immensely readable tale, and its low price brought it within the means of multitudes who had never bought books before.

Gunter taught a lesson which is plain enough, but which has not even now been fully learned. Even more significant, however, have been the vast sales of cheap

reprints of famous books on which the author's copyright has expired, or which were published abroad before the international copyright law went into effect. Millions upon millions of these badly printed little paper-covered volumes have been taken up by an eager public.

These books are old books. The same public which absorbs them would absorb with no less eagerness books written at the present time, if these could be obtained at prices within the means of the average purchaser. So plain are the facts that before long we may expect to witness the appearance of a book-publisher full of new ideas, with a keen sense of what the public wants, and with an impatience for outworn traditions—entering the field with perfect confidence and making that field his own.

At the present time the average author gets a royalty of from eight to ten per cent upon the gross sales of his books. An author of established reputation may get a royalty of fifteen per cent. Anything more than this is given only to the exceptional writer for whose books many publishers are competing. But the publisher of the future—the man with ideas and brains and money—will, perhaps, say to the author:

"I will give you a royalty of only five per cent, yet your profits will be quite as great as they are now, and there is always the chance that they will be even greater. I will sell your book at fifty cents a copy, and thus bring it within the means of those who buy no books at present; so that if you succeed at all, your financial returns will be as large, and you will be far more widely known."

Herein lies the basis of a very strong appeal to authors. For while an author must think of the monetary side of what he does, he values far more highly a widespread reputation and a knowledge that the message which he has to give has gone forth into homes and hearts which heretofore have never known him. It is the natural and laudable ambition of the man of letters—the great success which is not weighed and measured by commercial standards, which is not recorded upon the ledgers—ledgers that he is not allowed to see—but which brings him the meed of abundant praise and a remembrance that endures.

THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENCY—HAS IT BECOME GREATER THAN THE FOUNDERS OF THE REPUBLIC INTENDED IT TO BE?

BY HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

A MEMBER of the United States Senate, not long ago, in speaking to a resolution limiting "the functions of the Executive to the performance of the duties assigned to him by the Constitution," made the following statement:

We have now, for the first time in our history, a government practically conducted, in nearly all of its departments, with the exception of the judiciary—and even there the encroachment is visible—by the Executive, in conformity with his own ideals and standards. His standards and ideals may be right, and I am satisfied that they are in a number of instances; but I believe, with all the sincerity I possess, that the safety and welfare of the republic is in danger if the blight of such a policy should be allowed by any insidious process to become engrafted upon our institutions.

The speaker—Senator Rayner, of Maryland—evidently holds that there has been, during the term of the present incumbent, an inordinate growth in Executive power. Is this thesis correct?

THE ORIGIN OF THE PRESIDENCY

Let us first inquire what was the intent of the Fathers when they created the office of President of the United States.

Although the British constitution was the general model which the Federal convention of 1787 consulted in framing our organic law, the delegates sought to avoid the weak points which had made it possible for George III to play the tyrant. It was necessary to create an executive office which could never be used as the chair of tyranny. At the

same time, most of the delegates were sensible of the fatal shortcomings of the existing confederation; for Congress had been feeble, and the republic was not gaining respect abroad. Many felt that, especially in case of foreign war, executive power should be in the hands of a single leader. We read in the "Literary Diary" of Ezra Stiles:

As to the President, it appeared to be the Opinion of Convention that he should be a character respected by the Nations as well as by the foederal Empire. To this End that as much Power should be given him as could be consistently with guarding against all possibility of his ascending in a Tract of years or Ages to Despotism and absolute Monarchy—of which all were cautious.

The method of choosing the Executive—extremely important as determining his power and responsibility—was before the convention for twenty-one days, and more than thirty votes were taken on different phases of the method of election. Five times the convention voted in favor of appointment by the national legislature. This would have made the President constitutionally subservient to Congress—"nothing more than an institution for carrying the will of the legislature into effect," as Roger Sherman expressed it. But ultimately it was decided that the Executive was to be independent of Congress, and part of the system of "checks and balances."

A "PROTECTOR OF THE PEOPLE"

This decision was one of the great compromises of the convention. Hamil-

ton's plea for an elective monarchy did not prevail, but a strong, one-man Executive was created, with power sufficient to prevent what James Wilson called "legislative despotism." Realizing the needs of the country, with almost a prophetic appreciation of its future greatness, the convention finally resolved to "provide an Executive with sufficient vigor to pervade every part of it," to quote Gouverneur Morris; a President who would "be the guardian of the people, even of the lower classes, against legislative tyranny, against the great and the wealthy who in the course of things will necessarily compose the legislative body; to be the great protector of the mass of the people."

When their task was completed, the Fathers were apprehensive of the power they had conferred on the Executive. The title of President was somewhat deceptive. They knew they had not created a king, but there was some embarrassment in explaining wherein the President was not a constitutional monarch. They desired a strong Executive, realizing that the republic needed such a head; but they sought to limit his authority by frequent elections, by making him subject to impeachment, and by circumscribing his power through checks and balances. He was to be commander-in-chief of the army, but authority to declare war was vested in Congress. He could negotiate treaties, but they must be ratified by the Senate. He could withhold his approval of acts passed by Congress, but two-thirds of both houses could override his veto. He could not seduce the electorate by the distribution of titles of nobility, such being forbidden by the Constitution. Finally, and particularly important, the purse-strings were left in the hands of the House of Representatives.

JEFFERSON'S MISGIVINGS

Jefferson, who did not participate in the Constitutional Convention, being at that time minister to France, was alarmed at the power bestowed on the Executive. He wrote John Adams, November 13, 1787, as follows:

How do I like our new constitution? The President seems a bad edition of a Polish king. He may be elected from four years to four years, for life. Reason and

experience prove to us that a chief magistrate, so continuable, is an office for life. When one or two generations shall have proved that this is an office for life, it becomes on every occasion worthy of intrigue, of bribery, of force, and even of foreign interference. It will be of great consequence to France and England to have America governed by a Galloman or Angloman. Once in office, and possessing the military force of the Union, without the aid or check of a council, he would not be easily dethroned, even if the people could be induced to withdraw their votes from him. I wish that at the end of the four years, they had made him forever ineligible a second time.

Happily, Jefferson's fears have not been realized. Washington, who loved the peace and quiet of his country estate, was anxious to retire at the end of his first term. He was urged to remain in office, and, contrary to his personal wishes, made what to him was another sacrifice for his country. He could have had a third term, but would not hear of it. Jefferson, who had pronounced so vigorously in favor of a single Presidential term, as his letter shows, served two terms, and could have had a third; but he followed Washington's example, and declined it. Jackson, too, was urged to accept a third term, but was content in naming his successor.

Thus a precedent was firmly established, not by the people, but contrary to the popular will; and all because Washington, aged by war and worn out with affairs of state, preferred, in his declining years, the life of a country gentleman to the turmoil and stress of the Presidency. It was not because American institutions would have been endangered by the continuance of the President in office for twelve years, instead of eight, that the first chief magistrate set an example which his successors strictly followed.

THE PRECEDENTS SET BY WASHINGTON

Washington was the pathmaker, and no one was better qualified than he to establish, for all time, the independence and power of the Presidential office. His precedents are valid to this day, though his methods have not been followed in every particular. Throughout his incumbency he visited Congress annually, and

read his messages in person; this, he believed, was as the framers of the Constitution intended. Adams followed his example. Jefferson, perhaps because he was a poor speaker, transmitted his messages to Congress in writing, which has been the custom ever since.

At first, Washington visited the Senate in person in order to obtain that body's "advice and consent" to treaties. We are indebted to the cantankerous Senator from Pennsylvania, William Maclay, for a graphic account of the President's first experiment in this direction:

August 22, Saturday. Senate met. . . . The doorkeeper soon told us of the arrival of the President. The President was introduced, and took our Vice-President's chair. He rose and told us bluntly that he had called on us for our advice and consent to some propositions respecting the treaty to be held with the Southern Indians. Said he had brought General Knox with him, who was well acquainted with the business.

General Knox handed him a paper, which he handed to the President of the Senate, who was seated on a chair on the floor to his right. Our Vice-President hurried over the paper. It was no sooner read than our Vice-President immediately read the first head over again, and put the question: "Do you advise and consent, etc.?" There was a dead pause. Mr. Morris whispered me, "We will see who will venture to break silence first." Our Vice-President was proceeding, "As many as—"

I rose reluctantly. It appeared to me that if I did not, no other one would, and we should have these advices and consents ravished, in a degree, from us.

"Mr. President, I call for the reading of the treaties and other documents alluded to in the paper before us."

I cast an eye at the President of the United States. I saw he wore an aspect of stern displeasure.

I had at an early stage of the business thought the best way was to have all the papers committed. My reasons were that I saw no chance of a fair investigation of subjects while the President of the United States sat there, with his Secretary of War, to support his opinions and overawe the timid and neutral part of the Senate.

I rose and supported the mode of doing business by committees. As I sat down, the President of the United States started up in a violent fret. "*This defeats every purpose of my coming here.*" were the first words that he said. He then went on that he had brought his Secretary of War with

him, to give every necessary information; and yet he was delayed and could not go on with the matter. He cooled, however, by degrees. Said he had no objection to putting off this matter until Monday.

He rose a second time, and said he had no objection to postponement until Monday at ten o'clock. By the looks of the Senate this seemed agreed to. A pause for some time ensued. We waited for him to withdraw. He did so, with a discontented air. Had it been any other man than the man whom I wish to regard as the first character in the world, I would have said, with sullen dignity.

I cannot be mistaken. The President wishes to tread on the necks of the Senate. . . . The Secretary to advance the premises, the President to draw the conclusions, and to bear down our deliberations with his personal authority and presence. Form only will be left to us.

On the Monday, however, it is recorded by Maclay that "the President wore a different aspect. He was placid and serene, and manifested a spirit of accommodation; declared his consent that his questions should be amended."

The business was finally concluded to the satisfaction of Washington; and on the same day a message reached Maclay, inviting him to dine with the President.

"I really was surprised at the invitation," the Senator wrote in his diary. "It will be my duty to go; however, I will make no inferences whatever. I am convinced all the dinners he can now give or ever could give will make no difference in my conduct."

Thus early was gastronomy made the shield for "Executive interference."

THE POWER OF REMOVAL FROM OFFICE

In sending Jay to frame a commercial treaty with England, Washington determined the right of the Executive to negotiate with foreign governments. He also established a precedent as to the President's power to remove Federal office-holders. The Constitution is silent on this point, but Washington asserted the right, which some Senators claimed was subject to the "advice and consent" of their body. He removed James Monroe as minister to France, whereupon the deposed diplomat demanded the reasons for his removal, and asked for a legal investigation. The President's ideas on

the subject were expressed by Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State, in this language:

When the tenure of public office (that of the Judges excepted) was *deliberately* and *confidentially* placed in the pleasure of the President of the United States, it certainly was not contemplated to test the propriety or expediency of particular acts of that pleasure, or discretion, by a formal trial or a public discussion.

The power claimed by the first President, and accepted by the Senate, became the rule until the passage of the Tenure of Office Act, in 1867.

Washington did little, however, to exercise the authority which the Constitution bestows on the President in legislative matters. In truth, down to Jackson's administration the veto power was sparingly used. The early Presidents believed that the founders of the republic intended the Executive to reject measures of doubtful constitutionality only, and that it was not within their province to withhold approval from hasty and ill-advised legislation.

JEFFERSON AND THE PRESIDENCY

The advent of Thomas Jefferson, elected by the party which advocated a strict construction of the Constitution, might have been expected to mark the surrender of Executive prerogatives to the direct representatives of the people—that is, to Congress. Not so, however; for Jefferson carefully followed the example of his predecessors, and preserved Presidential authority unimpaired. When a member of Washington's Cabinet, he had opposed Hamilton's proposal for the establishment of a United States Bank, for the reason that he could not find the word "bank" mentioned in the Constitution. Once imbued with the responsibilities of the Presidential office, however, he became not only independent in action, but, what was more surprising in view of his pre-election pledges, a liberal constructionist.

Jefferson has been justified by posterity in the acquisition of Louisiana by purchase from Napoleon, although there was no clause in the Constitution authorizing the acquisition of foreign soil by bargain and sale. It was a high-handed proceed-

ing on the part of the Executive, who stretched the treaty-making clause of the Constitution to fit the case. It was a serviceable precedent for the annexation of Hawaii and the purchase of the Philippines, under McKinley, and for the assertion of sovereignty over the Canal Zone, under Roosevelt.

Jefferson's administration exemplified what is the determining factor in the question of the power of the Presidency. That factor is personality. Jefferson was a peace-at-any-price man. He was unwilling that the country should prepare for war, because of the expense. Through the Non-Importation, the Embargo, and the Non-Intercourse Acts he sought to forestall foreign conflict; but his remedies, like his gunboats, were failures. He succeeded in avoiding war, but only by virtue of his virile personality.

Madison, his successor, who was not so masterful, had not the personality to prolong peace, although he, too, was opposed to war. With Madison's administration, Congress came into its own. It was the period in which Clay, Calhoun, and Webster entered the House of Representatives, and the advent of these giants marked the rise of "legislative domination." For nearly twenty years, Executive power was at a low ebb.

JACKSON'S AUTOCRATIC RÉGIME

When Andrew Jackson, the Tennessee mountaineer, was elected to the Presidency, the "plain people" came into power. "Of all the men whom the winds and currents of American life had thus far thrown to the surface," says MacDonald, "none had less respect for the past, less breadth of culture, or personal experience, less self-restraint." Despite these native infirmities, Jackson soon demonstrated that he was to be the whole government. With the exception of Van Buren and Wirt, his Cabinet was completely under his domination. Cabinet meetings were infrequent, and it was to the "kitchen cabinet," composed of intimate friends, that Jackson went for advice. As for Congress, his personal supporters were in control.

The "spoils system" began with Jackson, whose slogan was, "Turn the rascals out." No preceding Executive had dared to exercise the power of removal,

established by Washington, to any great extent. Jackson, in his first year at the White House, removed more than two thousand office-holders and gave their places to political followers. The rule that "to the victors belong the spoils," enunciated in his administration, was continued until the Pendleton Civil Service Act was passed, in 1883, as a result of President Garfield's assassination.

As no other President before him, Jackson wielded to the full the veto power of his high office. Any bill which he considered unwise or harmful called forth his official disapproval; in fact, he vetoed every bill which he did not like, and he was particularly watchful to withhold his approval from measures which meant, in effect, encroachment on the Executive or the Judicial departments. By this independent course, Jackson demonstrated that the legislative power of the President, as conferred by the Constitution, is equal to two-thirds that exercised by both houses of Congress.

LINCOLN'S DICTATORIAL POWER

The next great landmark in the history of the Presidency was the Civil War, when Abraham Lincoln, master of men, wielded more power than any Anglo-Saxon since Oliver Cromwell. He called out troops, increased the size of the army, declared a blockade of Southern ports, suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, imprisoned American citizens without trial, suppressed newspapers, and freed the slaves—all because he was the head of the nation when it was engaged in a sanguinary struggle for its very life.

Lincoln was a dictator, but it was his rule to act only after consultation with his advisers. He was ever open to argument, and in the Trent affair was led to adopt the unpopular side by Seward's logic. Yet the Secretary of State and Chase, Stanton, Fremont, and McClellan were, in turn, overwhelmed by Lincoln. On the other hand, of his own choice, he gave Grant a free hand in military affairs, until the general, in his sphere, was almost as much a dictator as the President in his.

The period between Lincoln and Roosevelt was, in the main, one of Congressional ascendancy. Andrew John-

son, an honest man, courageous, but domineering and devoid of tact, did much by his wrong-headedness to cripple the power of the Executive. It was in his administration—and over his veto—that the Tenure of Office Act was passed, permitting the President to suspend officers during the adjournment of Congress, but forbidding him to remove them without the consent of the Senate. This led to one of the historical crises of American politics. Johnson, defying the act, demanded the resignation of Stanton, Secretary of War. Congress ordered his impeachment, and for the only time in history a President of the United States was brought before the bar of the Senate. He was not convicted, his enemies failing by a single vote to secure the necessary two-thirds majority, and the independence of the Executive was therefore insured. There is now no precedent for impeaching the President for political reasons, and impeachment could never be carried, in the future, except for a very grave offense.

The Tenure of Office Act was modified in Grant's first administration, but it continued to be an unwelcome specter at the White House until Cleveland reasserted the doctrine of Washington, and the statute—which in all probability was unconstitutional—was repealed by Congress. Cleveland extended the Executive arm in another direction when he interfered in the Chicago railway strikes, in 1894, to protect the United States mails, without waiting for the State to request him to send troops. This was regarded as an unprecedented action, yet Hayes was prepared to follow a similar course at the time of the Pittsburgh railroad riots, seventeen years earlier.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

Writing in 1885, in his "Congressional Government," Woodrow Wilson said:

The business of the President, occasionally great, is usually not much above routine. Most of the time it is mere administration, mere obedience of directions from the masters of policy, the Standing Committees [of Congress]. Except for his power of veto, the President might not inconveniently be a permanent officer; the first official of a carefully graded and impartially regulated civil service system.

In the twelfth edition of this work, printed in 1896, we find that Dr. Wilson has not modified the view quoted above. But on March 15, 1907, the president of Princeton expressed himself somewhat differently. The italics in the following quotation are the writer's:

The influence and success of the President as party leader depends entirely *upon his personal force and gifts*. The same may be said of him as leader of the nation. Let him get the confidence and admiration of the country, and no other single force can withstand him. Even a combination of forces will find it difficult to withstand him. His position takes the imagination of the country.

The President alone is elected by the people as a whole. If he truly interprets the national thought, and boldly insists upon it, he is irresistible, and the country never feels the zest of action so much as when its President is of such insight and caliber. Its instinct is for unified action, and it

craves a single leader. It is becoming inclined to choose a man rather than a party, as it did in the case of Mr. Roosevelt at the last Presidential election.

Is it not fair to say of President Roosevelt that "he truly interprets the national thought, and boldly insists upon it"? Is he "irresistible"? If so, it is the triumph of a wonderful personality—a striking proof that the personal equation determines the relative extent of Executive power. The President's influence is a manifestation of the popular voice in our government. Without the approval and backing of the country at large, he cannot carry through his policies, or "override Congress," as the saying goes.

The great Presidents are the people's Presidents. They have always been, and must always be, men who stand for the rights of the people at large.

THE WIND

THE wind's voice is a wanderer's voice,
As he calls to me on high;
He calls me from my lonely dreams,
And no more sleep have I,
For all the wonders of the night
Outside my window lie!

The wind and I go hand in hand
A dancing down the night,
And ghostly daisies by the way
Follow in mad delight,
While fairy moths, like thistle-down,
Hurry to join our flight.

The dreaming pine-trees wake and bend
In happy ecstasy;
And clouds, like sea-gulls, flying fast,
Are skurrying to the sea;
Across the pale moon's haunted face
They turn and twist and flee.

The woods are full of rustling things
That cease as we go by;
The fire-fly's lamps flit in our wake
As down the road we fly—
Straight, straight to where the sea awaits
His magic clarion-cry.

The wind's voice is a wanderer's voice,
As he calls to me on high;
And I have left the world behind,
Where sleeping mortals lie
To dance with him beneath the stars—
Oh, happy wind and I!

Vail Rivers

THE STORY OF THE LONDON TIMES, THE GREATEST DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

BY HENRY W. LUCY

THE *Times*, like *Topsy*, was not born. It "grewed." It incidentally occurred in connection with the idea of the first John Walter of printing books by what was known as the logographic process. This long, unlovely word was the appropriate ap-panage of a clumsy process of printing whole words, or parts of words, instead of the single letters which in early days Benjamin Franklin deftly fingered from the case. John Walter the First drifted into logography as later he drifted into the establishment of the *Times*. For some years he was engaged, on the whole not prosperously, in the business of underwriting. It was in 1784 that, fascinated by the possibilities of the new printing process, the dogged follower in the footsteps of Caxton became the tenant of premises in Printing-House Square, whence at this day the journal that he founded is issued.

His first essay in newspaper proprietorship was known as the *Daily Universal Register*, a title which had the questionable advantage of being some syllables longer than the name of the process by which it was printed. It lived for three years. On Tuesday, New Year's Day, 1788, the two words "The Times" were printed in moderate-sized capitals over the older title, which after a while was quietly dropped.

The first issue of the *Times* was numbered 940, the earlier numbers having belonged to the *Universal Register*. Its price was threepence, as now, though meanwhile there have been many variations. On July 1, 1796, the charge was raised to fourpence halfpenny, and three years later to sixpence. On May 22, 1809, another halfpenny was added, and in the year of Waterloo the price had run up to sevenpence, at which figure it remained till 1836, when it was reduced to

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article, by the veteran London journalist, Henry W. Lucy—famous as "Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*—was written before the recent announcement that a change in the management of the *Times* was impending. On the 7th of January, the *Times* itself printed the following statement:

Negotiations are in progress whereby it is contemplated that the *Times* newspaper shall be formed into a limited company under the proposed chairmanship of Mr. Walter.

The newspaper, as heretofore, will be published at Printing-House Square.

The business management will be reorganized by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the proposed managing director.

The editorial character of the paper will remain unchanged, and will be conducted, as in the past, on lines independent of party politics.

Mr. Pearson, whose advent to the control of the premier newspaper of London was thus announced, has already had a brilliant career in English journalism, though he is but little more than forty years old. After receiving his early training under Sir George Newnes, he left the Newnes office to start *Pearson's Weekly*, which proved successful, and to which he added several other weeklies and magazines. In 1900 he entered daily journalism, founding the *Express*, a halfpenny morning paper modeled to a certain extent upon American lines. During the last few years he has rapidly extended his interests, having established several provincial newspapers and having acquired control of the *Standard* and the *St. James's Gazette* in London. A portrait of Mr. Pearson is given on page 32.

As this magazine goes to press, the latest reports make it appear that the future of the *Times* is not at all certain. It seems that there has been delay in concluding the negotiations announced on January 7, and the result may possibly be that the famous English newspaper will be sold at auction.

fivepence. In 1855 the abolition of the stamp duty on newspapers made it possible to sell the *Times* at fourpence. Six years later the growing energy of the manumitted penny press suggested the desirability of coming into closer competition, and the price was fixed at threepence, where it has stood for nearly half a century.

From time to time, during the last dozen years, there have been rumors of an intention to court popularity by coming down to the popular price. It is probable that the experiment tried by the *Morning Post* was watched with keen interest from Printing-House Square. A steadily dwindling concern, based on the price of threepence, when reduced to a penny leaped almost at a bound into the position of a rich property. If the proprietors of the *Times* contemplated a similar step, however, action was arrested by the expression of public opinion. At the time of which I write, the great newspaper was regarded by the English-speaking race somewhat in the spirit with which the Israelites of old regarded the Ark of the Covenant. To touch it with unhallowed hand was sacrilege. Its subscribers unfeignedly liked to pay threepence for the *Times*, as their fathers and grandfathers had done. Among other things, it differentiated them from the horde who planked down a penny for the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Daily News*.

More substantial reason for maintaining the old price is presented by the fact that upon its familiar lines the *Times* could not be produced at a penny—a coin which even in these days of cheap material would not cover the cost of the paper. A material *raison d'être* of the *Times* is that it should give full Parliamentary and law-court reports. This necessitates exceptional space, not to be provided on any possible arrangement of a penny paper.

JOHN WALTER THE SECOND

While Logographic John, founder of the Walter family and of the *Times*, earned the distinction due to both achievements, it was the second John Walter who really made the great newspaper known to the world for nearly a century. In the declining years of his father's life he took an active part in the management of

the concern. He did not always see eye to eye with his parent, who was evidently a stubborn, self-opinionated gentleman. Withal John the First was impreguably honest, fearlessly truthful. More than once he came in conflict with the ruling powers, bearing the penalty in his own person. In the second year of the life of the *Times* it spoke disrespectfully of the Duke of York, whose statue, placed on high by a grateful and appreciative nation, looks down on recent changes in the Mall. Prosecuted for the offense, there was in those good old days no difficulty in obtaining a conviction. John Walter was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, to stand in the pillory for an hour, to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and on his release to find security for good behavior for seven years.

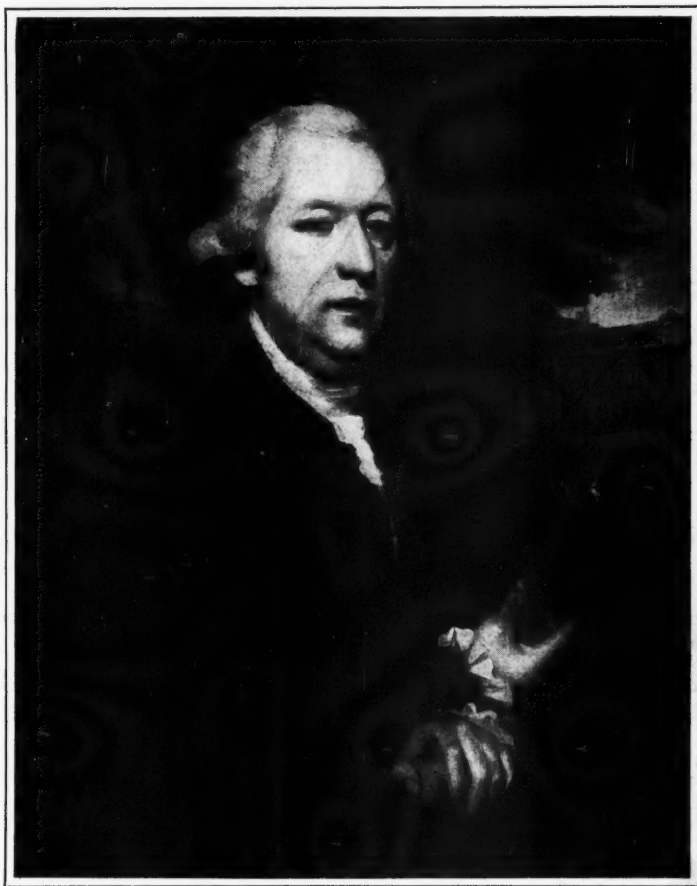
The pillory he escaped, the authorities fearing a riot; but he paid his fine and suffered his year's imprisonment, during which the *Times*, impregnated with his spirit, frankly discussed the conduct of three of the sons of George III—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence. The editor left in charge was not to be intimidated by any risk of fresh punishment dealt out to his esteemed proprietor, who was forthwith sentenced to another year's imprisonment and the payment of fines amounting to a hundred pounds.

John the First died in 1812, and John the Second reigned in his stead. As in an ancient dynasty Amurath to Amurath succeeded, so the heir of successive branches of the Walter family was christened John, and for a hundred years John Walter was proprietor of the *Times*. It is a curious circumstance, over which the superstitious may brood, that an accidental break in the continuity of this custom was in point of time correlative with the first check to the popularity and the potency of the *Times*.

In the park at Bearwood, the estate in Berkshire which the second John Walter made the family home, lies a spacious lake which in summer-time mirrors the light and peace of the summer sky. Thirty-eight years ago it was the scene of dire tragedy. Young John Walter, who should have been fourth ruler in the kingdom of Printing-House Square, heroically attempting to save life, was him-

self drowned. Thus it came to pass that when John the Third was gathered to his fathers he was succeeded by his second son, Arthur, against whom in his direc-

on such enterprise was faced by the initial necessity of inventing and organizing agencies. This John Walter set himself to do, with a success that amazed



JOHN WALTER THE FIRST (1739-1812), FOUNDER OF THE LONDON TIMES

From a portrait by an unknown artist

tion of the historic property the stars in their courses have unkindly fought.

The accession of the second John Walter to the management of the newspaper gave it new life. He strictly observed his father's principles, which invested the journal with an incorruptibility whose price, in connection with a newspaper, is above rubies; but he also had larger ideas, was a man of higher capacity and fuller culture. He recognized that the first duty of a newspaper is to obtain news. In his time, a man bent

not only London, but the capitals of Europe.

HOW THE TIMES WON ITS REPUTE

When he came to the throne in Printing-House Square, England was at grips with Napoleon, Waterloo still three years off. The only channel of information through which news from the Continent was obtainable was the Foreign Office. With intent to outstrip its tardy pace, John Walter kept a swift cutter flying about the Channel, picking up from local

fishermen, among other unconsidered trifles, French newspapers whose currency on British soil a sapient government had prohibited. By this means he was frequently able to provide early and exclusive information, which materially helped to establish the position of the still young newspaper.

In more material directions his energy was tireless. When he came into the estate, the paper was turned off the printing-press by hand. Within two years he introduced the steam-press, which accomplished the then almost incredible feat of producing eleven hundred sheets per hour. It is a curious note of heredity that successive John Walters have more than dabbled in the improvement of the material parts of the production of a newspaper. John Walter the Third invented and perfected a printing-machine which bore his name, and which inspired Herbert Spencer to write a brilliant chapter in his "Study of Sociology." The Walter machine turned off twelve thousand sheets an hour, just double the productive quantity of its most efficient predecessor. That seemed, at the time, the limit of human ingenuity; but the inventor, ever aiming at perfection, succeeded, in 1884, in improving his press to double capacity. The present proprietor of the *Times* was one of the first to adopt the modern stereotyping process.

With widening opportunity and growing power, the services of the *Times* to the nation increased in frequency and importance. One of the proudest tributes known among the newspapers of the world is recorded on a tablet which he who passes by the door of Printing-House Square may read inscribed over it. It commemorates a conspicuous piece of public service.

The story is more like fiction than sober fact. In 1840, the Paris correspondent of the *Times* was a gifted Irishman, O'Reilly by name. In the course of poking about Paris for news, he came upon scent of a gigantic conspiracy. Forged letters of credit, purporting to be issued by the house of Glyn & Co., were simultaneously to be presented by members of the gang at the counters of the chief banking-houses in London and on the Continent. The confederates, each with his or her appointed destination, had

actually quitted Paris, and were awaiting the signal to commence operations, when a letter appeared in the *Times* exposing the fraud. The warning, of course, sufficed to put the bankers on guard, and not a penny went astray.

This essay in amateur detection of a criminal plot cost the *Times* an action for libel involving costs amounting to five thousand pounds. The city promptly subscribed the amount, and offered it to Mr. Walter. He declining to accept it, it was invested in the foundation of scholarships in connection with Christ's Hospital and the City of London schools.

Possibly recollection of this brilliant success may have influenced the mind of a later manager of the *Times*, who, forty years after, accepted the services of another Irish journalist, one Piggot, in an effort to convict the late Charles Parnell of treasonable correspondence. If so, the good and evil accruing to the paper do not balance, Piggot making O'Reilly kick the beam. It was the result of the Parnell Commission that gave the *Times* the sharpest blow it has ever received.

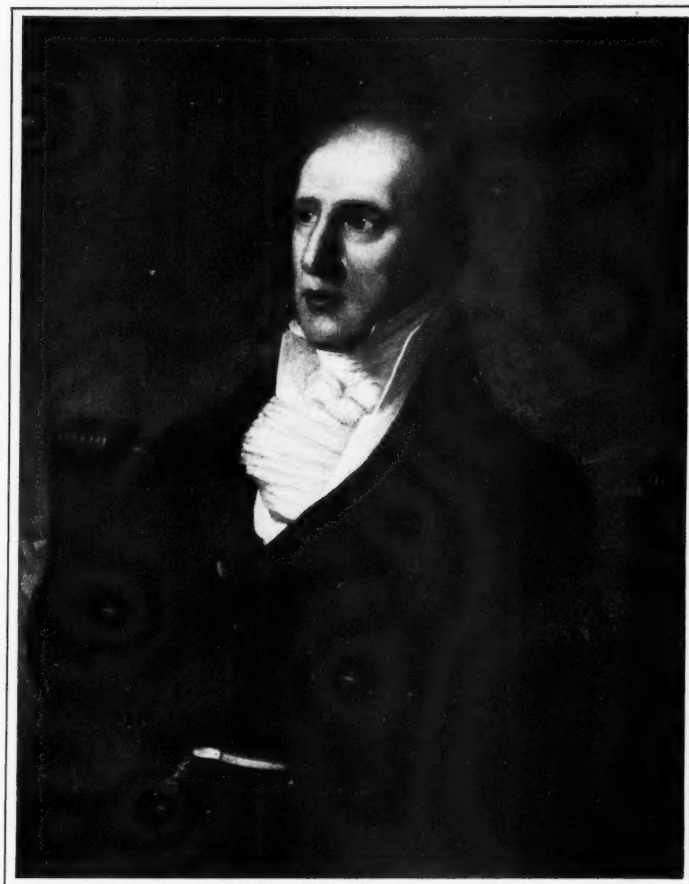
FAMOUS EDITORS OF THE TIMES

While the *Times* always had at its back supremely capable men as proprietors, it has been singularly fortunate in its editors. The names of Thomas Barnes and John Delane will ever be held in reverence in journalism. Both reigned long, Barnes filling the editorial chair from 1817 to 1841; Delane, who succeeded him, retiring so recently as 1877.

Under Delane's editorship the *Times* reached its apogee. Greville reports how during the early days of the New Reform Bill the Duke of Wellington, admitting that it was no use to attempt to coerce or cajole the *Times*, added:

"Barnes is the most powerful man in the country."

Delane, with wider scope and fuller opportunity, extended that power. Appointed to command when he was in his twenty-fifth year, he devoted the full energies of a long life to the service of his newspaper. For a quarter of a century he was unhampered by the activity and aggressiveness of the penny press. Threepence was the ordinary price of daily journals, taxed in their use of paper and mulct in stamp-duty. None could



JOHN WALTER THE SECOND (1776-1847), WHO FIRST MADE THE TIMES
A FAMOUS NEWSPAPER

From the portrait by Partridge

approach the *Times* in value as a newspaper. It is impossible for the present generation to realize what place it filled in the daily life of their progenitors. To "write to the *Times*" was a threat that leaped to the lips of every man suffering from a grievance, or having, as he thought, something useful to communicate to the world. The *Times* was the highest and most popular court of appeal, the judges constituting it being the civilized world.

In Delane's time was brought to perfection the custom, still one of the most attractive and valuable features of the journal, of liberally throwing open its columns to prominent public men. Sir William Harcourt made his first mark

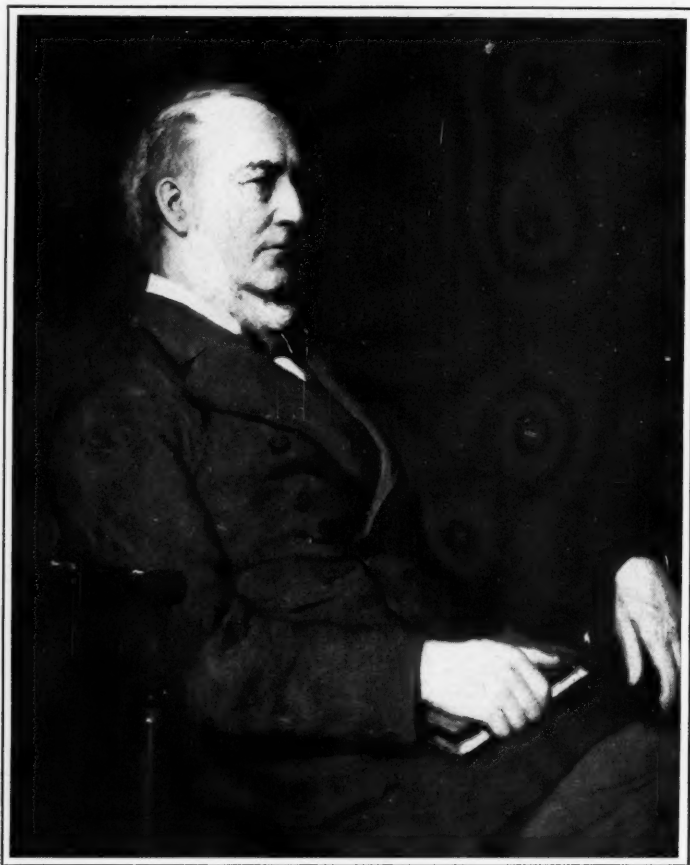
in public life by a series of letters he wrote to the *Times*, modestly, if ineffectually, veiling his identity under the name "Historicus." Among frequent correspondents on public affairs were Dean Stanley, Cardinal Newman, and S. G. O.—initials that plainly pointed to Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne. Up to this day eminent men, not excepting his majesty's ministers, occasionally, at moments of crisis, write to the *Times*.

Contemporaries among the penny press are not above suspicion of enlivening dull seasons with correspondence on tasty topics inaugurated in the editorial-rooms. One of the staff—so it is said—disguised as an ordinary angler, casts a fly labeled, "Should mothers-in-law be boarded

out?" or "Are kind hearts more than coronets?" and the guileless public, rising to the bait, gratuitously provide copy by the yard. The *Times* never had occasion so to conspire.

Delane's influence, though mainly

met in what Pam ironically alluded to as "the gilded saloon." It was said, and the story was long believed, that it was owing to the editor's social relations that the *Times* became possessed of the priceless secret of Peel's resolution to fly the



JOHN WALTER THE THIRD (1818-1894), INVENTOR OF THE WALTER PRESS

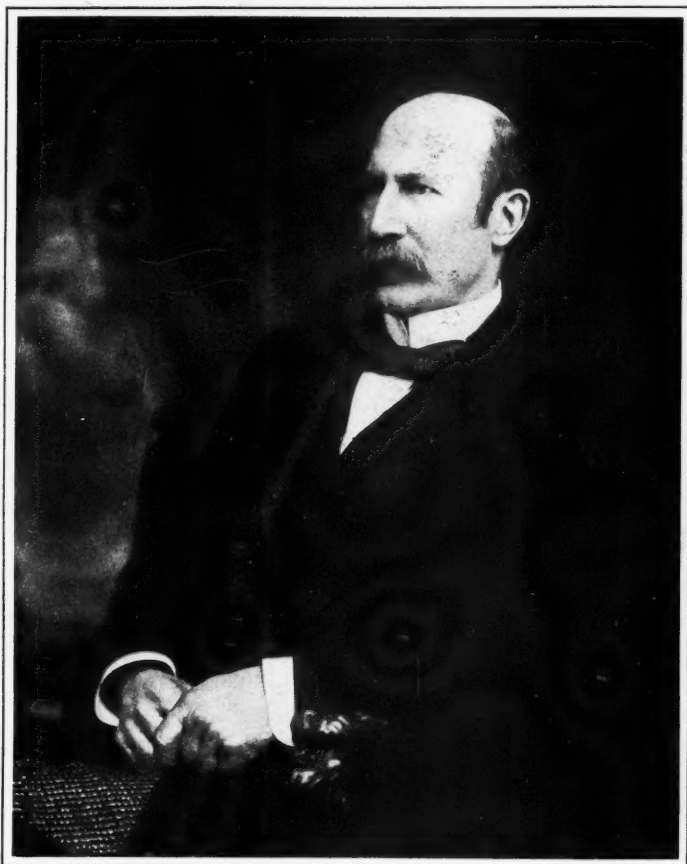
From a portrait begun by Frank Holl, and finished after Mr. Holl's death by Hubert Herkomer

springing from his connection with the *Times*, was not solely indebted to that source. Apart from being a great editor, he was a great personality. His presence at a dinner-table—he was a habitual diner-out—added charm and distinction, however lofty might be the circle. He was personally acquainted with every one worth knowing in English life. On a famous occasion Lord Palmerston was accused in the House of Commons of coming under his influence when they

free-trade flag. In casual conversation he wormed the secret out of Mrs. Norton, whose relations with a cabinet minister were not unfamiliar to the public. So deeply ingrained on the imagination was the story that George Meredith adopted it to form a striking episode in "Diana of the Crossways." It lived and thrived till close upon the end of the last century, being finally dispelled by a letter from Lord Dufferin, who from evidence in his possession described it as a myth.

The circumstances under which another bit of valuable news appeared exclusively in the *Times* are matters of fact. Dining out one night, at a time when there was much speculation as to who was to succeed Lord Mayo in the viceroyalty of

portant political events is supplied in connection with the fateful resignation of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer by Lord Randolph Churchill. On December 22, 1886, Lord Randolph sat down at the Carlton Club and wrote a letter



ARTHUR FRASER WALTER, FOURTH PROPRIETOR OF THE TIMES

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

India, Lord Lytton, in conversation with the acute journalist, happened to mention that he had that morning consulted his doctor as to whether the climate of Calcutta might suit his health. Delane did not attempt to carry the conversation further on that line; but next morning the *Times* announced that the coveted post had been offered to Lord Lytton.

A more modern instance of the conspicuous success of the *Times* in securing exclusive information in respect of im-

acknowledging Lord Salisbury's acceptance of his resignation. Having posted it, he got into a hansom, drove down to Printing-House Square, sent in his card to Mr. Buckle, confided the secret to him, and authorized him to publish it.

Not among the least startled and shocked readers of the consequent announcement was Queen Victoria. It is part of the etiquette which buttresses the throne that, until the sovereign's "pleasure is taken," to quote the consecrated



C. ARTHUR PEARSON, WHO MAY SHORTLY COME INTO CONTROL OF THE TIMES
From a photograph by Russell, London

phrase, upon a matter of state import, no announcement bearing upon it shall be published. Her majesty had not had from the Premier definite information of a resignation long threatened. She was left to glean the news from her morning newspaper—a slight for which she never forgave her former favorite, Lord Randolph. That was not the affair of the *Times*. It had made a great *coup*, and was not responsible for the undesigned laches of the editor's personal friend.

Transforming a familiar proverb, some may say: "*Autres mœurs* (or manage-

ment), *autre Temps*." I am not here concerned with recent sharp criticism and angry controversy. I merely desire as a journalist to lay a humble chaplet on an altar based upon impregnable incorruptibility, and built up by administrative capacity and journalistic genius. As Bulwer Lytton said half a century ago:

If I desired to leave to remote posterity some memorial of existing British civilization, I would prefer not our docks, not our railways, not our public buildings, not even the palace in which we hold our sittings. I would prefer a file of the *Times*.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE, ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE FIGURES IN AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN

NINE years ago there came into the Senate of the United States, from Indiana, a man who was very young to have attained that eminence. He was, indeed, the youngest member of the body. He was handicapped not only by his youth, but by a reputation for oratory. The older men, the leaders of the Senate, cherish the tradition that youth must sit for a long time silent in the presence of age before it can venture upon self-expression. They particularly object, on the part of a new Senator, to anything like rhetoric, to a full-blooded, robust style of speech. Thus Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, when he entered the Senate in 1899, had to contend against a fixed tradition and a sort of official prejudice. Many of the older Senators assumed on general principles that he would be a negligible factor for some years.

But you could not place Mr. Beveridge in any conceivable situation, or among any body of men whatever, and compel him to remain a nullity. The key-note of his character is a tremendous intensity, an absolute fixity of purpose, a dominating resolve to rise, to be felt, to achieve. Such a man will not repress himself nor will he allow others to repress him. He must come to the front, he must be a leader, he must be heard.

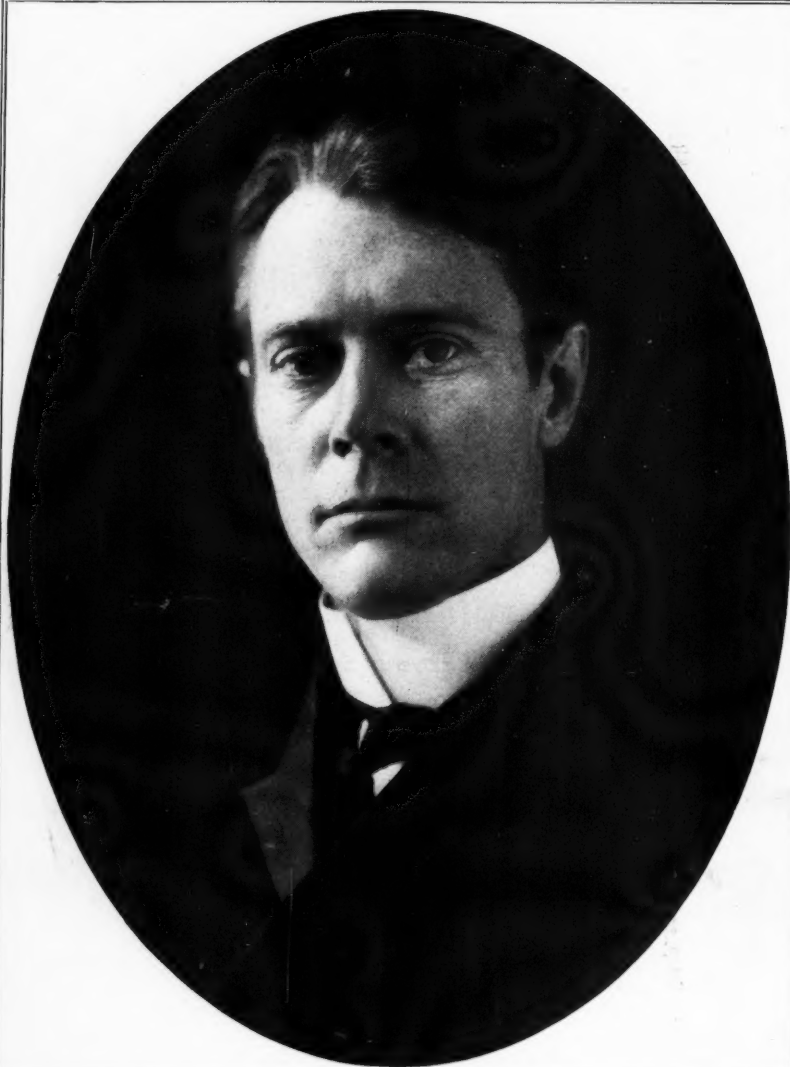
At the time when he began his Senatorial career, Mr. Beveridge's vivacity and youth gave an unusually florid tinge to his mode of speaking. Mr. Dooley said of his first speech: "'Twas a speech ye cud waltz to." Yet one of his long addresses in the Senate is always something more than a vivid piece of word-painting. It has good, hard facts,

which are made real and vital by the intense earnestness with which they are presented. The casual listener enjoys the manner of his speaking. Others enjoy the matter. Those who have discrimination enjoy both.

When Senator Beveridge's first term in the Senate had expired, he was reelected by the unanimous vote of his own party in the Indiana Legislature. It was decidedly a triumph. He had, in the vernacular, made good. It was not the success of a venturesome youth, thrusting himself brashly into the councils of his elders. It was a success due to great natural ability and to downright hard work. He is an omnivorous reader, and has an extraordinary memory for dates, facts, and precedents. It is said that he can write out a speech which will occupy two hours in its delivery, and memorize it down to a punctuation mark by reading it over two or three times.

His nature is one that always drives him on to secure first-hand knowledge whenever it can be had. When the Philippines were the focus of political interest, he personally visited the islands so that he might know for himself just what was going on there. Again, when he became interested in the social and political condition of Russia, and in the problems growing out of her eastward expansion, he was not content to lean back in his comfortable study and to read the literature of the subject. He must hurry across the continent and take the first steamer, so that he might see Russia and Siberia with his own eyes—see everything from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok.

In his own State he is immensely pop-



ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA

ular with the great mass of the people. He knows them thoroughly, and they know him. Herein lies one of the chief sources of his strength. He is of the people, and he has the wisdom to keep close to them in his sympathies. His intimate touch with them comes largely from the fact that he himself has passed through every stage of that development which makes him truly representative.

He began his life upon a farm. He has known poverty. He has worked with his own hands as a plowboy. He has hauled lumber as a logger. He has lived the open-air life of a plainsman. He has been a college student, a law clerk, a practitioner of law, and at the age of thirty-six he became a Senator of the United States.

Every one recognizes in him a first-

rate politician. His intensity, his mental alertness, and his great physical endurance make him a wonderful campaigner. Day after day, and night after night, he speaks with unflagging energy and unfailing effectiveness. He always draws big audiences, and never sends them away disappointed. He has the courage of his convictions. He is a strong party man, but independent of the narrow limitations of party. He is the converse of a reactionary. He stands for the new order of things in political and business life.

Senator Beveridge is a man who works eighteen hours a day. While he is poor in the sense that he has not accumulated a fortune, he is nevertheless comparatively rich in the income that he earns—an income due wholly to his own tireless industry. From his salary as a United States Senator, from the earnings of his pen, and from the law-office which he still maintains in Indianapolis, he is in receipt of perhaps twenty thousand dollars a year. With this income he has taken his place in Washington society, and lives and travels as a man of means.

Advancing age gives added dignity and authority to a man's utterances. It is necessary, perhaps, to be over-strenuous in early life in order to be of the highest efficiency in later years, after the mellowing and ripening process has begun. Senator Beveridge has now reached the midway point between youth and age. Each coming year, each coming decade, will add to his mental endowment and to his personal charm, as the aggressive-

ness of his earlier life is blended with the suavity and wisdom of greater maturity.

In his forty-sixth year, he is one of the most picturesque figures in American public life, and stands in the vanguard of the men who are doing things. Unless some untoward accident should intervene, it is safe to say that his career has only well begun. He is a profound believer in his own star. He is a man who can move only in one direction, and that is forward. To retrograde with him would be death. By his study of men, measures, and books, by the lessons of experience and the self-discipline of hard work, he is continually adding to his mental and political equipment.

If he remains in politics, the big place he has already cut out for himself is sure to become a very much bigger one. Whether his path will lead him to the White House—the goal on which all political ambitions converge—only the future can determine. On the other hand, should he return to private life, and devote himself to his profession with the energy he now expends in politics, he would be certain to win some of the big prizes that the law offers.

* Recently Senator Beveridge has immensely strengthened himself by his marriage to Miss Catherine Eddy, of Chicago, a young woman of much beauty, rare charm, and brilliant accomplishments. Mrs. Beveridge is a sister of Spencer Eddy, first secretary of the United States Embassy in Berlin, and is a niece of Mrs. Marshall Field.

A VISION OF HATE

I DREAMED one I had loved did me foul wrong,
Till with relentless hate my soul was spent;
When lo, the veil of mortal sight was rent
From all the universe, where weak and strong
Alike poured forth their voice in praiseful song,
Save only one—a motley clown, age-bent,
Vice-scarred, whose loathly, ghoulish look was lent
To his blank, idiot face by practise long.

A gaudy bauble in his hand he bore,
And to belabor angels vainly tried;
Each stroke, rebounding, smote the striker sore.
A homing angel passed: to him I cried:
"What is yon fiend-faced clown, and what his state?"
"He is God's fool," he said; "his name is Hate!"

Elliot Balesier

BARRY GORDON*

A STORY OF MODERN AMERICAN LIFE

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

AUTHOR OF "JOHN VYTAL," "DEBONNAIRE," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

BARRY GORDON, the hero of the story, is a young Southerner, the son of an old Virginia family, at school in the North, at St. Clement's. He is suddenly summoned home, where he finds that his father, Colonel Gordon—commander of Gordon's Raiders in the Civil War—has been seriously hurt. A still more terrible revelation awaits the boy. The veteran soldier—a strange mixture of gallantry and weakness, but always an idol to his son—tells Barry that his ancestors, whose portraits stand proudly on the walls of the old dining-room, were not the spotless heroes the boy has venerated; that there has always been a fatal strain of devilry in the Gordons, and that he himself is a drunkard—is, in fact, drinking himself to death. And, indeed, that very night, after deep potations—of whose probable result his old friend Dr. Burke had warned him—the colonel falls in a mortal seizure.

Back at St. Clement's, young Gordon gets into a quarrel with another Virginia boy named Meade, who taunts him with the shocking facts of his father's death. Infuriated, Barry strikes Meade senseless, and flees from the school with his younger brother, Tom. The two boys make their way to the summer home of Frank Beekman, a New York railroad magnate, who was appointed their guardian by Colonel Gordon's will. Here Mr. Beekman and his daughter Muriel receive them as members of the family. Later, they go to college together, and Barry is in his senior year when—through the machinations of Meade, now a freshman—he is dismissed for refusing to reveal the names of some classmates who had been involved in a hazing fracas.

The scene now changes to the city house of the Beekmans, where Muriel's coming-out party is to be held. Barry, Tom, and Muriel's cousin, Kitty Van Ness, are with the débutante before the guests arrive. Both of the two young men love Muriel with a more than brotherly affection, and each of them urges her to wear some of the flowers he has sent, Barry having chosen white violets and Tom red roses.

XIII (continued)

KITTY came forward and undertook to decide the question.

"Not the rose, Muriel! Roses are too vivid. Wear the white violets to-day."

"Why?" demanded Tom, chagrined.

"Come and arrange the flowers with me, and I'll tell you," she said, putting an arm affectionately through his.

"There's a vase in the drawing-room."

Kitty had a way with her that could not be gainsaid, and Tom reluctantly followed her with the boxes. In the draw-

ing-room, while they were arranging the flowers, he asked her why his roses were prohibited.

"They are buds," he said, "and so is Muriel a bud."

"Obviously," she replied. "That's the trouble—it is too obvious. Besides, there are buds and buds. White violets, dear Tom, are more truly budlike than any big rosebud can hope to be. In the same way I've seen many a débutante a full-blown rose, and many a dear little old lady still not unlike a bud. Now, Tom, if you had given these American Beauties to a woman instead of a mere girl"—

instinctively she drew in her breath, slightly expanding her beautifully modeled breast—"well, that would have been different."

She picked up a rose, fondled it in her hand, sighed, and looked at him for a moment with true womanly tenderness, thinking him the fairest, most honest boy she had ever known—a young angel in a world of old men.

"I say, Kitty," he suddenly exclaimed enthusiastically, "won't you wear that rose?"

She shook her head, laughing.

"Tom, you are so crude!" she said.

"If you had only done it better you might have lured me into wearing it; but on the whole I'm glad you didn't. The crude is very refreshing, Tom. I've lived on caviare several years, and I'm simply famished for bread!"

She arranged the roses in a slender Venetian vase.

"There, Tom," she said, "we'll entomb it—your memory of her. Behold a love that blossomed into a red, red rose, and was entombed in a Venetian vase!"

Tom disliked this funereal symbolism.

"No," he protested quietly, "it is not entombed, and never shall be!"

Meanwhile Muriel sat at the piano, the white violets on her breast, her fingers lightly dreaming over the keys. It was the last half hour of her girlhood.

Barry leaned on the piano, his eyes drinking deep of her beauty. She was playing very low in a minor key, and the wistful music, stealing through him, reawakened memories of their earliest companionship in the country. The spirit of the woods was in it, and of the meadows. He seemed to hear the faint stir of leaves and hidden streams, and the whisper of nature on summer evenings.

"Muriel," he said, "I loved you that first summer, and I love you now."

She did not look up. Gradually the music, though even softer than before, grew more coherent, and out of the memory of leaves and streams and summer evenings stole the memory of a song. Though she did not sing, he seemed to hear her voice:

How do I know what love may be?

Heigh-ho!

Saw you a fire-fly in the dark?

Saw you a moonbeam on the sea?

Heard you the singing of a lark?

No less or more is love to me.

Heigh-ho!

"Muriel," said Barry, "that time is past. We were both children then, living in a mist, but now we're face to face with reality."

The music died. Muriel rose restlessly, and together they crossed the hall to a conservatory where they had often sat. There, in a deep alcove screened by tropical plants, Barry poured out his heart to her.

"Muriel," he repeated, "I loved you then and I love you now—and I shall always love you!" They were standing close to each other, Muriel gazing into his eyes unflinchingly, he into hers with strained quiet. "I hope I'm not selfish to speak now. I hope it won't spoil your pleasure. There is no reason it should. You've always known it. I couldn't wait, because it seemed to me that after the crowd came—somehow you would be taken away from me." His voice was full of restrained strength and the calm of hopes long cherished against all misgivings. "Muriel," he suggested, smiling, "let's go out into life together!"

Slowly she shook her head.

"Barry," she said, "I don't know myself yet. You see, I've never lived. I've only dreamed; and the dreams have come to mean so much to me that I'm half afraid to prove them." Her lashes fluttered and drooped. "I confess love is no longer a mere moonbeam to me. I wish it were! The trouble is that nowadays love seems everything worth having in life." Again she looked up at him, but now she had the troubled, wondering expression that had so often disheartened him. "But suppose," she said, "it passes me by and I never know it, never have it! I'm sure I'm not in love with you now—so what can I say? What can I do?"

She smiled helplessly, and he saw that she was still a child. He frowned, bewildered. He was not contending against a mere rival, but against Muriel herself—her cloistral youth—her veil. To tear this veil aside, to open these closed petals, would seem a profanation. He felt hopeless, and could not answer.

She looked up at him sympathetically.

"Don't think I am silly, Barry, or unnatural. It's just my bringing up, you know, and my queer nature. Can't you understand? Don't you ever feel this way yourself?"

Barry shook his head.

"No; I have dreams, but they are different—they are vivid day-dreams, Muriel, real as life. When my father died, the vague dreams you speak of were brushed aside. I had a sudden awakening—an awakening I can never tell you about. And ever since then the things I've been sure of I've been sure of—and, Muriel, my love for you is the surest thing of all!"

His voice began to vibrate, her close presence to tell on him more than ever before. His blood ran warmer and warmer, his pulse hammered in him. Her loveliness was so pervasive and yet so intangible, her lips and eyes so near to him and so essential—yet so far away!

"I love you!" he exclaimed. "I love you! I know it as well as I know that I'm living. You can't realize how I love you. Oh, if I could only tell you! From that first moment when I saw your face in the crowd and won that game you have inspired me. My family, Muriel, has always been unrestrained and self-indulgent, but for your sake I have kept straight. At night, Muriel, whether I'm awake or asleep, I always see you—see your eyes and hear your voice." His striking dark face was lit up for a moment. "And sometimes," he said, "I wander all over the world, and together we see its wonders, and together we explore its secret places—and, oh, Muriel, we are very happy!"

She looked past him as if trying to see the vision, too; and as she looked he thought a light came into her eyes, but quickly it went, and she shook her head as if forced to confess herself blind.

"Muriel," he said, "if your spirit's wearing a veil, if you're still living in a mist, then I'll wait, if need be, forever, until it has drawn away. But I must ask you one question before the crowd comes and monopolizes you." His voice faltered and fell. "Tell me, Muriel, do you care for any one else?"

The doubts of his youth had gathered once more to the surface. He thought of her and Tom, and was suddenly pos-

sessed by despair. The warm coursing of his blood seemed to stop. It was as if the whole of him waited. She saw a shadow cross his face, followed by a light which long afterward she had cause to remember. Then he added:

"If you do, and if you're sure you do—I believe I love you enough even to be glad for your sake!"

Muriel's eyes filled with tears.

"Barry," she said, "you almost make me see what love is—and yet not quite. No, Barry, I am not in love with any one in the world."

She saw as it were a great inflow of life return to him.

"Thanks, Muriel," he said hoarsely.

Then suddenly his pent-up blood broke free again, hot and throbbing and riotous. What he did he scarcely knew. His arms folded her to him, his lips found hers; yet it was not he himself that seemed to hold and kiss her. She was under the control of some inner fire bursting from his heart.

Then he was conscious that Muriel receded from his arms; and as he looked at her and saw her pallid face and the crushed white violets on her panting breast, he had an impression as of a light going out—as of a song dying into silence. Her voice seemed to come from infinite distances.

"Oh, Barry!" she said. "Oh, Barry, how could you do it? You've killed me!"

XIV

KITTY VAN NESS found Muriel in her room, stretched on the bed in a passion of tears. Gently Kitty soothed her, and drew her up from the bed.

"Poor dear Muriel!" she said, regarding her with sympathy. "Your gauze skirt is all rumpled, your white violets withered."

Muriel plucked the flowers from her breast and tossed them away.

"Shall I send," asked Kitty, "for a couple of Tom's red roses?"

"Yes," said Muriel vehemently; "Tom's!"

Kitty saw the rising tide of crimson on the girl's cheeks and smiled.

"No, you're wearing red roses already," she said, "and the right one gave you these. Come, I must rearrange

you. At any minute the people will begin to arrive."

She kneeled and smoothed the disordered gauze.

Muriel made her bow to the world gracefully and without affectation. Her look that day was memorable. At first, as the footman announced the guests, many could not help pausing in the wide doorway opposite Mrs. Beekman and her daughter, struck by the young girl's subtle and yet startling beauty. Then the room filled, and in the packed, shifting crowd the débutante was visible only to the nearest, like a picture on the opening day of an exhibition. Then again, as the throng moved toward the dining-room and the champagne punch, the bright figure was now and then revealed in perspective.

At length, as friends found friends, the crowd split into close groups. In one of these Pierre Loew, a fashionable portrait-painter, sufficiently far from Muriel to study her without discourtesy, observed in an undertone that the picture was by all odds the most effective arrangement in white he had ever seen.

This painter never hesitated to define people in daring terms of art, if he could do so favorably. For topics conducive to clever comment he selected only the beautiful in life—at least, in the houses of the rich. What a chance, then, when real loveliness presented itself, and praise was no pretense! The true artist in him felt a thrill.

At first he spoke flippantly, his eye caught by effects which, had he obtained them, would have been mere tricks. He said it was merely the mirror behind Miss Beekman. Thanks to the mirror, she was a statue as well as a painting. Wonderful subject, that! The sort to have a try at. He took in at a glance the reflection of her piquant back, the delicate symmetry of her lace-clad shoulders and neck, the dainty and spirited set of her head, the upward curve of her dark hair, and the shadows that seemed to escape from it. Then he lightly observed that the mirror "modeled her."

But when Loew looked at Muriel herself, apart from her accidental reflection in the looking-glass, his slumbering artist's soul really awoke, stirred by the impression. He fell silent, grew moody,

and let the others talk. She seemed to him one of those rare studies without definite outline. Where her outline ended and the surrounding air began he could not determine. As her hair gave out shadows, so her face and white form gave out radiance. The same effect, he knew, attached to anything vivid. A cardinal-flower, for instance, is surrounded by a sort of blur. Its color is so intense that the eye cannot define its edge. But Muriel Beekman was more like an impression of light—a fragrance made visible.

A mercenary friend drew Loew aside and whispered:

"Strike Mrs. Beekman for a commission. She loves technicalities. Talk shop, and she'll let you paint her daughter. It's worth five thousand at the least. They're rolling!"

Loew's reply was impolite.

"Go to the deuce," he muttered; then he smiled. "No, come with me to Mrs. Beekman." Together they approached that glacial lady. "Mrs. Beekman," said the painter simply, "I want to ask a favor. Let me try a portrait of your daughter. I will attempt it on one condition—that you grant me the pleasure of doing so merely for the work's sake."

The room was now a babel of confusion, the crowd so closely packed that people could barely move.

In another group Kitty, had she been less generous and whole-souled, might have wished that she had not dressed Muriel so successfully. For once the compliments of the men about her were not for her alone.

"Jove!" exclaimed the youngest of these satellites, half to himself. "Muriel's stunning enough to drive a man to drink!"

They caught the words, and another muttered:

"Yes, and then to suicide with remorse!"

"No," said a third, "worse yet. A man would be horribly tempted to swear off forever!"

The crowd was now divided into two streams—those forging ahead to the dining-room, those trying to return and say "Good-by."

At another corner of the room a ripe old club-man congratulated Mr. Beek-

man. He was blinking across at Muriel with open satisfaction. Evidently her blushing cheeks and crimson baby lips appealed to him magically.

"I'd pay down a cool million," he exclaimed, "to be forty years younger than I am!" He frowned. "Deuce take it! There goes a fellow up to her who's forty years younger without paying a penny!"

The object of his envy was Barry Gordon. Through a seeming eternity he had been waiting, and now came the first moment when Muriel stood alone. In one hand she held a glass of punch untasted, in the other a white feather fan with which she was cooling her flushed cheeks. Barry went straight to her and said in a low voice:

"I implore you, Muriel—forgive me!"

She met his eyes coldly, as if without the slightest recognition. Then, not deigning to reply, she looked past him, and he saw her smile at some one approaching behind him.

To his surprise and disgust, they were joined by the only person in the world who had ever been his enemy—the cad who years ago had caused his flight from school and now his dismissal from college. How Meade had happened to be invited Barry could not guess. Probably Mr. Beekman, in his visits to Virginia, had known Meade's family, and for their sake was receiving their son in the North. It was merely one of those ugly chances that seemed to crop up so unpropitiously at crucial moments in Barry's life.

Meade was bringing two glasses of punch. When he found Muriel already supplied he turned to Barry, and with smooth effrontery offered him the extra glass. Her presence, he knew, protected him from insult, and he fairly basked in his security. As he held out the glass his narrow eyes and mouth were touched with an ironical smile.

"I propose a toast," he said. "To Miss Beekman, on the day of her coming out!"

Barry paled. How could he refuse? If Meade had suggested this on purpose to disarm him, it was a clever piece of trickery, a subtle revenge.

Had the surroundings been different,

had not Muriel been there, Barry knew he would have struck the glass from Meade's hand. Even now, nothing but the words with which it was offered could have made him take it.

A toast to Muriel on the day of her coming out!

Bitterly against his will, Barry accepted the glass. He was a Southerner, and a gentleman by birth and nature. Courtesy to women was in his blood and in his heart; yet he hesitated to drink the toast, looking down for a moment into the amber fluid.

Since his father's tragic death he had not taken a drop of any intoxicant. Colonel Gordon had given him warning; the hope of going through college and bringing to Muriel a stainless record had given him heart. But now, after all his struggle to keep straight, he found himself expelled from college and forsaken by Muriel, and his heart was like lead. And here stood Meade at the critical juncture, once again controlling his destiny!

A toast to Muriel on the day of her coming out!

While he hesitated, Barry felt that his apparent rudeness shocked and froze her. Yet she was not to blame. Little could she imagine how he dreaded the devil in this glass. Little she knew how the yellow lights in its depths already began to fascinate him. Doubtless she thought him merely piqued because she had not forgiven him the kiss.

A toast to Muriel on the day of her coming out!

Barry felt heavy and sick. He was dazed by the ironical fatefulness of the moment. He looked at Muriel again. She lifted her head haughtily and turned to Meade. That was all—a perfectly natural and innocent lift of her head; yet the motion unsettled the whole trend of his future.

He looked down into his glass as if his soul were drowning in it. Then again he raised his eyes to Muriel's averted face, and they were like the eyes of a lost dog.

Meade smiled self-complacently. "To the ideal bud!" he proposed, and sipped his punch, watching Barry out of the tail of his eye.

Barry bowed to her in a courtly way

worthy every tradition of his race, and then, with a breaking heart, said evenly:

"Your happiness, Muriel!"

He took a sip from the glass, and said something to her in a low voice. She did not seem to hear. She began talking vivaciously to Meade.

Again Barry drank, and again murmured some plea in her ear. Still deaf to him, she seemed to grow yet more interested in Meade.

Barry drank again, draining the glass; and Muriel, utterly unconscious of the seeds of tragedy that she was sowing, lightly ignored a third desperate overture. She seemed to be fascinated by Meade.

Barry drifted away toward the dining-room. Here, at a large, glass-littered side-table, stood Burrage, the pompous butler, liberally ladling out his concoction from an enormous silver punch-bowl, while the footman from time to time replenished the bowl from magnums of champagne.

There was something inspiring in the sight, something prodigal, something suggestive of the liberties of man's estate. Burrage was ladling out streams of forbidden joy—reckless pleasure. Men who drank were happy. Barry had seen defeated football players weep with disappointment, then break training and go roistering through Cambridge like victors. He had seen a "grind," just "flunked," cross the campus, crushed. That very night, thanks to wine, the fellow joked as if he had graduated with honors. If you drank enough of the stuff, it made no difference whether you won or lost.

The taste of the brew was in Barry's mouth, its fire already in his veins. Nevertheless, for a time he held off. Lonely in the crowd, he wandered back to catch a glance of Muriel from a distance. She seemed to be living joyously in the moment, with not a thought of him, not a shadow in her laughing eyes. She was surrounded by a flock of adorers, and Tom had deposed Meade. As Barry watched her, she turned from the rest and looked up at Tom as if with love for him and dependence on him.

Barry grew desperate. The affair seemed worse than ever. Meade was only an enemy; Tom was a brother.

Standing gazing at Muriel in open despair, he gradually became conscious that people were watching him with amusement. Quivering under their smiles, he turned back to the dining-room. Here stood Burrage, still ladling out streams of artificial sunshine from the bountiful punch-bowl.

He would take very little. That would show more courage than taking none at all. He would never drink immoderately. He would drink like a man of the world, and gain a man of the world's ease. Experienced men showed no emotion, probably felt none. Why should he? How childish to have so much feeling! What folly ever to have opened his heart to Muriel! How undignified to have revealed his despair to the world! Muriel had stabbed him; the world had mocked him. Never again the stab and mockery. He would drink and be light-hearted.

The great barrier flung up so desperately by his father went down. His blood caught fire. The prodigality of his race leaped up in him in a sudden moment. He threw restraint to the four winds.

With a swinging recklessness he went over to Burrage and asked for a glass of punch. In a few minutes he had tossed down several more, and the room swam.

XV

As Barry moved through the now diminishing crowd, he grew talkative, entertaining, witty, not betraying the fact that the acquaintances to whom he spoke seemed to be mere blurs—diverting fancies. He paid another visit to the unsuspecting Burrage; and now he began to feel as if he were walking the deck of a ship in a storm. He feared that people were noticing him. He was conscious that several guests turned and stared as he passed them. When he spoke to Kitty her laugh had a sorry note in it that disturbed him. He wondered if Mr. and Mrs. Beekman would suspect—or, worst of all, Muriel. Soon, however, he saw Muriel's father—who cared little for society—slip from the crush and retreat up-stairs to the library.

As for Mrs. Beekman, she did not seem to take much notice of Barry, or of

anything else. In a crowd this stately lady always became hopelessly vague. Every faculty, save her natural good-breeding, deserted her. At times like these her remarks were almost vacuous, her answers irrelevant, her absent-mindedness pathetic. Barry smiled, greatly amused. Mrs. Beekman would not have been surprised, thought he, had an elephant suddenly ambled into the room and stood on its head before her. With her, at least, he was safe; and as for Muriel, she was surrounded by so many admirers that he seemed to be entirely cut off from her view.

One thing bothered him ludicrously. He kept meeting the lily-like Morrison twins, and, try as he would, he could not tell them apart. Time and again he went careening up to one of them, cocksure she was Kate, and the girl, much embarrassed, would remonstrate that she was not Kate, but Emily. Then the same comedy was enacted over again, *vice versa*.

This inflamed Barry's sense of the absurd. He began to tell people about it loquaciously.

"Funniest thing! Each Miss Morrison," he would say, uttering the sibilants with great deliberation, "is always the other Miss Morrison. Most 'straordinary!"

In the end he decided there was only one Miss Morrison; and this clear-sighted conclusion proved to him that he was not nearly as tipsy as people supposed.

The crowd was now thinning out, and Barry, catching the general spirit of departure, fell amiably into line. He thought he would go out and knock about town. Ahead of him, the guests were bidding farewell to their hostess, and their hostess, vaguer than ever, was mechanically inclining her stately head. Every time she bowed, thought Barry, it was as if Mont Blanc should suddenly begin nodding to people. In fact, Mrs. Beekman's absent-minded dignity so impressed him that when at last he stood before her he felt quite overcome.

Two or three times he bowed, backing away speechlessly. Every one stared. Barry's bows were full of the most exaggerated and grotesque deference. Those who saw were both amused and scandalized, but as for Mrs. Beekman

herself, she was only mildly bewildered. She returned his salutations with polite and imperturbable gravity.

As the guests left, they smiled. They understood, and were not surprised. Mrs. Beekman's absent-mindedness was a by-word. Nor was Barry surprised. He would not have been surprised had she curtsied to him. Everything ludicrous was a matter of course, and highly respectable.

He decided not to leave just yet, however. The last guests were shaking hands with Muriel. That was an obstacle to his exit which he had not considered. It seemed wiser not to risk it.

He retreated toward the dining-room. On his way he made open fun of every one he met, chaffing them outrageously, till he noticed that as others approached, intent on departing, they shied off and avoided him. He saw them looking back at him as they left the house. Then, as his last cruise ended and he hove to in the now deserted dining-room, he passed through a new phase.

Burridge had dared to refuse him another glass of punch. He began to berate the pompous butler.

"Burridge," he mumbled, "Burridge, you're a foolish old balloon, and by Jove, I'm thinking of pricking you!" Then he tried persuasion. "Burridge," said he, "I take it back. D'you know who you are, Burridge? You're the great god Pan. No, you're not. You're Bacchus himself. That's who you are! Ladle it out, Burridge; ladle it out!"

Unluckily for Barry, Mrs. Beekman, her mental powers restored by the departure of her guests, glanced through the doorway and became aware of the wrangle. Her consciousness at once returned with piercing acuteness. She recalled his bows, and now, for the first time, took account of them. She hurried from the ballroom in search of her husband.

Meanwhile Muriel felt that her heart was breaking. Before now her quick eye had detected Barry's condition, and had seen that every one was aware of it; and though her friends had now left, she still smarted under the memory of the sympathetic glances with which they had bade her good-by.

Every detail of the unhappy scene had

branded itself on her consciousness. She had noticed his changed looks and heard his unnatural laugh. If ever a girl was filled with shame she was. She had indeed made her *début* into the world—a world of evil and unhappiness!

The last guest had gone. The ball-room was empty and desolate, with all the desolate emptiness of a large room recently crowded. She was standing in a wilderness alone with Tom.

All through the reception Tom's back had been to the crowd, his attention centered on Muriel. Thus he knew nothing of Barry's condition; and Muriel's face had not betrayed her feelings. Her look and manner, instead of being dulled by the shame of it all, had been feverishly quickened.

She now led the way to a window and stood looking out with Tom. It was dark, and the last carriages were leaving. The pavements were wet with rain, and the vague patches of light from the moving carriages trailed in reflected streaks on the asphalt. Beyond lay the park, wrapped in a black haze.

Muriel at first felt indescribably lonely and tired, but gradually Tom's influence began to comfort and rest her. His quiet, steady manliness seemed more what she needed at this moment than anything in the world. She had a saving sense of his never-failing care of her, of his tender thoughtfulness and stanch simplicity.

He stood close to her, looking over her shoulder at the desolate park. After a long silence he found voice and asked awkwardly:

"Muriel, will you let me love you?"

She hardly knew what she answered, she felt so worn and unreal. She thought she meant to be merely friendly. When she spoke she was still looking out into the November evening.

"Yes, Tom, if you can. Yes, I want you to love me. I need your love!"

This barely satisfied him.

"Muriel," he said, "I don't know how to express what I mean, but I don't think I mean that. You see, I'm fonder of you than I am of any one else in the world. At college I've been a grind for your sake. You know I'm a year ahead of my class, and graduate this spring. Then I start life in earnest, and for your sake I mean to work hard and try to

become the kind of man your father is." His voice fell and was quietly earnest; his words were as simple as his heart. "Then, Muriel, do you think perhaps some day there may be a chance for me? That is what I mean. Now, at last, I have told you. And now, at last, I am asking you if you think you can ever care for me?"

Muriel turned from the window and looked longingly into his eyes. Quiet and content and safety seemed essential to her. She longed to regain her peaceful girlhood, and only Tom could restore it to her.

As she looked at him her eyes did not refuse him. Instantly he was beaming with hope, but no less quickly a shadow crossed his face.

"Muriel, I don't want to be unfair to Barry. I want to give him every chance."

She smiled a wan little smile.

"No, Tom," she said, shivering, "don't give him any chance. Hold me to this, and some day *make me*—"

Tom could scarcely believe in his good fortune.

"Muriel!" he exclaimed, bewildered, "then do you really mean—will you call it an engagement?"

Trying to realize it, he glanced past her into the night, which now to him was like day.

At this moment her quick ear caught a sound in the dining-room—a low jingling of disturbed glasses. In spite of herself she looked in that direction—as if casually. The sight she saw she never forgot. Barry had lost his balance and fallen to the floor.

Tom, blinded by his joy, still gazed into vacancy and did not see her face. Had he seen it his hope might have died. Her expression, instead of hardening, was filled with sadness and a shuddering compassion.

On the instant some quality of womanhood hitherto unguessed and all but non-existent sprang up in Muriel's heart. Though outwardly calm, she felt herself possessed by a sudden desire to dash to the dining-room, slip down beside Barry, take his head in her lap, smooth his forehead, and plead with him to come back to her.

Burridge politely assisted the young

man to his feet, and drew the portières between the rooms.

Muriel stood motionless, dazed. Frightened by her mad impulse, she grew lifelessly cold. She felt bewildered, awed, rebellious against herself and against life. There were traits in her she had not dreamed of, dangers of great outbursts of emotion which in her immaculate pride of yesterday she would have scorned as weak or evil.

Tom's words still echoed through her—a gentle, comforting refrain:

"Muriel, will you call it an engagement?"

With a quick impulse of self-defense against the world, she answered him:

"Yes; an engagement."

XVI

KITTY came to the door, intent on carrying off the poor, crushed bud to console her. When she saw Muriel's face she was shocked. It was pallid, and scarcely had a ray of beauty. The girl's whole bearing was heavy. Her eyes lacked luster, and shadows lay under them. Her face, instead of looking ethereal, looked pinched.

But Tom appeared so blissful and satisfied that Kitty, whose intuition seldom failed her, laughingly backed out.

In the hall her laugh died, her smooth cheeks flushed hotly, her lip trembled a little, and she shrugged. Her pet of a boy, her young angel in a world of old men, had taken wing like many another bright vision. A sudden impulse possessed her—the fighting instinct of a young, but experienced, campaigner. She hastened to the dining-room by a side door. Burrage had left for a moment, and the punch-bowl, together with the plates, glasses, and debris of the collation, had been removed. Barry sat alone, his arms thrown out on the bare table, his face buried in them.

Kitty sympathetically felt that his present condition was due more to the suddenness of his breach of long abstinence than to the actual amount of wine that he had drunk. Moreover, the excitement of his scene with Muriel had doubtless contributed to his fall.

She touched one of his broad shoulders. Failing to rouse him, she shook him impatiently.

"Barry, Barry!" she said in a voice of practised severity. "Brace up!" He rose unsteadily and stood smiling at her, and she saw that his sleep, though brief, had helped him. "Barry, can you pull yourself together?"

"What's the use?" he asked thickly.

"If you don't," said Kitty, "you've lost her. Barry, you're a fool! She loved you, and she loves you still; but she's so down-hearted that she's letting another fellow take her away from you right under your nose."

He seemed but vaguely disturbed.

"Too bad!" she heard him mumble. "Great shame!" Then he smiled weakly. "Thanks, Kitty. You're a brick. Better wait, though. Lots of time. Couldn't now, possibly. Everything's too—too swimmy."

She came closer to him, grasped his arms in a gentle, steadying grip, and looked frowningly at him, as if to penetrate the vapors in his brain.

"She's engaged," she said incisively, and released him.

He staggered as if struck, caught himself against the table, and uttered some inaudible word that sounded like a moan. The shock sobered him as only a great shock could. With a remarkable effort of will, he succeeded in accomplishing an almost phenomenal change. A tremor ran through him, and every muscle seemed to be strained. Kitty saw him as if in the throes of some overwhelming transition. After this he relaxed, passed a hand across his brow, paled, and stood, weakened, but almost himself.

Kitty's eyes shone with admiration.

"Barry!" she exclaimed. "Never do that again, or you'll make me fall in love with you myself. Muriel's a fool if she doesn't gamble on you! Come—no, wait! You must see her alone."

She slipped between the portières and made for the couple in the window.

"Tom—just a minute! I want to speak to you. Forgive me, Muriel—a secret!"

She carried it off so quickly, so high-handedly, that Tom meekly followed her to the conservatory.

"Tom, you're an interloper," she began to ripple. "You're a meddler. You're interfering with destiny, with the

stars in their courses. You have no intuitions, Tom—none whatever. Can't you see that Muriel and Barry were born for each other? Can't you see that you can never win her soul?"

"No, I can't see that," said Tom stoutly. "I'll be shot if I can!"

"Then you're a blind bat," said Kitty, and garrulously continued to kill time.

Barry, meanwhile, went slowly to Muriel. When he saw her he was stricken with remorse. Her eyes, as he came to her, were so rebuking, so piteous, that he could have wept. He felt as if sinking down through some abyss. Drowning, he grasped at straws.

"Muriel," he said, "I won't believe you have promised. Is it Tom?"

She nodded, trying to smile through a mist of tears.

"Then what can I say, Muriel? Tom's worth thousands of me." Barry tried to smile, too, though his mind was dazed and his soul in torment. "I can only hope you'll be happy. If I ever again pray, that will be my prayer."

He turned away, leaving her alone at the window looking out into the darkness. In the hall he met Mr. Beekman, who was evidently coming for him. Mr. Beekman started to help him upstairs, but Barry quietly protested that he needed no assistance. Standing off and scrutinizing him, Muriel's father saw that though his eyes were feverishly lighted he was sober enough to be called to account at once. This was Mr. Beekman's way—immediate conviction, and be done with it.

"Barry," he said coldly, "I've just been told that you drank too much and insulted our guests. Barry, you've disgraced us all." He turned away, too indignant to say more.

"Mr. Beekman!"

A calm but alarming intensity in Barry's tone made Mr. Beekman turn back to him.

"What, Barry?"

Barry lowered his voice.

"Mr. Beekman," said he, "I've been dropped from college."

To his surprise Mr. Beekman nodded.

"I've heard the facts," he said, "and congratulate you."

Barry shrugged.

"Don't, please! Everything white

in life is soiled now and blackened—and the worst of it is I've done it myself." He was speaking slowly, to dispel the thickness of his utterance. "I've spoiled Muriel's day—a day she's looked forward to so long. I've been rude to Mrs. Beekman and insulting to your guests. In short, I've behaved like an ass; and so I've decided—" He paused, nerving himself, and his eyes had a lost look.

"What have you decided?" asked Mr. Beekman uneasily.

"The truth is, Mr. Beekman, I've decided to light out."

Mr. Beekman started a little, but almost instantly recovered his composure.

"Light out for where?"

"The world," said Barry.

Mr. Beekman looked amused.

"The world's fairly wide, you know."

"The wider the better. I've always dreamed about this. Ever since my father's death I've been growing more restless."

Barry began pacing back and forth in the great, square hall. Mr. Beekman, taking up a stand on a huge tiger-skin rug with his back to an imposing fireplace devoid of fire, studied him carefully.

"Sometimes at college," persisted Barry, "I went almost mad with this desire to drop it all and start out for nowhere—for everywhere. I got maps and planned trips all over the world. I've read bushels of books of travel in half a dozen languages. There are thousands of things and places I've dreamed about." His eyes were lit up and his cheeks flushed. "And now I'm going to see them!"

Mr. Beekman frowned, bewildered by this surprising self-revelation. "See what?" he asked.

Barry paused in his restless march, and, gazing through the doorway into the large, dim mirror, began to smile, as if seeing in its depths far visions, one after another appearing and dissolving before him. He came and faced Mr. Beekman. The two, as usual in their duels, stood through the whole interview, Barry too impatient to sit, Mr. Beekman too alert.

Barry spoke more and more fluently, more and more enthusiastically, his voice resonant and low, his brain sober, his soul half intoxicated with a sudden power of

talk. He began, as it were, to list his visions:

"I want to see the Taj Mahal at Agra, the Court of Lions at Granada. I want to see the ruins of Carthage, and the Greek Theater at Taormina with the moon fading above Etna as the sun rises over the Calabrian hills. I want to look up at the Matterhorn, Fujiyama, the great pyramid of Cheops. I want to put a riddle to the sphinx."

Mr. Beekman shifted, much disturbed.

"What riddle?"

Barry shrugged.

"I shall simply ask her: 'Why—the eternal why?'"

"And she, being the eternal feminine," said Mr. Beekman with a forced smile, "will answer: 'Just because.'"

Barry laughed inconsequently and made a wry grimace.

"Then I'll scratch her neck," said he, "and make her purr."

"Barry," said Mr. Beekman, "you're a case."

"Yes, and the sphinx is a cat."

"There's no need of your consulting her," protested Mr. Beekman. "Put your problems to me and I'll try to help you work them out."

Barry shook his head sadly.

"No one can help me, Mr. Beekman. My father talked to me before he died in a way that ought to have kept me from drinking." A deep shadow crossed Barry's eyes. "As a matter of fact, it did keep me straight for a while, but sometimes I nearly went crazy with restlessness." Again he shrugged carelessly and laughed. "And to-day I dropped the whole thing and fairly dived into the punch-bowl!"

His manner again grew serious, mood following mood with every impulse of his volatile nature.

"Mr. Beekman, if my own father couldn't help me, how can you? No; what I need is the world—life—art. Oh, you don't know how I long to see all the paintings and statues—all the masterpieces!"

He moved away, walked to and fro again, then paused and once more gazed at the visions appearing and dissolving in the distant mirror.

"I want to see Guido Reni's 'Beatrice Cenci,'" he meditated, "but I don't want

her eyes to look at me!" He paused, shivered slightly, and lowered his lids as if under the gaze of some rebuking spirit. Then he laughed away this haunted expression, and floated off again on the current of his dreams. "I want to see Titian's 'Flora'—she is much pleasanter than Beatrice. Beatrice freezes you with her eyes; Flora warms you with her hair. And then the statues—the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the Medici Venus, and the Bacchuses, and the drunken Fauns!"

"Barry," said Mr. Beekman, "you're incorrigible!"

Barry nodded. The current seemed to be carrying him on like a wild, sunny river on which he was already drifting out into the ocean of the world.

"I want to drink beer in Heidelberg, *sake* in Yokohama, cider in Brittany, and *vodka* in Moscow. I want to eat olives in Tuscany, figs in Smyrna, and honey in Malta. I want to read Thucydides, not in the Harvard library, but on the Ionian shore. I want to read Hackluyt, not cooped in a room, but on the ocean. I want to read Hafiz in a Persian garden, 'Rarahu' in the South Seas, 'La Vie de Bohème' in the Quarter, 'Arria Marcella' at Pompeii. I want to search for the buried poems of Sappho in Herculaneum—and for happiness all over the world. I want to hear bagpipes in the Scottish Highlands, shepherds' pipes in the Pyrenees, violins in Hungary, the organ in Nôtre Dame, guitars in Naples, and tom-toms in Timbuctoo." He laughed again with whimsical, irresponsible mirth. "Yes, I really must hear tom-toms in Timbuctoo!"

He paused and suddenly changed. His face clouded and paled; his muscles relaxed; his humor and fiery vehemence left him. He looked inert and helpless.

Crossing the hearth, he lifted his arms to the mantel-shelf and buried his face in them. After all his mental pictures, all the glory and beauty and comedy of his visions, there came a crushing sense of loneliness. Till now he had always wandered over the world hand in hand, as it were, with Muriel. In every dream she had been the moving spirit, the inspiration, the deeper lure; but now the visions were without a soul, and, much as he had made of them in this impetuous talk, he saw at last, with a sick-

ening disillusion, that all their color, rhythm, and beauty were gone.

He turned from the mantel with a new and grim sort of recklessness; and Mr. Beekman was reminded of the portrait of General Nicholas Gordon—a wolf of a man.

Barry glanced down at the tiger-skin before the fireplace.

"I'd like to bag a few of these chaps!" he said, frowning into the glass eyes. Then he looked up and tensely faced Mr. Beekman. "I want to go into the wilds. Where the map is blank and no man's been, I want to go." He flung back his head and squared his powerful shoulders. "And wherever there's fighting," he cried recklessly, his blood leaping with the words, "I want to fight!"

Mr. Beekman smiled, not without admiration, and laid a strong, white hand on Barry's arm.

"My boy, you're too fiery for these times. Curb yourself. Train yourself. Harness your energy. If you do, I can use you in business, in politics. You need powerful influences to hammer you into shape. With this nature of yours properly equipped, and confined to steel rails like a locomotive, I can do a lot with you."

Barry laughed.

"You can't run a horse on rails like a locomotive. He goes on hoofs, not wheels. So do I go on hoofs—like the devil!"

Mr. Beekman ignored this levity.

"Tom's learning the technical part—engineering. I can start you on the human part—the upper stratum from which men of imagination and potential force play the game and move the pawns."

Barry shook his head.

"I'd get impatient, send the chess-board flying, and break up the game. No, Mr. Beekman, I've got to get out into wide expanses—the Western plains or eastern deserts. I want to be free; I need to be free—free!" he cried passionately. "The only powerful influences that can hammer me into shape are the four winds of heaven."

Mr. Beekman felt utterly at a loss. In the bringing up of male youth he was inexperienced; he had never had a son. All his life he had managed men in the

mass, built railroads, guided political parties, but the fine steel of his character had never been pitted against any quality of human nature as large and hot as this. To try and harness Barry seemed like trying to put handcuffs on a flame.

Nevertheless, he did not outwardly betray his disadvantage.

"Barry," he said impressively, "under the terms of your father's will, even your income is in my control until you're thirty years old. Well and good! You Gordons have always been spoiled by money, and by the indulgent weakness of your family and friends. We'll see what several years of poverty will do—several years on rock bottom." He spoke as if to himself, his eyes narrowing. "That might work well. You might find yourself. You might come out of it a man of character, a man of mark." He looked up at Barry with swift decision. "If you go," he said, "you go without a penny."

Barry started, frowned, and bit his lip.

"Do you mean that?"

"I mean it."

Mr. Beekman's face cleared, and he smiled. He had put Barry's *wanderlust* to the severest test, and proved it harmless. Fine talk that, about making the sphinx purr and hearing tom-toms in Timbuctoo! Fine talk, but money had talked more to the point. The sphinx doesn't purr for nothing. It costs to get to her. Money makes the mare go and the sphinx purr and the tom-toms raise a racket in Timbuctoo.

Barry's look of dazed defeat greatly relieved him. He considered the matter settled.

"Never mind, Barry," he said kindly, "some day perhaps we'll all go there and hear those tom-toms; but at present we've got to be practical." He started up-stairs, impatient for a cigarette. "Come up to the library as soon as you feel like it," he said, looking down over the banisters, "and we'll talk business."

Left alone in the great hall, Barry smiled bitterly. The mention of business at such a moment seemed a cruel, incongruous absurdity. A cry to Mr. Beekman rose in his heart, but he stifled it. He drew himself up in a soldierly way,

took his hat and gloves from the rack in the hall, and drifted out aimlessly into the night.

XVII

SHADOWS of anxiety brooded that night over the Beekman family. Barry, without a word, had gone out just after the reception, and though it was long past midnight he had not returned.

The house was profoundly silent. Nothing recalled Muriel's début save a faint odor of massed flowers ascending from down-stairs.

"Tom," said Mrs. Beekman, sniffing the air, "please shut the door. That odor's like a funeral!"

In the library where they sat the gloom lay even deeper than in the other empty rooms. As a rule, this library seemed a sanctuary with many influences. In its rich atmosphere there was personality; in its well-bound books that lined the walls from floor to ceiling, spirit and intellect; in its wide wood fire, a big heart. Here and there huge leather lounging-chairs offered comforting arms and prodigious laps—like great mothers. Tables with books, magazines, and the photographs of friends gave evidence of the conventional, every-day life of a rich and yet contented family. But to-night there was no ease in the room's quiet. The silence was restless. They were all waiting.

Muriel glanced wearily at her father. He was trying to read his *Evening Post*; but she could tell by his absent look that to-night the figures in the financial columns were as meaningless to him as hieroglyphics.

She glanced dully at her mother. Mrs. Beekman, as usual, sat rigid in a straight-backed chair under an electric light with a plain green shade. This corner sternly proclaimed itself hers. In an alcove far from the fire it afforded her a sort of office, where, on a desk, numerous ethical and sociological pamphlets were neatly piled, her correspondence neatly pigeonholed. In a chair opposite her lay a green chintz work-bag. She was nervously knitting wash-rags for the poor.

Muriel restlessly looked away. The mechanical dance of the steel needles was as irritating as the ticking of the clock.

She sat curled up in one of the big armchairs by the fire, not even pretending to read, not once glancing at Tom, who sat near, watching over her with a new moodiness foreign to his nature. To him she seemed so ethereally aloof that, though he longed to try to comfort her, he did not dare.

For this forbearance Muriel felt grateful to him. Talk would have driven her mad. She was lost in a great void. She felt numb and unreal and very lonely. Her father and mother and Tom were no more than ghosts. What was Tom's guarding love to her now? What were her father's tenderness, her mother's stern care of her? In all her small troubles these had upheld and strengthened her. Her high-strung temperament, instead of making her independent, had made her lean yieldingly in trivial matters on people who loved her. But to-night there was no one in the world who could bring her out of her great loneliness and make her happy.

No one?

Waves of hot color surged up suddenly to her temples. She thought of the moment when Barry had held her in his arms. She closed her eyes. It was as if she felt his lips on hers again—but now her heart responded. The kiss was like a red flower in the great void; but the flower had died.

Tom heard a sharp catch in her breath and was troubled.

"Muriel," he said, "what's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

Mrs. Beekman, glancing at the two, compressed her thin lips. Tom was tiring Muriel. The girl's nerves were unstrung. Oh, the vanity of these débûts. The folly of these love-affairs!

"Tom," said Mrs. Beekman suddenly, "I'm really disappointed in you. I'm afraid you're going to be a sentimentalist."

Tom looked up, wondering if she guessed.

"What makes you think so?" he asked uneasily.

"Because you belong to the male sex, and the male sex is the sentimental sex." She frowned at her dancing needles. "I saw you in the conservatory with Kitty Van Ness. She was making love to you."

Tom felt immensely relieved. For all

his obtuseness, he saw that Mrs. Beekman was intent on diverting Muriel by rousing her to the defense of her friend.

"Making love to me? Never!" he exclaimed. "Kitty's a good fellow, that's all—one in a thousand!"

Mrs. Beekman's narrow nostrils slightly flared.

"Fellow, indeed! Not she! That's her favorite rôle. I've never known such a consummate actress."

"I wish you wouldn't say that," protested Tom, with loyal warmth. "Kitty's the salt of the earth—honest as the day is long."

Mrs. Beekman smiled cynically.

"I confess Kitty feels the part she acts. That's the worst of it. She's acting and she isn't acting. She's in love and she isn't in love—all at the same moment with the same man." Mrs. Beekman glanced piercingly across at Muriel. "I cannot but pity," said she, "these over-feminine women."

She sighed, and resumed her work. The attempt had failed. Muriel did not stir or open her eyes. She had not even heard what her mother said.

Tom gazed down at her forlornly, dumbly wondering what her thoughts were. As a matter of fact, Muriel had forgotten his presence. She was utterly alone in the gray void. Slowly a rising tide of tears overbrimmed her eyes, and one drop stole out under her lowered lashes.

Tom, wobegone, bent closer to her.

"Muriel," he whispered, "don't cry! What's the matter?"

He longed to console her, but the fact that Barry's non-appearance seemed to be the cause of her despondency deterred him. Exactly what Barry had done he could not make out—evidently something which none of them cared to discuss. He felt bewildered and helpless. As a rule she had leaned on him, confided in him. He had blindly believed that he understood her, but to-night she was wrapped in a sad reserve which he did not dare to penetrate.

Yet something must be done. He could bear it no longer. With an instinctive appeal he crossed to Mrs. Beekman and said in an undertone:

"Muriel's crying."

He had a way that went to people's

hearts. Mrs. Beekman looked very uncomfortable. Rolling up her wash-rag, she poked the needles through it and dropped it into the chintz bag. As she looked over at Muriel her bleak face softened. She rose and went to her daughter.

"Dear child," she said, "you're tired. It's all the excitement—the crowd. Come to bed!"

Muriel lightly sprang up, dashed away her tears, and smiled.

"No, I'm not tired—not a bit!" she said, her pride stinging her into self-defense. "Come, let's do something. Tom, you're an owl!"

She turned away and drifted idly about the room, taking up a magazine here and glancing at its pictures, a book there and tossing it aside unopened.

Mrs. Beekman could stand the strain no longer. She went to her husband and confronted him.

"Frank, why don't we speak out? All the evening we've been thinking of one thing only, and yet we haven't dared to mention it. We're moral cowards. We're afraid to face facts—our thoughts—our fears." Her pale blue eyes were wide with anxiety. "Where's Barry?"

Muriel glanced up from a magazine. Tom looked at Mr. Beekman. The dropping of a pin would have been audible. The ticking of the clock was appalling. Mr. Beekman, the picture of discomfort, shifted in his chair, shrugged, and forced a smile.

"My dear, how should I know? Are you worried?"

"Yes; and so are you."

He tried to look surprised.

"I worried? Why should I be? Nonsense!"

"I can't understand it," persisted Mrs. Beekman. "He so rarely stays away from dinner without telling us. After all that happened to-day, you must confess it looks serious." She suddenly shot a glance at Muriel. "Where is he?"

Muriel shook her head in silence. Mrs. Beekman turned to Tom. "Where is he?"

Tom saw that Muriel waited breathless for his answer.

"I don't know," he said doggedly; then, in spite of his growing jealousy,

his kind heart prevailed. For Muriel's sake he made light of it. "I call it much ado about nothing," he said. "He's gone to the theater, of course, and to supper afterward. He told me he was going every blessed night when he came to New York."

Mrs. Beekman frowned.

"He's too fond of pleasure," she muttered. "He wastes his money and his time." Nevertheless, she looked reassured, and Muriel, too, brightened. One and all they were warmed by the ray of hope, dim and artificial though it was.

Mr. Beekman rose, fetched his card-table from the corner, unfolded it, and reseated himself comfortably in his arm-chair. Then he lit a cigarette and fell to shuffling the pack for a game of patience.

"A game," said he, "very appropriate at present."

Tom, now heart and soul in his task of cheering them, drew up chairs with bustling enthusiasm, as if there could be nothing pleasanter than to watch Mr. Beekman's intricate pastime.

But his efforts were doomed to failure. Mr. Beekman had but just begun the

game, had but just set out the cards and glimpsed their obscure combinations, when the silence was broken by the entrance of Burrage, bringing a note.

"Messenger, sir. No answer," the butler said, and withdrew in heavy gloom.

As Mr. Beekman opened the envelope, they gathered behind him and read it over his shoulders:

DEAR MR. BEEKMAN:

I've thought it out and decided to go. If others have worked their way around the world, why can't I? In every way it seems best. It will relieve you all of constant bother. If anything in me pans out worth while, well and good. You will be glad I went away to find myself. If not—then good riddance to bad rubbish.

I talked big to you about traveling, but it's hard to go. I think I can understand the feelings of a ghost when just after death it starts out into nothingness.

But don't worry, and don't try to trace me. This is the one favor I ask. Leave me to the world, and myself, and God—if there is a God.

With more love for you all than you will ever know,
Yours,

BARRY.

(To be continued)

GIPSYING

OH, will you fare with me, my love?

The way is fresh and green;
You'll know no care with me, my love;
I'll deck you like a queen.

The sun shall crown your golden hair,
And in a brodered gown,
With jewels rare and blossoms fair,
We'll take the road to town.

What jewel like the drop of dew
That spangles all the grass?
What broderie like the violet blue
To please my loving lass?

The birds shall be your minstrels sweet,
The south winds spices bring,
The grass shall make a carpet meet
For any queen or king.

So lay your hand in mine, my love,
And let us fare away;
Here where the roses twine, my love,
We'll take the road to-day!

Celia Myrover Robinson

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES IN CARICATURE

THE clever caricatures which are given here hit off very pleasantly the popular conception of the statesmen whose names are now prominently before the country as those of possible candidates for the Presidential nomination.

Speaker Cannon, with his carpetbag, his gavel, and his cheery, bucolic aspect, suggests the qualities that have made him so popular, especially in the West. "Uncle Joe" has no personal enemies, and his management of Congress has, on the whole, pleased even his political opponents. Men like his rough, blunt way of speaking, as when he described a probable deficit in the Treasury as "that little gap between the pants and vest."

Vice-President Fairbanks, waving aside a proffered cocktail, wearing a "statesman's coat," and standing in the attitude of an orator, conforms to the popular notion of one who is very good and at the same time very stiff.

Governor Hughes, saying nothing, but sitting as a silent fisherman waiting for a bite, is also pretty true to the existing situation. His line is cast, his hook is baited, and he is too clever an angler to frighten away the fish by saying anything.

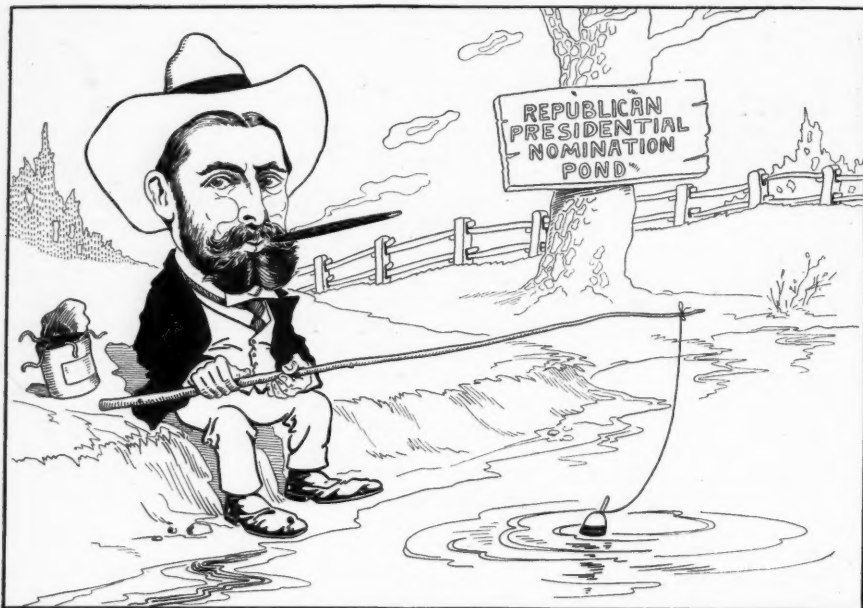
On the other hand, Secretary Taft on roller-skates, dashing madly around the world as the Great American Traveler, is seen in an aspect with which every one



SPEAKER CANNON GOES CALMLY TO HIS
DAILY WORK



VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS THINKS OF THE
ANTI-LIQUOR VOTE



GOVERNOR HUGHES, THE SILENT FISHERMAN OF THE HUDSON

is familiar, and with which most of the humorists, from Mr. Dooley down, have deftly dealt.

Secretary Cortelyou has perhaps not dashed so madly after a nomination as the artist would seem to indicate in giv-



SECRETARY TAFT, THE TRAVELING-MAN OF THE ADMINISTRATION, STARTS ON ONE OF HIS RAPID-TRANSIT OFFICIAL JOURNEYS



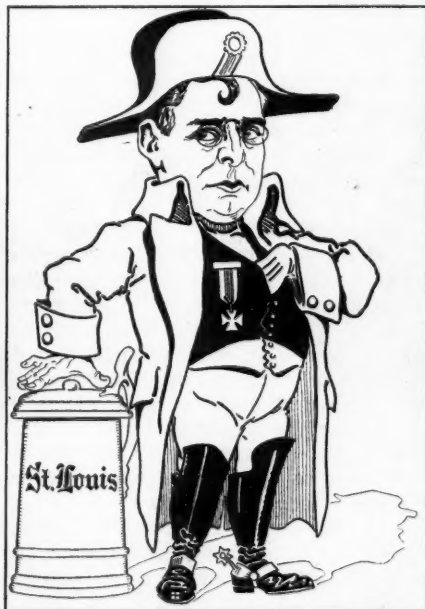
SECRETARY CORTELYOU HAS A GLIMPSE OF THE PRESIDENTIAL BEE

ing him a butterfly-net with which to enmesh the Presidential bee. But there is no doubt that the package which he

holds in his left hand contains a rather valuable political asset; since his financial management during the recent panic,



SENATOR FORAKER, THE OHIO WAR-HORSE, DUSTS OFF HIS CAMPAIGN OUTFIT



GOVERNOR FOLK, THE MISSOURI NAPOLEON, STRIKES A RECEPTIVE ATTITUDE



GOVERNOR JOHNSON, THE DARK HORSE FROM MINNESOTA, IS WILLING TO ENTER THE RACE



THE EDITOR OF THE COMMONER THINKS THAT MR. BRYAN WOULD BE A STRONG CANDIDATE

though criticized by some, has made him many warm friends.

Senator Foraker, brushing the dust from his slouch-hat of Civil War times, represents, perhaps, his own view of his popularity and the reason for it; but we cannot help wondering whether his sword is to be wielded against the Democrats, or in fratricidal strife with the rival Republican champion from Ohio, Secretary Taft.

Governor Folk, in the costume of Napoleon, recalls the Napoleonic rapidity with which he dealt his lightning-like blows at municipal corruption and every form of "graft" in the days when he was a prosecuting attorney in St. Louis.

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, is one of the dark horses in the Democratic stable, for the nation at large scarcely knows this self-made son of the Northwest; but so good a judge of men as Colonel Watterson has warranted that he is of sound Presidential timber. Should he be nominated and elected, he would be the first American of Scandinavian blood to reach the White House.

It would be hard to indicate all of Mr. Bryan's activities in a single outline

sketch. So far as the *Commoner* is concerned, no doubt he owes a good deal to that for his influence in the West. But the printing-press, after all, which he is working with one foot, symbolizes a great deal more than his own newspaper. It means the myriad of eulogies, attacks, explanations, descriptions, and arguments which are running through the newspapers of the entire country, all tending equally to make Mr. Bryan the most conspicuous figure in the Democratic party. He probably owes as much to the invective of his enemies as he does to the praise of his friends.

One cannot help noting the absence of a tenth sketch which the artist might have drawn. It would show President Roosevelt in the garb of Davy Crockett, a rifle slung carelessly over his arm, while he looks meditatively at a coon perched in the branches of a lofty tree. This animal would, of course, be labeled "Republican Nomination." It would not be necessary to supply any legend expressive of the coon's innermost feelings. The old traditional story would supply this lack, for the words would be:

"Don't shoot, Davy; I'll come down!"

THREE HEARTS AND A HEAD

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

AUTHOR OF "FIRE FIGHT FIRE," "JONAS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. GALLAWAY

THE side-show barkers were barking, the touts were touting, the traction-plow was gasping its unsteady way over the rough fair-grounds. On the ball-field the Oxford Eagles, with their star pitcher, Davey Hayes, in the box, were running up a thundering score against the Shadigee Stars. Rival windmills were spinning quixotically defiant arms at one another, merry-go-rounds were whirling vociferous freights of Jacks and Jills amid the blare of conflicting calliopes, which the Pinhook Grangers' Band was straining itself to out-blatt or burst, with big odds on the latter contingency.

To all this mingled melody the unorthodox on the "spring-board" were stampeding through the mazes of the Portland Fancy—none of your namby-pamby, esthetic dancing, neither, but the real gymnastic kind, in newly greased boots that split floor-boards or mashed partners' toes with impartial abandon. A few toes more or less—shucks!

In the cattle-pens brayed, grunted, whinnied, bellowed the critters, each according to his kind. Pies, quilts, and milk-fed pumpkins shared equal honors in exhibition-hall with crayon-portraits, tidies, rag-rugs, and raspberry-jelly. Everywhere life, gaiety, bustle, September sunshine, chatter, haw-haws, the crunch of broad-gage feet on peanut-shells, tanned faces flushed to bursting, celluloid collars throttling red necks; everywhere perspiration, dust, racket, and a nerveless multitude. The Trap Corner Fair was in the throes of its first afternoon.

Through that wildering maze, like any

other pair of faithful ones, strayed Captola Bean and Bartlett Orington, their faces garlanded in smiles, albeit Bartlett's smile was not spontaneously glad. Bart was wearing his first store-suit and a brown derby, large of brim, flat of crown. Captola's bones didn't show—much—under the fluffy frizzliness of her pink percale. Even her swan neck found shelter inside a handkerchief-tie not more than five years out of style.

They loitered through the hall, he and she; they lagged along the dusty paths, let the weighing-man guess their heft at one cent per guess; they juggled the gum-machine, and got two chaws thereby for the price of one; they eddied in close to the side-shows and listened, entranced, to the noisily eloquent barkers aforementioned, whose rapid-fire perorations soared away unhampered by any weaknesses concerning either the eternal verities or the English grammar.

They seemed, in fine, much like any other pair, Bart and Captola did; yet it was but a seeming, for in Bart's breast the worm of jealousy was cankering, and Augustus Farnum was the cause of it all—Gus the generous and debonair, Gus the eternally "busted," Gus the rival for Captola's none too snowy hand.

"Ice-cream, yere! Ice-cream! Freeze yer face! Ten a plate! Walk up, tumble up, any ol' way to git up! Ice-cream!"

Jim Bowker, the ice-cream man, was yelling himself purple, the while he rang two dinner-bells and stamped tumultuously on the floor of his booth.

"It's dretful hot, ain't it, Bart?" murmured the coy Captola.

"Yup," assented Bartlett without joy.
 "What kind o' cream you cal'late he's got?"

"Dunno. Shell we go in an' see?"
 His invitation rang with all the hilarious impetuosity of a condemned felon pro-

and Captola chose seats at the rear of the booth, whence they could watch the spring-board with its caroming Terpsichoreans, and beyond it the throwing-gallery, where men and boys were pelting a big canvas sheet with tennis-balls, in



"KEEP THE CHANGE!"

ceeding toward the gibbet. Assuredly not so would Gus have spoken; but Captola was not analytical, and she was "dry."

"Why, yes," she accepted. "I don't mind goin' in, if you're agreeable."

Bart allowed that he was, and consoling himself with the reflection that he was "a goin' to waste fifty cents on her, anyway," he led her into the refreshment-booth as to the slaughter.

This giddy structure of scantlings, covered with tricolor cambric, accommodated perhaps a dozen tables, three or four of them already occupied by scared-looking couples who seemed to be dividing their attention between the ice-cream and furtive mutual observation with a view to ascertaining whether or no they were "doin' all right" as regarded table-manners. With some trepidation, Bart

the elusive hope of hitting the nigger's head.

The price of three throws was five cents; and in the practically negligible event of winging the agile coconut which protruded through the sheet, there was promise of a cigar, which probably cost half a cent to make, and certainly never sold for more than two. It was a good graft. The barker's voice came to them brokenly between harmonic chunks of sound from the dance-orchestra:

"Here y'are! Here y'are! Try yer skill, boys! Hit the nigger on the head an'—"

The familiar formula was throttled by fresh uproar from the spring-board, as the dance-prompter bawled "Ladies' chain!" and the gyrating yokels clinched hands to swing in dizzy orbits.

The waiter came up.

"Hullo, Cappy! Hul-lo, Bart!" he greeted his guests as he set glasses of ice-water before them on the oilcloth. His name was Alvertus Buck; he was a doer of odd jobs, a friend of everybody's, a fellow reputed rich in counsel and experience, though poor in this world's goods. "Hullo, folks! What you goin' to have?"

"What kinds you got?"

"V'nilly, storberry, an' mixed."

"Which kind you want, Captoly?"

The lady prinked up the bow at her throat before answering with entire nonchalance:

"Oh, v'nilly, I guess."

"She'll take v'nilly," announced Bart with decision, though inwardly tremulous. "What's that mixed kind—any good?"

"Fine! It's the v'nilly an' storberry stirred up together."

Bartlett pondered deeply. Here was a chance to get his money's worth—two kinds for the price of one!

"D'you give jes' the same size plates of that as what you do the plain kinds?"

"Perzac'ly."

"Well, I'll have mixed, then."

"Cake?"

"Yup. Reckon I'll go the whole hawg; bring it 'long!"

Alvertus departed.

"My soul an' senses, Bart, but you're free-hearted though!" said Captola.

"You reely think so?" Bartlett flushed under his tan. "More'n what Gus Farnum is?" Bart suddenly became conscious of his raw wrists and bony hands; he nervously pulled down his pink-striped cuffs. Love, thou'rt a mighty educator!

Captola fidgeted with her glass of ice-water before answering.

"Well, Bart," she slowly made reply, weighing her words judiciously, "I'm most inclined to think you be. Folks tells as how your pocketbook ain't quite so wide-hung as some's, but I swan you been more'n generous to-day. 'Bout you an' Gus, now, I kin tell you better when the fair's done; p'raps you'd better ask me then."

"Why—why, how's that?"

"Don't you know?"

"Know *what*?"

"'Bout Gus invitin' of me to the fair."

"What day?"

"The las' day—day after to-morrer. Why?"

"Oh, nuthin'; only I happen to know Gus ain't had no money fer quite a spell back, an' sence he ain't workin' none, I'm gosh-blamed if I see how—"

"But he *is* workin'!"

"Where? What doin', I'd like to know?"

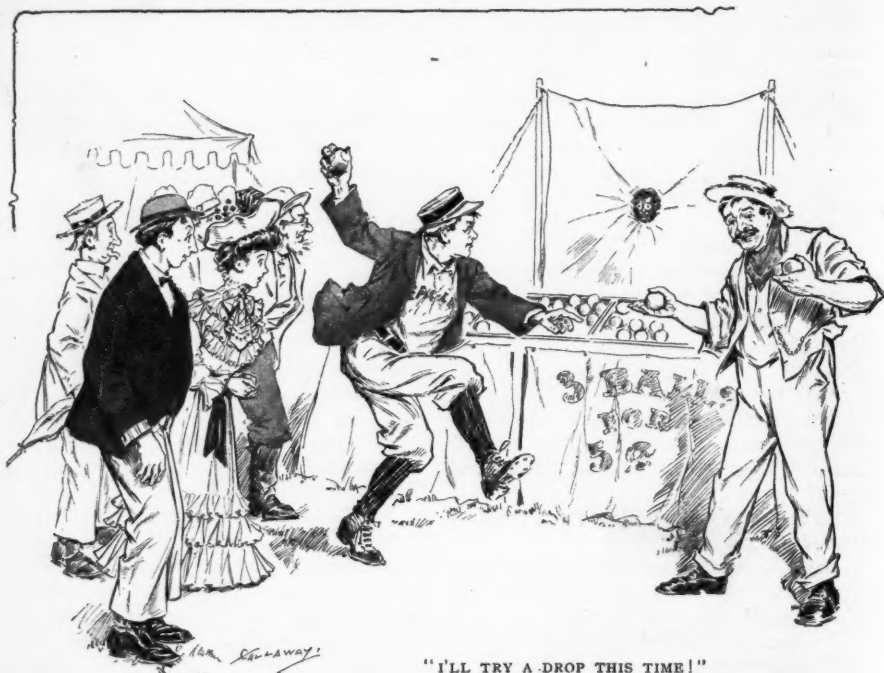
"Right here on the grounds, somewhere—told me he had a good job, too, first rate. Couldn't find out no more; Gus, he's mighty reticent 'bout some things, 'specially where he gits his money. But nobuddy ain't never called him near. Oh, my, ain't that dancin' jest lovely? I wish ma wa'n't Methody an' 'a Free-will Baptis'! I bet a cooky I'd be out thar with 'em!"

Bart made as if to speak, but thought better of it, and merely shuffled his boots. The heat had suddenly become very oppressive to him, the uproar distasteful, the dust a torment. He stifled back his burning thoughts and words, mopped his sloping forehead with a polychromatically patriotic bandanna, and sighed.

"Here we come ag'in!" announced Alvertus, returning Hebe-like with two saucers of ice-cream and the plate of cake—the "whole hawg" which Bart



"I'M HERE FER TO ASK YOU QUESTIONS,
NOT TO ANSWER NONE"



"I'LL TRY A DROP THIS TIME!"

desired to "go." Al slapped them down deftly on the table, and stood at attention.

"What's the damage, eh?" inquired Bart, with a new purpose flickering down into his soul.

"Thirty!"

Bart drew out his buckskin money-bag and fished from it a Canadian half-dollar, which he tossed carelessly upon the oil-cloth.

"Keep the change!" he said.

Captola stared, her spoon with the first mouthful suspended in mid air like Mohammed's tomb. Alvertus stared, too. Was Bart mad? Had sudden dementia seized him? Mad he was, yes—through and through fighting mad; and what's more, there was not lacking even then an astute method in his madness.

II

ABOUT the middle of the afternoon, Bart Orington came piking down past exhibition-hall. He was alone. By dint of some pretty creditable diplomacy and a brace of long-headed maneuvers he had side-tracked Captola with a lady friend of hers for half an hour; and

now, blood in his eye, he was striding forcefully, terribly, along on the trail of Gus.

His first move brought him to the ice-cream booth again. He entered, beckoned Alvertus, and drew him to the far corner.

"Back ag'in?" queried Al, astonished. "Where's Cappy?"

"Nemmind; I ain't got no time to explain. I'm here fer to ask you questions, not to answer none." His voice lowered. "I gin you twenty cents a little while ago, didn't I?"

"Yep; an' you ain't goin' to git it back ag'in, nuther!"

"I don't want it, so quit worryin'; but I *do* want to find out suthin', Vert, an' I come to you 'cause you allus seem to know purty nigh everythin' what's goin' on. See?"

"Fire away! What is it you want to know?" Vert's chest dilated with the flattery, and a smile coaxed a few reluctant wrinkles into his fat face.

"I hear Gus Farnum's got a job 'round the fair to-day, some place, an' I want to find him. None o' yer biz what fer! I jest want to find him, that's all.

Cal'late I ben purty nigh all over the grounds, but nary Gus! Now, say, d'you happen to know—"

"Mmmmm—p'raps!"

"Well, where is he?"

"You 'n' Gus aint over an' above friendly, be ye?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Bartlett shifted his feet and coughed uneasily.

"Oh, nothin' much—only I can tell you right plumb off you might hunt a month o' Sundays an' never find him, unless I take a notion to tell you. I may take one, an' then again I may not, 'cordin' to circumstances. Nubbody knows where Gus is 'cept him an' me an' the man what hired him. Looks to me like he was expectin' inquiren' friends might bother him, 'cause he told me las' night if I wouldn't tell he'd give me twenty-five cents. See?"

Bart fished out the buckskin purse again and dug up certain coins.

"Here—here's thirty-five. Now, fire away!"

"Well," answered Alvertus slowly, dropping the honest graft into his jeans, "I ain't no hand fer to betray confidences made to me on honor, an' you'll note, please, that I don't name no names; but if you sh'd happen fer to stray 'round by the throwin'-gallery an' see a tall buck nigger with his face all grease-paint an' his head upholstered with a frizzly wig, so's his own mammy wouldn't reckernize him, why don't go an' tell him I said his name wa'n't Rastus. See?"

"Ah, ha!" ejaculated Bartlett, and started for the exit.

"Hold on, hold on a minute thar!" commanded Alvertus. "One more thing—remember, you jest thought it all out by yerself, every mite of it!"

"Sure thing!" promised Bartlett, and took unceremonious leave.

A few minutes later he had sought out Dave Hayes, now gloriously resting after the victorious game, and had discussed with him a certain issue; there had been another opening of the buckskin money-bag.

III

"HERE y'are! Here y'are! Three shots fer five, now. Try yer skill! Chance of a lifetime fadin' away like a

summer's day! Try yer luck, boys! Git a seegar!"

Bart and Captola had just edged to the front of the crowd, which was enthusiastically watching the various throwers miss the agile nigger, when by a very curious coincidence Dave Hayes blew along, big as life in his baseball suit, a grin dislocating his map, and a roundish lump in his coat-pocket. The crowd opened respectfully to let this conquering hero through to the ropes.

"Hul-lo, Dave!" said Bartlett. "Comin' 'round to git some tips on pitchin', hey?"

Dave worried a hunk from his plug before replying.

"*What?*" said he loudly. "From these yere dubs?" His voice was trenchant; a murmur ran through the crowd.

"Thinks he's smart, don't he? Betchy a dollar he couldn't! Ain't so easy as it looks, by gary! Some diff'rent from a home-plate, now I tell ye—let's see 'im try it!"

"*Here y'are! Here y'are!*" bellowed the barker. "Three fer—why, hello, Dave! Here, have a try, on me. Compliment'ry—won't cost you a cent!"

The barker was a wise one; he noted the rapidly growing crowd. He ought to have had a job as advertising manager for some big insurance company. He extended his hand with three tennis-balls in it to Dave.

Dave made a grimace intended to convey a humorous impression, and stowed his quid to larboard.

"Want t' see some fancy curves, eh?" said he. "All right, I don't blame ye none. Here, gimme some room, you!" and he waved a commanding hand. The crowd jostled back a trifle. "Now, then, watch this—here goes fer an out!"

He daintily moistened his fingers with tobacco-juice, gripped one of the light spheres, and swung his arm. The nigger lowered his head. Out sped the ball toward the right of its mark, then swung to the left in a quick curve; the woolly head dodged.

Thud! The ball dropped from the biflowing sheet to the ground, whence a small boy returned it along a trough to the proprietor. Derisive jeers arose on the heated atmosphere.

"Didn't do it! Smart Aleck! J'ever git left? Yaaaah!"

Dave frowned and spat.

"Thud!" His quick "in" scored no better triumph than to spank a dust-whirl from the sheet.

"Hey, glass arm! Ain't so clever as he looks! Rubber!" Mocking laughter blended with the personalities.

"Little rosum on my fingers, an' I'll make it," said Dave, almost apologetically, thrusting his hand and the ball into his pocket, and jiggling it around. When the hand came out, the ball that came with it was held, deftly "palmed." Everybody craned long rural necks for the final discomfiture of the "champion" pitcher.

"I'll try a drop this time!" quoth Dave loudly, and the coon took heed.

Another flourish of the arm—

"Zip! Crack!"

"Oooooooo-wow! No fair usin' bricks! Wooooecccc!" Screeching with anguish, the coon reeled forward and fell. The league ball, with neither in, out, nor drop, but with a swift, relentless rise, had forestalled his dodging and had nailed him resoundingly on the painted brow. Down he lurched with a great clamor into the dust, bringing with him the sheet through which his head still protruded, and the poles which had sustained that sheet. He lay struggling under the wreck, like a giant cat in a bag, with weird thrashings and lashings. Sounds as of a voice came out, muffled. It was like unto the shipwreck scene in "An Ocean Waif," waves, thunder, and all.

Forward surged the crowd, shouting, yelling; forward over the ropes, under 'em around the ends. Dave was forgotten in the hurly-burly by all save the proprietor.

"Lemme at him! Lemme at that cuss!" yelled he; but the mob swept him on.

Dave, discreetly wise, vanished around the cattle-pens at a brisk run, and as he ran his pocket jingled.

"Air! Air! Give him air! Any-buddy got a flask on their hip? Hurt bad? Who is it? Git the doctor! Give him air!" And the rescuers jammed around the unfortunate, tearing off such portions of the canvas as were not inextricably twined with his anatomy.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, who *can* it be?" cried Captola, almost in tears.

Bart had, with much labor, maintained her in the forefront of the relief expedition. There came a tearing of cloth and a head emerged—a face—*was* it a face? It looked something like a face, true; but the resemblance was only a faint one. It was black in some places, black with a blackness which looked not unlike car-grease; in other places it was dingy gray, where the grease seemed to have been smeared off. It was streaked with sand, dirt, and dust, which adhered to the blacker portions. A woolly wig was perked over one ear. The left eye was bunged up; over it appeared a lump like a large purple plum. What the face was saying, as it spat sand, cannot be chronicled. Then the right eye blinked, opened, roved wildly, and fell on Bartlett as he was just bending compassionately to proffer aid.

"Oh, you! You! *You!*" yelled the sandy mouth with a sudden revival of strength. An upheaval in the sheet—a ripping of cloth—a springing—then Bartlett Orington, Augustus Farnum, and the sheet all went down together again in a dizzy tangle of fists, fabric, dust, and language. Around this tangle swarmed the mob, jostling the weeping Captola without mercy; around it danced the showman, armed with a section of a broken pole.

"Biff! Whack!"

"Ow! Who you hittin'? That's *me!*"

"Bang!"

"You wait'll I git up!"

"T'har! Take *that!*"

"Leggo my ear! You *will* chaw, will ye?"

"Ow! *Owwwww!*"

When it was all over, the showman's head ached and he was shy a couple of teeth. Bart lay on the ground, under the scraps of canvas, waiting for the doctor. As for Gus and Captola, they hurried away from there, hand in hand, through the buzzing multitude. Gus was not pretty to look at, but he did not mind, and neither did Captola, for he still had one eye open, and with it he was looking for Dave Hayes, star pitcher of the Oxford Eagles.

AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW OF THE BUSINESS SITUATION, AND ITS BEARING ON INVESTMENTS

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

I HAD not planned to write this article for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE this month. I had, in fact, arranged with some one else to write it. But the article did not materialize, and as we have now reached the date for going to press, February 25, it is up to me to say something, or we shall have nothing on this vital theme; and there is no more vital theme to-day than that of the business outlook. Every one is keenly alive to it, tremendously interested in it. It is a more widely and universally discussed subject just now than any other, except, perhaps, the weather, the weather always taking first place. The difference is, however, that discussions of the weather are more or less perfunctory, while that of the business situation is earnest and eager.

It is surprising how difficult it is to get these articles written on just the right key—to have them so written that they won't be too gloomy on the one hand, or too highly optimistic on the other. It may be, however, that my own views, as expressed in the previous articles in this magazine, and as I shall express them in this issue, are wide of the mark. Indeed, I see few people here in New York who have any considerable confidence or courage.

But then the people in New York, for the most part, are influenced by Wall Street, which is the most volatile place on earth, and the one spot of all others where good, sound common sense is most conspicuous by its absence. There is an appalling lack of logical reasoning among that whole rumor-racked bunch of speculators. Notwithstanding the gloom, however, which hangs over this town like a London fog, I am going to hold hard to my own more cheerful analysis of the situation, until I see some well-founded reason for changing my views. And so far the developments, since the crisis of the panic passed, have all been in the way of improvement.

A. GREAT BUSINESS BAROMETER

I have just been talking with Judge Gary, chairman of the executive board of the United States Steel Corporation, and learn from him that the steel business is showing up better and better all the while. Each week increases the percentage of new business booked, and the total output of the corporation to-day is close to fifty per cent of its maximum capacity. This indicates a minimum production for the entire year of 1908 of not less than sixty per cent of the 1907 output, and in my opinion it will

run somewhere from sixty to eighty per cent, reaching well up toward the latter figure.

I base this estimate on my faith in the country, on the recuperative temperament of our people, and on the soundness of underlying conditions at the present time. Last December showed the smallest booking of orders in the history of the United States Steel Corporation—ten per cent less than in December, 1903, the former low record month. But bookings in January of this year were something over twenty per cent larger than in December, the month previous, and the orders for February, up to this date, indicate that the whole month will show forty per cent increase over January.

I said to Judge Gary:

"Suppose you were to eliminate from your calculation the railroads, and every phase of industry pertaining to the railroads, how would the balance of your business compare with last year, for the corresponding period? I mean the commercial business, everything in the shape of iron and steel used on the farm, and in the home, the factories and shops—tin plate, tubing, iron pipes, wire, wire-fencing, nails, cutlery, hardware, building-material, bridges, and so forth."

After a little calculation, the judge answered:

"About seventy-five per cent of last year, I should say. And orders for this commercial line are steadily and emphatically shading upward. In fact, our mills are running at the present time largely on this class of business, as the railroads are ordering nothing that they are not compelled to order. They are all economizing to the very limit."

If steel, as is generally accepted, is the barometer of business, then I think we have in this demand for commercial steel the evidence that makes certain a substantial progress toward a healthy recovery in our business activities. If the orders of the Steel Corporation were reversed—if the railroads were taking the output of the mills, and the demand for commercial lines was no greater than the present

demand on the part of railroads—we might well feel blue, as it would indicate with unerring certainty that the steel business would soon show a heavy shrinkage. And why? Simply because railroads are the carriers of products, not the creators of products.

THE PROSPECT FOR OUR RAILROADS

With our factories closed down, and the ground half-tilled, and stagnation everywhere in the commercial world, the railroads would be facing disaster. The railroads are dependent upon commerce and commercial activities, dependent upon the output of the earth and the output of our industries. Without these things to transport, and the passenger and mail traffic, the railroads would have nothing to do. The railroads are creatures of the people, things to obey the demands of the people—not things to dictate to the people, or create business for the people.

With an increased commercial business, therefore, with an increased output from our factories in the ten thousand different phases of industry, and with the yield of the soil—with all these to be handled by our ships and our railroads, it is clear that the present stagnation in railroad business will and must soon give way to a constantly increasing traffic. Indeed, it will not be many months before the railroads will be unequal to the demands upon them.

In the South this activity has already started with the shipment north of oranges, bananas, grape-fruit, and other fruits, and with early vegetables of every variety. The earth in Florida has begun to give to man its fresh harvest. And in rapid succession Georgia, and the Carolinas, and other States will follow in sending vast shipments north to the great centers of population.

This transportation, together with that of our factories and our warehouses, and the increase in travel, will put new life into the railroads of the South. A better feeling in one section will have magic effect on all other sections, and the in-

crease in business will be even more marked in the North and in the West, where there is more money than in the South. And then the early vegetables, and the early fruits, and later on the enormous crops of the great prairies, will overtax the carrying capacity of the railroads.

Thus the winter of our discontent will have passed, and this growing activity in transportation of products, together with the natural spring and summer increase in travel, will compel the railroads to replace worn-out rails with new ones, to replace worn-out rolling-stock with new, and to repair their locomotives and order additional motive-power. It cannot be otherwise.

None of these railroads have gone out of business entirely, however dull railroad managers may fancy business is at this particular juncture. The mails are being carried, and the passenger-trains are being run—not quite so many, perhaps, as in brisk times, but a sufficient number. Necessarily, there is continual wear and tear of the rails and the rolling-stock. The entire physical equipment of a railroad must be kept good. The closing down of repair-shops and the shutting up of purchasing agencies would soon mean wreck and ruin to any railroad.

It were far better to cut dividends, if necessary, and keep up the physical condition of the roads, than to let the physical condition suffer seriously. And it won't suffer seriously. The good common sense of the railroad managers will come to the front and relegate to the background this spasm of the blues. And so, with the inevitable reawakening of the purchasing department of the railroads, the steel mills of the country will spring into greater activity. And every man who becomes a money-earner in one branch of industry helps to furnish employment for other men in the various other industries which are a part of the great scheme of modern living.

This is the fourth article—or, rather, familiar talk—that I have had with you

about the business outlook and opportunities for financial investments. These talks began briefly in the January number, and have appeared one each month since that time. I have maintained from the first that the general underlying conditions of our commercial and industrial structure are sound. Every week has shown a shading up in our activities, factories here and there have resumed work in part or on full time, the stocks on the shelves of the merchants have been reduced and in many cases exhausted, and an army of buyers are now in the market placing orders for spring stocks.

THE DEMANDS OF NINETY MILLION PEOPLE

That merchants were hard hit with their winter stocks cannot be denied. The money panic struck us just when these goods would naturally go into the hands of purchasers. Moreover, the winter has been unusually mild. It may be that a good many of these winter stocks will of necessity be carried over. But the merchants of to-day are much stronger financially than they were a dozen or twenty years ago, and will, for the most part, be able to go on with their business without interruption.

Twelve months ago the enormous aggregate purchases of the wage-earners, as well as the people generally, must have cleaned up last spring's stocks, so that our merchants will be compelled to secure a fresh supply for the coming spring. And to furnish boots and shoes, hats and caps, and clothing in its multitudinous varieties, for ninety millions of people, means a fabulous output on the part of our factories. I repeat here what I said last month—namely, that our factories and our merchants must square themselves to the demands of these ninety millions of people.

But this is wearing apparel, not foods. The food-stuffs have been eaten up. There are no winter stocks in these, no year-old stocks left over. The ninety millions must be fed, and are being fed, and the supplies with which to feed them

are being moved now in the aggregate pretty much as they were moved a year ago. I say "in the aggregate," because there is this difference. The total output on the part of wholesalers and jobbers does not differ so widely from a year ago, but there is a difference in the number of orders and in the smallness of each order.

This shows careful buying on the part of the retailers, shows that they are carrying no stocks, and that they are cleaning up their shelves as they were not doing a year ago. And all this is very healthy, very sound, very wise. That the aggregate output of food-stuffs must, in the nature of the case, be approximately as great as a year ago, is a certainty. People may substitute less expensive materials, but they must have an amount that will maintain health and strength. And the transportation of these provisions, these food-stuffs, wears out the rails and the rolling-stock. In our intricate scheme of living, no one part of the machine can be halted for a very long time when other parts are active.

It is not to be expected, or even hoped, that our industries will at once, or in the very near future, rebound to the danger height where they were when the recent crash came. And it is not necessary that they should reach this high-pressure point in order to give employment to our workers and good business to our factories, our merchants, and our transportation lines.

TEN BILLION DOLLARS FROM THE SOIL

It is estimated that the products of our farms alone, this year, will be worth seven and a half billions of dollars, and that our mines will yield another two and a half billions, making a total of ten billion dollars, the output of the earth. Think of it! Ten billions in products out of the ground in a single year, and all these products to be handled, transported, and fashioned into shape for absorption into this great social scheme of living.

Such a fabulous annual output of wealth from the ground is something to be reckoned with—is big enough, and vast enough, and overwhelming enough, to crush out any sudden stalling in our industries and commercial activities. Its uplift is immeasurable. Its force is incomprehensible. It means such wealth, and power, and prosperity as no other country has ever had, or is likely to have.

But Wall Street is in such a nervous and irrational condition that if the President says anything, it trembles and translates his utterances into some fresh disaster. If he says nothing for a little while, Wall Street regards his silence as ominous, and shakes in its boots. The strong men who usually give balance to the market are letting it take care of itself, letting the bears run wild. Whether they are working independently of one another, or in combination to read the President and Congress a lesson, no one knows but themselves. It may be this, and it may be that with the restrictions thrown about railroad properties, the managements find no fun in playing the game—find that there isn't money enough in it to make it worth their while.

THE UNWISDOM OF PAYING OUT EVERYTHING IN DIVIDENDS

That railroads are "hard up" there is no doubt; that they find it difficult to get money is certain. But would this be the case if these roads had been run conservatively for the last dozen years, and a good surplus had been saved, instead of paying it all out in dividends? The fact is that their treasuries have been squeezed all the while for bigger and bigger dividends, with a view to pushing the price of their securities up to abnormal figures. With such opportunities it is clear how easy and how sure a thing it has been for directors to buy securities at a given price, based on a dividend then obtaining, and afterward to increase the dividend, as Harri-man jumped it up from six to ten per cent on Union Pacific, in August, 1906,

which resulted in an immediate advance in the price of the stock from 162 $\frac{3}{4}$, at which it closed on August 16, to 185, at which it sold two days later.

Had Harriman and his associates in the management of the Union Pacific allowed the dividends to run at six per cent, he would have money now with which to go on with the development of the railroad—a development that he realizes is necessary, and knows the country needs. I mention the Union Pacific because it is one of the rankest cases of stock-gambling with a legitimate business that has happened in recent years.

A GAME OF LOADED DICE

But what has been done in the case of the Union Pacific in this particular instance has been done on most of the other roads, only in milder form. That the directors who manipulate dividends for stock-gambling purposes have a "cinch" on the situation is certain. The outsiders, sometimes called "the lambs" in speculative parlance, know nothing of the purposes and plans of the directorate of these corporations, and can merely guess as to what will or will not be done. The directorate is playing against them with loaded dice. It is a certainty.

But the managements of railroads, and other big corporations whose securities are dealt in on the Stock Exchange, are not the only ones who have access to loaded dice. Sure as the directors are of their ground, as compared with the investing and speculative public, they are themselves about as helpless in the hands of the big banking combinations as is the public in a game with them.

The whole Wall Street system of speculation plays into the hands of these bankers, and makes them dictators and masters of the situation. Their relations with brokers make them familiar with speculative conditions, and put into their hands information that enables them to do pretty much as they please. In combination they can smash the market, or boom the market, at will. They can put the price of money up, and send

stocks down. They can put the price of money down, and send stocks up. Whether they do these things or not, *they know*. That they could do them, if they were so disposed, is certain. Some sort of legislation ought to be put in force that would nullify this power, that would prevent gambling, directly or indirectly, on the part of banks or banking combinations.

THE BEARS IN COMMAND

In last month's article I told you that the "bears" had been doing things pretty much as they pleased for two or three weeks. They have had four weeks more of it, with the result that nearly all legitimate buying has been stopped for the time being. With the smashing process going on in the prices of stocks, people have preferred to wait before investing, in the hope of buying lower.

Just how much longer the "bears" will control the situation no one can tell. They should have been routed before this. In fact, they should not have been allowed to get control of the market six weeks ago. It was then moving forward, and investors were putting their money into good stocks and bonds. But when the "bears" jumped on the market, sweeping everything before them, and no strong support came forward, the investing public dropped out, and has stayed out pretty much ever since. The daily sales on the New York Stock Exchange—three, or four, or five hundred thousand shares, or on some days a million—are largely "room trading." That is to say, the brokers on the floor are trading among themselves, the outside public not being very much in the game.

But the basic fact in all this is that these good securities are selling away below their value, and are at bargain prices. Most of them are lower than at the time of going to press with last month's article. I would not advise anybody, however, who wants to purchase securities to wait for still lower prices. They may come, but the chances are that they will not. The "bears" may be routed any day, and

prices take a permanent upward turn. When a good thing is well below its value, it is safe enough to buy it, if you buy it outright and pay for it.

The man who waits for bottom prices rarely ever gets bottom. He doesn't know, he has no way of knowing, and nobody knows, when the bottom is reached. The market turns and begins to go up, and as it begins to go up there is still an uncertainty whether it won't again react, but all the while it climbs higher, so the man waiting for bottom gets left. The only safe thing is to buy when stocks are below their value, and not to worry if they go still lower. The same thing holds true in selling securities. The man who waits for the top rarely gets the top, for the reason that he doesn't know when the top is reached. It is the converse of the situation in regard to the bottom price.

NECESSARY INFORMATION FOR THE INVESTOR

Last month I told you that I hoped to have ready for this issue a comprehensive article on the United States Steel Corporation—an article that would make clear, in tabulated form, the value of the company's property. If you were buying a farm, you would want to know just how many acres it had, what the soil was like, how many fruit-trees it had, what the buildings consisted of, and, in a word, everything that pertained to its value. If you were buying a single steel-plant you would want to know in detail every item of value connected with it, just as thoroughly as you would wish to know about the farm.

And if you were buying fifty steel-plants, with railroads, and ships, and enormous ore holdings, and coal-mines, and real estate, you would wish to know in detail just as thoroughly about all these as you would wish to know about the single plant, or as thoroughly as you would wish to know about the farm. And if you were to buy a single share, or a dozen shares, or a hundred shares, in the Steel Corporation, you would wish to know, and should know, to be honest with yourself, just as thoroughly about the assets of the Steel Corporation as if

you were buying the entire corporation for your individual ownership.

It is to give you this information, and give it to you in such form that you can understand it, that I am getting up this article. It is a difficult and laborious article to work out. I had hoped to have it ready for this issue, but it is not yet ready—ready in the shape in which I wish to present it. And there is only one right way to do a thing, and that is to do it right. It looks now as if next month we should surely have the figures and facts ready for you, and be able to present them in a clear and concise way. It is a curious thing that the Steel Corporation itself has not any such record. It knows, in a general way, and pretty accurately, I suppose, what its assets are, but it has no such inventory or record as we shall be able to give you.

This article on the Steel Corporation is simply the first of a series. It will be followed by others, which will give you an equally clear knowledge of the value of the properties discussed. It is my plan to publish one of these articles each month for a considerable time to come, and they should furnish extremely valuable data for the people who have money to invest, and who wish to know something about the investments of the country. I say it is my plan to publish these articles—that is, to do so if they prove to be what you want. If they are not, we will use the space for something else. It is up to you, therefore, to determine whether you wish them or not.

Personally, I can think of nothing more interesting and more vital to people who think, and who stand for something in the country, than a knowledge of these great inter-State properties. They are so big, so vast, so dazzling in the magnitude of their figures, that they furnish a theme for intensely dramatic writing, viewed in no other sense. But this side is secondary. Their real value lies in the facts they will present, the knowledge they will give you of the vital, forceful things that are worth knowing, and that you should know.

DON'T SPECULATE. DON'T BUY ON MARGIN. BUY SECURITIES OUTRIGHT, IF YOU BUY AT ALL.

This article is written on February 25.

LIGHT VERSE

HIS CHOICE OF VERSE

OBSERVANT fellow, you, who voiced
The first that pretty notion,
In which mankind has since rejoiced—
"The poetry of motion!"

I grant it as she runs to greet
Her happy, hopeful lover,
Gay-hearted, airy-light, and sweet
As any bird above her.

But when I hold her in my arms,
This poetry is best—
No other meter has like charms—
"The poetry of rest!"

Warwick James Price

WHEN LOVE IS BEST

IS love not best when from the snows
The fairy shape of springtime grows,
When mating birds and budding spray
Foretell the miracle of May,
When whitely every hedgerow blows?

Or when heaven's sweetness overflows
The bosom of the wayside rose,
And summer sets her pipes aplay,
Is love not best?

Is it the best when the world glows
With the rich hues that autumn shows?
Nay, coming in its own sweet way—
At any season, hour, or day—
The heart by fullest rapture knows
When love is best!

Ada Foster Murray

MY LOVE COMES BACK TO ME TO-DAY

ITREAD the dandelions' gold;
My heart is full as it can hold;
A robin sings o'erhead, and I
Sing back my own song in reply.

Upon their nest, in flowering bush,
His mate stays in the brooding hush
The purple plumes of lilac play,
And with their blossoms strew my way.

Far off, beyond the hemlock lane,
A brown road winds across the plain.
I watch that road, as waits the bird
To feel the thrill of new life stirred.

I hear, from one who haps along;
"That lassie sings a foolish song!"
But what care I for what they say?
My love comes back to me to-day!

Cora A. Matson Dolson

APRIL FOOLING

MY love has eyes like April skies,
There's April in her laughter;
And if she frowns, in moody wise,
Fair smiles come dimpling after.
To know my fate in dubious state
I round about her hover;
And yet—and yet—I cannot hate
The rogue, I can but love her!

Last night to me a single kiss
She gave in sweet contrition;
But when, enamored of this bliss,
I begged its repetition,
She turned on me—the coquette gay—
Mischief her spirit ruling:
"Nay, nay! You've had," I heard her say,
"Enough of April fooling!"

Sennett Stephens

THE COLLECTOR

[The bugle on which the charge was sounded that sent the Light Brigade "into the jaws of death" was recently sold in London, at auction, for three hundred pounds.]

OH, where is the bone that Samson used
for to kill the Philistine?
And where are the scissors Delilah took for
to clip his locks so fine?
Oh, where is the tail of Jonah's whale, and
where is the club of Cain?
And, oh, for the sword that poked the ribs
of the Melancholy Dane!

Oh, what has become of the Wooden Horse
that the canny Grecians made
To help them throw their Trojan foe deep
into the lemonade?
I'd like for to see the snickersnee *D'Artagnan*
used to wield
When he left his enemies lying around in
heaps on the battle-field!

Oh, where is the dulcet dinner-bell Anne
Hathaway used to shake
To call the Swan of Avon home to the pies
she used to bake?

And where is that solid rolling-pin of red-headed Xanthippe's
With which she battered the hoary pate of her patient Socrates?

Oh, where is the horn of Robin Hood, and what of the cups of Burns,
That filled his soul with song and put him to sleep amid the ferns?

Oh, where is the mug of Johnson smug, and who has Beau Brummel's hat,
Or even a whisker white from the cheek of Mayor Dick Whittington's cat?

Oh, get me a feather from off the goose whose cackling saved old Rome,
A straw from the broom with which Canute swept back the ocean's foam!

Oh, give me a seed from the apple famed that fell upon Newton's nose,
And—if she had any—just one pair of the Queen of Sheba's hose!

For I'm a collector of curios, no matter what they may be,
From Kidd's old shoes to Joseph's coat, I'll buy 'em all C.O.D.,
From David's sling to Elizabeth's ruffs, or old King Solomon's bunk—
To place in my marvelous catalogue of noted historical junk!

John Kendrick Bangs

SPRING IN THE CITY

A NEWER, sweeter patch of blue
Between the buildings high;
A glimpse of lines with whiter clothes
Hung high across to dry.

And then the softened evening street,
The crowd of children grown;
The shadow of a budding tree
Along the pavement thrown.

Yet why should I the orchard miss
Or to the woodland go?
The builded city knows my heart,
And, oh, its springs I know!

Anita Fitch

THE ABODE OF THE POET

IN vain, my friend, for me you'll look
In city street or city square;
You'll never chance to find me there;
Though you may hunt through every nook,
And seek addresses from a book,
Before you're through, you'll know despair;
And lo, the reason I declare:
Long since the city I forsook!

And whither think you I have flown?
Not to the mountains, nor the sea!
No spot where you could telephone,
Nor yet where you could write to me;
I'm far from out the beaten zone,
For my address is—Arcady!

Harold Susman

WHAT LOVE IS

AH, love is strong as the lawless winds
That bear bold waves to the beaten shore;

And love is weak as a cobweb cloud
That fades, and is no more.

Ah, love is bright as the burning sun,
And love is pain past all retreat,
And love is bitter to those who lose—
But love is perilous sweet!

Marguerite Ogden Bigelow

A SONG OF DRAMA

SING a song of drama
And the Great White Way—
Every other building
Offering a play!

People want a story
Told to eye and ear,
Hence, the Broadway theaters
Ten months in the year.

We must seek forgetfulness
Of our busy selves;
Plays can put reality
On the mind's back shelves.

Love plays and crime plays,
Extravanzas mild,
Preaching plays and problem plays,
Plays of the woolly wild!

Then the comic operas
With no plot at all—
Simply farce and lukewarm fun,
Slightly musical.

On the side is vaudeville
Offering relief
To the brain that plays o'ertax,
That thinking brings to grief.

So the game at night goes on
All along the way,
Every other building
Offering a play!

When the play is over
What are you ahead?
Better stay at home o' nights,
Read, and go to bed!

George Jay Smith

THE MEDIATOR

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "THE PRAYER OF REHOBOAM," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY CHARLES M. RELYEA

THE back of the speeding train became a small black dot. It had transferred Carol Arnhurst from a world bounded by footlights, peopled by audiences who had paid premiums for the right to hear her sing, to the country which Caleb Dunn had called his own.

As she stood on the station platform all her surroundings appeared familiar, though she had never seen them before. There was the handful of town, perched on the rise, with the steep, cleated walk leading up to it. There was the little church for which Caleb Dunn had given his life—the life she had once refused to share. Even the rough men, several of them, talking around the station, she could call by name. She wondered vaguely why so many should be idle on a week-day.

In a tiny adjacent park a young fellow, with a rock for a rostrum, was haranguing a small crowd. His shaggy, uncovered head rose on a short neck from the folds of his red bandanna. He must be the man that Caleb had called Dorgen. She wanted to speak to them all, to confess to them all that she had called this "Caleb Dunn's weed-patch," that she had laughed at him for "pruning chaparral." She spoke to the nearest group collectively.

"Can you tell me where Myers's Hotel is?"

"Myers's?" one of them repeated, staring at her. "You going there?"

"Yes," she answered. "Will one of you carry up my luggage?"

"No, marm!" came in chorus.

Carol Arnhurst picked up her suit-case and staggered up the little-cleated walk.

She felt as if she were going to a shrine. Myers's crouched against a back of pines. A row of three entrances made a wide mouth in its odd, white face; small, square-paned windows stood for eyes; a balcony, running the length of the upper story, formed one prolonged eyebrow. The three doors stood open as if the mouth were gaping.

She stopped irresolute. She longed to go in—"right through into the kitchen," as Caleb used to do. She must find this Mary Myers who had nursed him in his last illness. Stepping into the hallway, she pulled the bell-rope. No one answered.

There was a post-office across the street. It might have been a big white-washed beehive from the swarm about it—from the monotonous hum of voices that came out. In front of it stood a huge madrone. A rope, dangling from one of the great tree's branches, supported a frame on which swung a coat and a man's blue cap.

It was very quiet around the little hotel. To the right of the hallway was a door with the word "parlor" in white letters on a black ground. Carol Arnhurst opened it. Within, green shades, tightly drawn, threw a ghastly light over the crayon portraits on the walls. She shivered and shut the door.

Two urchins had come across the street. They stood outside, peering at her.

"Can you tell me if there is any one here?" she asked.

"Mis' Myers's in there," answered one of them, pointing to a door at the rear of the hallway.

"So's Billy!" declared the other.

"Father says so!" There was awe in his voice.

Carol walked eagerly to the door and knocked. Inside she could hear the frightened sobbing of a child; it must be Celeste. Her own heart was beating fast—so fast that it seemed to stifle her. All at once she was afraid, she did not know of what.

There was no answer, and she knocked again. A bolt was slid; then, abruptly, the door was opened as if by some one who had been silently listening from the other side. A gaunt, brown-ginghamed woman stood there. Her dry, yellowish eyes might have had live coals behind them.

"What do you want?" she demanded in a hard voice.

"Why," stammered the girl, "I am Carol Arnhurst."

"And what if you are?" cried the other. "I don't care! I tell you, *Billy isn't here!* I've told them, and they won't believe me! They say he robbed the stage, and they're going to lynch him! He didn't do it—my boy never robbed the stage, I tell you!" Her manner threatened, her tones challenged; behind it all the real woman silently cried, "Help!"

Carol Arnhurst forgot that she was afraid. She heard the silent cry; besides—this was Mary Myers. She answered with the ghost of one of the smiles that had made Caleb Dunn know she could be mighty among his people—a smile that had never grown up with the rest of her.

"I was Caleb Dunn's—friend," she said, wincing that she had denied herself the right to be something more. "I—I have come to you."

The older woman's searching gaze penetrated into the holy of holies of her soul.

"It's—a miracle!" she breathed. "Oh, he *said* we should never be left alone!"

She reached out, grasped the girl's arm, and drew her in, rebolting the door. The dining-room of the little hotel was scarcely larger than the dining-room of the big house at home. At a glance Carol Arnhurst's eyes took in its meager furnishings—the oilcloth-covered tables surrounded with wood-seated chairs, the

canary with the black shawl over him to keep him still, the door to the kitchen, ornamented with the play-bill of a traveling show. In a corner of the room the little girl, Celeste, was sobbing as if she had been wound up and couldn't stop.

Carol stretched out both hands. "What is it?" she demanded.

The coals in Mary Myers's eyes smoldered. She drooped her lids over them; her face twitched, yet she was silent.

"You would have told *him*," the younger woman pleaded. "You would have let him help you, I know. I—I have come to do what I can for you all, in—his place."

"In *his place*?" Mary Myers cried. "Nobody could be in his place! Oh, if the Lord had let Caleb Dunn live do you suppose Dorgen would have found that express-box in Billy's room—*empty*? How did Dorgen think to look in Billy's room? He went there straight! He always hated Billy! I tell you, it was Dorgen put it there! It was Dorgen robbed the stage! It was Dorgen killed the messenger! *Nobody else but Dorgen!*" She sank to one of the wood-seated chairs, twisting her big-boned hands together, staring up at the girl. "What can *you* do to stop them?" she panted. "What can *I* do, or any one else? They want to lynch Billy! They say he's in the house, and—*he is!*"

For a moment the only sound in the room was the sobbing of Celeste. Carol Arnhurst was shivering. She understood, now, the awful significance of the cap and the coat out there on the madrone. This was one of the women Caleb Dunn had worked for—one of the women she had called "weeds."

The mother was talking again. Her hopeless voice stopped, and hurried on as if to catch her thoughts before they got away. "If *he* was alive he'd know it wasn't Billy! He'd make Dorgen say so, too!" she added. "But nothing could ever make Dorgen say it now—nothing but a message straight from Caleb Dunn!"

From outdoors a shadow fell on the window-shade. It paused a moment, its head bent as if listening; then it passed slowly on. Mary Myers stood up. Her

wide eyes watched the shadow out of sight.

"I—left the doors all open," she whispered, "so folks'd know we wasn't afraid. Now—it's afternoon!" She shivered. "I'm going to lock them." She unbolted the dining-room door and stepped into the hallway.

Instinctively Carol rebolted the door behind her. Oh, she was so afraid! She could hear the three entrances being closed. It seemed a long while before she heard Mrs. Myers coming back, and opened the door to her.

The older woman staggered as she walked. They both sat down, and for a time neither of them spoke. At last Carol cried out:

"There must be some law—some appeal!"

The other shook her head. "I saw one once," she breathed, and the girl knew she meant a lynching. "It was a negro." She shut her eyes as if the sight of it came up. "They didn't go near him in the day," she went on. "They watched his cabin—the door, and the places where there wasn't any door. At night they went and—" Her teeth chattered as if she were cold; she did not try to finish.

After that neither of them talked much. The shadow of a pine crept up the window-shade little by little. The sobbing of Celeste grew faint; she went to sleep, worn out, with her head on the table. Now and then, at a sound from the street, one of the women would reach out for the other's hand, hold it for a moment in a fierce, convulsive clasp, and let it go.

The shadow crept high on the shade; little dark places grew in the corners of the room.

Carol sprang to her feet. "What are we going to do?" she cried.

The woman's hopeless eyes stared back. "What does a gopher do in a trap?" she asked. "He—*dies!*" She put her hands over her face, rocking herself. "I'm not going to pray!" she moaned. "What's the use? Didn't God let my man die? Didn't God let Caleb Dunn die? Caleb Dunn was a red-hot brand that marked the people for the Lord!"

Again there was silence. An hour

dragged by. The shadow of the pine had reached the top of the window-shade. Carol Arnhurst's knees jerked; her teeth, coming unexpectedly together, made little chinky sounds; her hands and her feet were as ice; her head felt on fire. She fancied she saw men in the corners of the room. Her fear grew to terror.

Before the light was quite gone Mary Myers went into the kitchen. She came back soon with a bowl of warmed-over soup. Carol drank it, swallowing in gulps. Celeste still slept.

"She's like Peter," murmured the mother. "'Could ye not watch one hour?'"

From a cupboard she brought out a little supper-tray and spread a napkin on it, adding a cup and a plate. Her eyes mutely begged the girl.

Carol Arnhurst got up, groping her way out into the hall. When she closed the dining-room door she pressed both hands over her mouth to keep from screaming. To her fancy, the hallway was peopled—the barroom was peopled—the parlor was peopled. She fled to the stairs. Up there was the room Caleb Dunn had occupied; there, too, had been his study. It was the corner front room to the west. Once he had sent her a photograph with his window marked by a cross.

Her heart came up in her throat as she sped through the upper hallway. His door was shut. All at once it seemed to her that his living presence must be on the other side—that she had but to open the door and he would greet her. She put her trembling hands on the knob, turned it, and pushed.

It was a bare little room. To the girl it was a chapel. There were two or three chairs pushed back against the wall, and a table, with a student's lamp—*his* lamp! In a corner was a three-quarter bed, spread with a honeycombed counterpane.

Reverently she closed the door. There were tears in her eyes now; she had thought that she had forgotten how to cry. She felt her way to the bed and knelt down.

"Caleb! Caleb! *Caleb!*" she called. Her outstretched hands dug their fingers deep into the honeycombed counterpane.

"Caleb," she pleaded, "can you hear me? Oh, if you can, ask God to let you show me what to do! I've come to your people, Caleb; they shall be *my* people. Ask Him to let you show me how to fill your place!"

Minutes passed; still she knelt with her eyes closed. She felt that heaven had opened its doors to her cry; she dared not look up, lest the light should blind her.

Gradually she stopped trembling; gradually a great peace came to her. After a time she stood up. Outdoors, she could hear the ceaseless movement of feet. It no longer terrified her. She walked to the window. It was quite dark now. Up the street a swinging lantern showed three men on their way toward the post-office. In the lantern's glow she could see that one of them carried a coil of rope.

She opened the window; the air felt pleasant on her forehead. With the window open, she seemed to be a little nearer to Caleb.

Presently a voice beneath her gave a subdued command. It was repeated by another voice a few feet farther on, and then by another. Intuitively she knew what it meant—that the building was surrounded, every window guarded, every avenue of escape closed. And yet she was not afraid. Why, it was very simple; she had only to wait till she was told what to do. Somewhere in the rooms below were Mary Myers and Billy. She wished she could make them understand that it was all right—that she had spoken to Caleb Dunn, and Caleb Dunn to God.

There had not been a lamp lighted in the little hotel. It came to her that Caleb used to say only guilt hid in the darkness; honor lived in the light.

She groped her way down-stairs and unbolted the three entrances. In the barroom she lighted the big swinging lamp. Smaller lamps, backed by tin reflectors, hung from brackets, set at intervals along the wall; she lighted them, one by one. Soon the hallway was glowing and the parlor.

When she stepped out on the porch the hum around the hive across the street was stilled. She felt riddled by a hundred eyes, yet she climbed on a chair

to light the entrance lamp beneath its ground-glass globe, and she was not afraid. The building glowed now, as if illumined for a party. Quietly she returned to the second story, knowing that the crisis was at hand. Following, a wave of sound flooded in through the entrance and ebbed to a hush.

A door from the upper hallway led to the balcony, and she opened it, stepping out. On the madrone the frame had been taken down; in its place dangled the rope. Men, perhaps fifty, were gathered. The light, sweeping out from the hotel, fell on their tense, purposeful faces. A little in advance of them was Dorgen.

She stood, calmly waiting to know what to do. The voices below her had ceased; the men too, waited for a command. The awful, significant hush reminded her of Caleb Dunn's stories of cattle stampedes—how in the lull before the signal for the rush was given, the drivers sang, and the cattle, listening, forgot their purpose and were still. He had sung a stampede to sleep with Phoebe Cary's hymn. Once he had asked her to sing that hymn and she had refused! Now, she had an uncontrollable desire to sing it.

She stepped to the railing. The stars looked like pin-holes in the curtain that hid Caleb Dunn's abiding-place. The voice within her welled up and up, till it was too big for her breast to hold. She felt that she must somehow penetrate the curtain—must make him know that she was singing him his song. Suddenly the night throbbed with her reverent, homesick passion:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

The light flooding from the little hotel fell on startled, awed faces. The men scarcely breathed. How should she know that the night before Caleb Dunn had died he had gathered them, as the Master had once gathered His disciples, in an upper room? How should

she know that they had propped him with pillows, and he had tried to sing to them, for the last time:

Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown!

It was Dorgen's arms that had held him up at the last. It was Dorgen, in that never-to-be-forgotten afterward, who had stood by the bed with his shaggy head thrown back, declaring that the devils had been cast out of him—that he had quit his old ways forever. Now, Dorgen was coming across the street, very slowly—a step—and a step—and a step. His wide, terrified eyes stared up at the girl.

She did not see him. Her soul swung out on her voice to the star-jeweled curtains of heaven:

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

In the moment's hush there came up the faint swish of the river. On the out-

skirts of the crowd a man was sobbing. Dorgen's breath rasped through him; his big, empty hands continuously opened and shut.

Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my feeble faith!
Let me feel as I would, when I stand
On the shore of the river of Death!

The girl was pleading as with a presence she could see. So Caleb Dunn had pleaded:

Feel as I would, when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now, than I think!

Dorgen stood directly beneath the balcony. The entrance light, under its ground-glass globe, lent him white majesty for the one brave moment of his life. His shaggy head was uplifted. To him, the girl was the mediator, the one way through which he could speak to the man who had led them.

"Caleb Dunn!" he cried. "Caleb Dunn! It wasn't Billy Myers that robbed the stage! It—was—*me!*"

THE EASTER CHILDREN

"CHRIST the Lord is risen!"
Chant the Easter children,
Their love-modeled faces
Luminous with gladness,
And their costly raiment
Gleaming like the lilies.

But last night I wandered
Where Christ had not risen,
And Love knows no gladness;
Where the Lord of Hunger
Leaves no room for lilies
And no time for childhood.

And to-day I wonder
Whether I am dreaming;
For above the swelling
Of the Easter music
I can hear the murmur,
"Suffer all the children."

Nay, the world is dreaming!
And my seeing spirit
Trembles for its waking,
When their Savior rises
To restore the lilies
To the outcast children!

Elsa Barker

LINA CAVALIERI, THE FAMOUS BEAUTY OF THE OPERATIC STAGE

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

AUTHOR OF "THEKLA," "AN AMERICAN NOBLEMAN," ETC.

A VERY beautiful woman is called upon only to know her profile, her full face, and her figure; as long as these last she has small reason to study anything else. To be a very beautiful woman, and yet to have the ambition, talent, and determination to be something more in the world, is to create an unusual situation—a situation such as Natalina Cavalieri presents to us.

From the beginning, Mme. Cavalieri's purpose has been as firmly mapped out as a great general, or a plain woman, would plan a campaign to conquer distinction. At five, she had decided to be either a great dancer or a prima donna. Early opportunities were not given her; all that she had were of her own making. For years she sang in *cafés chantants*, where her beauty, and, incidentally, her gay little Neapolitan melodies, conquered every audience that heard her. This was a situation with which most *café chantant* performers would have been idly content; Mme. Cavalieri was not. When she was able to afford it, she began serious musical study. For three years she toiled at it, meanwhile doing her *café* singing in the evenings; then she made her début in grand opera at the San Carlo in Naples, as *Mimi* in "La Bohème," with Bonci in the cast.

Since then she has sung in opera in many countries, but in no case with such unique contrast as last spring in Paris, where, once a singer at the Folies-Bergère music-hall, she returned as prima donna at the Opéra in Massenet's "Thaïs." Engaged for three trial performances, her success caused her retention there for nine.

She is a native of Rome, and Cavalieri

is the family name. Her first summer days were spent in playing in the shadow of a massive doorway, under which soldier ancestors of hers—*cavalieri*—may have ridden into the stone-paved court beyond in the times of the Cæsars. Her delicate, aristocratic type of beauty, her instinctive and graceful doing of the right thing at the right moment, are birthrights of the girls of the old Roman families. One sees in her the late-blooming flower of a long line of cavaliers, whose fortunes, like their hearts, have long ago crumbled; but they left to her the one unfailing quality of courage, and on it she has built up her life.

A CHILD SINGER OF THE ROMAN STREETS

At five, on a *festa*, her mother took her to the theater to see a comedy; the art distractions of the Roman begin early. Then there fully awakened in her a consciousness always present, but suddenly first realized. That day, and for long afterward, her mind was divided between two desires—to be a great dancer and to be a great singer.

Succeeding days went by for her much as they do for other Roman children. With the rest of the *bambini* and *bambine* of the family she loitered in the Piazza di Spagna, or climbed up the length of the Scala, out of the sunshine into the breeze and shadow of the Pincio. And there, in later years, came her awakening to the knowledge that she was a woman. She could no longer sing and dance to merely a circle of children; for people of the great world, and of the little one of Rome, commented in frank, continental fashion on her grace, on her eyes, on the line of her profile. She suddenly

ceased her dance, and, going over to the wall in front of the fountain, she rested her head on her arms.

the narrow streets, with the children, and under the shadow of the gateway of home, she hurried to tell her mother of what



NATALINA CAVALIERI, WHO FOR THE PAST TWO SEASONS HAS BEEN THE LEADING ITALIAN SOPRANO AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE IN NEW YORK

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

For a long time she looked out over Rome without seeing it; when she came out of her reverie, the dome of St. Peter's was swimming in the mist of a rose-colored twilight. Down through

had been said to her, and of the thoughts that disturbed her. That evening her childhood was ended. The father had long been ill; the other children were too young to earn; the mother was helpless.

This talent of Natalina's might mean salvation.

A little later she made her début at a *café chantant*. It was the beginning of a new life—not the one she had dreamed for herself, but she accepted it; for the other one she was willing to wait. From that day on, until her brothers and sisters grew old enough to try their wings out

of the nest, she was the mainstay and support of the home.

HER FIRST SUCCESS IN PARIS

Her early public career in Rome was a pleasing success of the usual kind. It was not until later, after singing in various other cities, that she first went to Paris. There the adorable charm of her



MME. CAVALIERI AS ELENA IN BOITO'S "MEFISTOFELE"

From a copyrighted photograph by DuPont, New York

youth, the insinuating swing of her Italian melodies, the naive simplicity of her songs, and the classic beauty of the singer, swept the town. From then on, Mme. Cavalieri knew what such a triumph could bring.

Its material meaning, to her, was that now at last she could leave behind her the career in which she had won her success, and study to reach a higher level of art. For three years, wherever she went to fulfil her *café chantant* engagements, she took with her the teacher she had chosen—Mme. Mariani-Masi, for whom Amilcare Ponchielli wrote "La Gioconda," and to whom he dedicated his masterpiece.

It takes much strength of character and no small amount of self-reliance to give up a successful career to embark on an untried one. In those days of study, and since, Mme. Cavalieri has learned the prima donna parts in "Traviata," "Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," "Carmen," "Mefistofele," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "La Bohème," "Tosca," the "Manon Lescaut" of Puccini, and the "Manon" of Massenet; "Thaïs," "Fedora," and "Les Contes d'Hoffman," in which last she has sung both *Olympia* and *Antonia*.

She made her New York début in the title-rôle of Giordano's "Fedora" on December 5, 1906. During that winter she also appeared as *Manon Lescaut* in the Puccini opera, *Tosca*, *Mimi* in "La Bohème," and *Nedda* in "Pagli-



MME. CAVALIERI AS VIOLETTA IN THE FIRST ACT (BALLROOM SCENE) OF "LA TRAVIATA"

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

acci." In the present season, up to the time of writing, the only addition to her list has been the name-part of Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur."

HOW SHE WORKS OUT HER RÔLES

The dramatic side of her art Mme. Cavalieri has never studied, in the traditional sense of the word. Her somewhat daring theory is that one should act natu-

rally, and that study of the accepted sort only results in acting unnaturally. Her plan is to read the book of the opera, and whatever literature may exist on the subject; after that she thinks over what she has read, and goes on for rehearsal. She forms her conceptions not so much by reason as by instinct—the instinct of a woman's sympathy and psychological power. She finds in her own nature the best key to the problems of an operatic heroine's personality; and when a sensitive woman can discover within herself an element that yields response to the nature she is portraying, who may say that her way of portraying it is not the right one?

Such a method might well be disastrous to one not naturally endowed with Mme. Cavaleri's remarkable gift as a temperamental actress. The extent of that gift was most strikingly shown, perhaps, when she appeared as *Tosca* at the Metropolitan, a little more than a year ago. It was said that she had never sung the rôle before, but the revelation she gave of its dramatic possibilities was positively thrilling to those who witnessed her performance.

Mme. Cavaleri has lived, she has struggled, she has suffered; and these, after all, make up the basic fund to draw upon in comprehending any character. Situations may change, but the human heart is unalterable. As any musician knows, some keys are for tenderness, some for strength, and others for passionate emotion. In its expression, one character differs from another in the degree of its intensity, like so many different keys in music, varying in strength, but each with the same number of tones to play upon.

Mme. Cavaleri tries to get at the key in which a character is written. For *Carmen* she goes to Mérimée's book; for *Thaïs* to the novel of Anatole France; and from these ground tones she builds up the scale of the character. Then her research is ended, and for the rest she follows her own emotions as the music of the opera, and the sequence of its episodes, may guide her. Undoubtedly she works, and works hard, though she may fail to proclaim the fact as loudly as some other prima donnas. Indeed, to her, work and life may almost be called inter-

changeable sensations. The short six weeks of rest in summer—rest mainly in the sense of being away from the theater—are weeks of desire to get back to an absorbing interest for which there is no substitute.

Another phase of Mme. Cavaleri's nature is contradictory of the established traditions of the operatic prima donna. When things go wrong, there follows no violent assertion that she will go home and refuse to sing. There is perhaps a brief exclamation, then all is quiet, and presently her temper slips into its normal groove again.

THE POWER OF FEMININE CHARM

The one charm that is, if possible, more essential to a beautiful woman than to any other, is the art of pleasing. Without it, she can never captivate a class most important to her enduring success—her own sex; and she can never hold the opposite one, for man looks on a beautiful woman without charm of manner as he does on an inanimate work of art. He admires, then walks away, always confident that when he may chance to feel in devotional mood again, he can return at his pleasure, to find the beautiful object secure on its pedestal.

The power to charm means the power to hold. It matters little whether it is an inborn gift, whether it comes from real goodness of heart, or is the outcome of a complete understanding of man's weakness; that such charm exists is in itself sufficiently delightful. From one or other of these causes, Mme. Cavaleri possesses it—perhaps from all three, for feminine wisdom is often so instinctive as to defy analysis. Besides, wisdom in its literal sense any man dislikes to impute to a woman. Applied to himself, the word seems a just tribute to his intelligence; applied to the other sex, it takes on a different and less agreeable shade of meaning.

The charm of Mme. Cavaleri's manner is as difficult to define as is feminine wisdom to analyze. Some phases of it recall Mme. Patti—for instance, the swift little movement that brings her to an attitude of smiling attention, so complete that for an instant you feel that you are the only thing she is interested in—a fact for which you return thanks. Again,

she has a way of letting you read her thoughts in her eyes, just so far and no farther, for the next moment the pupil

and graceful motion of a bird on a bough. She has the pose and air of a woman who, mentally and bodily, for all her



MME. CAVALIERI IN A COSTUME WHICH SHE HAS WORN AS MANON LESCAUT BOTH IN PUCCINI'S OPERA OF THAT NAME AND IN MASSENET'S "MANON"

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

has darkened, shutting you out from your answer inscrutably, discomfitingly. There is about her, too, an unconventional, untrammelled alertness that recalls the quick

slight, aristocratic physique, knows the practical side of things, and realizes the meaning of personal independence.

Italy, France, Russia, and the United

States are the countries in which Mme. Cavaleri has appeared in opera. She has refused offers from South America in order to return, after the close of the present New York series, to St. Peters-

longing of the Southern palm for the Northern pine, Mme. Cavaleri loves Russia ardently; the cold, the glitter of snow-covered earth, the rush behind swift horses through biting frost, respond to



MME. CAVALIERI AS VIOLETTA IN THE LAST ACT OF "LA TRAVIATA"

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

burg, where she has sung for five seasons. Later she is to add two other European capitals to her list, making her entrée in London at Covent Garden, and in Vienna at the Imperial Opera.

Perhaps because of the aspect of contrast, which Heine symbolized in the

her spirit of restless energy. But there is nothing heroic about her; she is genuinely a woman, genuinely womanly in her appeal. She loves pretty frocks, she likes riding, and she is passionately fond of dancing, that other profession which once divided her choice.



MME. CAVALIERI—A PORTRAIT SHOWING HER IN AN AFTERNOON GOWN

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

"How does it feel to be a beautiful woman?" I asked her.

"That does not interest me in the least," was her quick, decisive answer.

"I am much more pleased if people speak well of me as an artist."

And the sincerity of Mme. Cavalieri's assertion is proven in her career.

THE PRESENCE

How white that place forevermore
Where Love has lived one little space!
Thrice glorified that heart wherein
Love makes his long abiding-place!

Charles Hanson Towne



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE GRAVE OF SHAKESPEARE

ON APRIL 23, THE DAY OF THE DRAMATIST'S BIRTH AND DEATH, IT IS HEAPED WITH FLOWERS

NEARLY everything in the town of Stratford-on-Avon is associated in some way with the memory of Shakespeare; yet to the visitor the most satisfying and interesting object is the poet's burial-place. One reason for this is its absolute authenticity. It is probable that Shakespeare was born in the house which is styled his birthplace, yet the truth of this assertion cannot be proved beyond a doubt. No one, however, has dreamed of questioning that his remains lie under the slab on the north side of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church.

The stone which covers the poet's grave bears upon it the following inscription:

Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

It is the peculiar wording of this stanza which has prevented the removal of Shakespeare's dust from Stratford to the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Shakespeare, of all Englishmen, has the best right to a resting-place in that pantheon; for no other Englishman has shed such glory on the English name. Yet the curse which he himself presumably composed has fixed his resting-place forever; and the great Abbey contains only a statue to recall his preeminence in English letters.

The parish register at Stratford shows the record of Shakespeare's baptism, which took place on April 26, 1564. At that time it was the custom to christen infants on the third day after their birth, so it is assumed that he was born on April 23. Curiously enough, he died on the same day of the same month in 1616. As the probable day of both the beginning and the ending of the great dramatist's life, April 23 is celebrated at Stratford by the heaping of masses of flowers about his grave. As a matter of fact, the Gregorian calendar being now in use, the true anniversary ought to be given as May 3. But, after all, there is a certain continuity of feeling which makes men loath to alter a date which has long been a sacred one to those who reverence a transcendent genius.

MRS. MORTON'S WIDOWHOOD

BY MARY C. FRANCIS

AUTHOR OF "THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING"

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

AS Forrest went up the steps of the club, Dowling came out, as languid and immaculate as ever. Forrest averted his eyes. The mutual hate of the two men would have been evident even to a stranger.

"Have you heard the news?" Dowling asked casually. "Philip Morton fell dead of heart-disease an hour ago."

Forrest's firm jaw squared itself, and despite all his self-control an exclamation escaped him. Dowling swung down the steps with his usual debonair manner, and Forrest entered the club and went at once to his room.

This, then, was what fate had done! Helen Morton was free again. He sat down, determined to think it out. It was five years ago, but he remembered it all as if it were but yesterday—Philip's bold assumption of authority and possession; his utter disregard of Helen's other suitors; his masterful attitude toward her; the calm and confident way in which he had swept aside every obstacle. He had openly said that he would win if every other man in the world wooed her. He kept his word, and married her six months after they met.

"He is a survival of the savage," Dowling had said of Philip Morton; "only civilization has compelled him to send flowers and hire carriages for the opera. He would really prefer to knock a woman in the head with a club and carry her off."

"That's as good a way as any," Worthington replied.

"Quite right," assented Dowling. "There would be more happy marriages if women were simply taken by storm instead of being coddled by men from the cradle to the grave."

Forrest bit his cigar hard as he recalled the conversation. A luminous and rosy cloud seemed to gather around his heart. The intensity of his desire summoned a tantalizing figure before his mind's eye. Racing through details etched sharply on a stormy background, Forrest paused before the eyes whose shadowy meaning had always eluded him. Deep within himself he vowed that they should unfold their secrets to him alone.

The thought filled him with a delicious sense of expansion. But why had Dowling smiled so cynically as he sauntered down the steps? The man knew that the news of Philip's death would stir Forrest's heart, yet he had all but sneered in his face. What did it mean?

Forrest pushed the thought aside, and looked at his watch. There was just time to dress, dine briefly, and get to the opera before the curtain went up for the second act of "Aida."

Late that night he went to his desk and wrote, easily and fluently, a note of perfectly worded condolence to Helen.

Beyond an occasional fugitive glimpse, he did not even see her for three months. He knew that she closed her house and went to stay with her sister, Mrs. Jack Morris. By careful watching, he managed to come up with them in the park when they were out driving one fine afternoon in the late spring. A warm glow flooded Helen's creamy skin, and she held out her hand with the old frankness.

"I'm glad to see you. I had no idea you would stay in town so late."

"Unusual season," said Forrest. "Really, there are plenty of people here yet. For my part, I never did see the use of turning the city over to bucolic visitors at the best season of the year, and

I'm going to stay right here and get acquainted with the old town."

"How original!" she said, with a touch of her old animation. "Mama will be pleased to hear it. She sailed last Thursday for Paris, and I expect a cablegram from her to-morrow."

Forrest turned to Mrs. Morris, who smiled on him approvingly and said:

"Come in to-morrow afternoon at five. You know we see no one but a few old friends informally."

The next day, as he mounted the steps of the house, he almost ran into a Western Union messenger—a boy whom he chanced to know.

"How now, Jimmy?" he said cheerfully.

Mindful of many tips, the boy touched his cap.

"I hope you'll have better luck, sir," he said. "I've rung five times, and I can't get no answer."

"Well, I'll try," said Forrest.

The boy fidgeted.

"Gee! I'm late," he said.

Forrest's eye fell on the envelope.

"I'm calling on Mrs. Morton," he said.

"Why not let me sign and take it in to her?—and you can go."

"Sure," replied the boy. "Here!"

He held out the book, and Forrest wrote Helen's name, with a strange inward sense of proprietorship. A moment later he was confronted by her tall beauty.

"I have come early," he said, "and I hope I bring you good news."

He turned away as she tore open the envelope, and looked around the familiar room. Five years were swept away, and he felt as if the world were beginning all over again.

A sharp but half-smothered cry from Helen made him start quickly. She was staring at the opened message with a white, terrified face, and through her fear something else struggled—the reluctant sense of tragedy that arrests consciousness in one sharp stroke.

"Helen!" he cried, alarmed. He used the old name readily and without premeditation, but she did not seem to hear him. She looked not only at the paper, but through and beyond it, and Forrest knew that she saw more than the words scrawled before her. "What is it?" he

said. She looked up at him, but as if she did not see him. "What is it?" he asked again. "No bad news from your mother, I hope?"

She recalled herself with an evident effort.

"No," she said, in a strangely veiled voice. "No bad news." She looked down again, and went on: "She had a good voyage, and is well." As she finished, the color came back to her face. She looked Forrest squarely in the eyes, and added: "Please do not mention this to Elizabeth. I will explain to you some time."

Mystified, he bowed low.

"I am always your servant, and your word is my law."

He would have said more, but Elizabeth came in and greeted him cheerfully.

"It's good of you to come. Did Helen tell you we had a cablegram from mama this morning?"

While he murmured an answer, others came in. Sinking into a deep chair, he stayed for an hour, scarcely hearing the talk that flowed on in little ripples of the ordinary nothings of life, and conscious chiefly of Helen's voice and the nimbus of her hair against the bust of the sphinx on the niche behind her. Once he imagined he saw the marble face smile at him, and it seemed like a good omen.

At parting, Helen gave him her hand frankly, and said:

"You have done me good. Come again."

Late the next afternoon, returning to town in his auto from a spin on Long Island, he overtook Elizabeth, unaccompanied, in her own.

"Send your chauffeur on," she said. "I want to speak with you alone." He obeyed promptly, and she plunged directly into it. "Have you heard anything about Helen?" she asked. "Anything strange, I mean?" His puzzled look answered her, and she went on: "I am thankful—how thankful you cannot guess. We have tried to keep it quiet, but she got worse and worse, and we knew the breaking-point must come soon. Even the doctor admitted it, but now—"

"What in the world are you talking about?" broke in Forrest.

"Helen has not been herself ever since



"SHE SAILED LAST THURSDAY FOR PARIS, AND I EXPECT A CABLE-GRAM FROM HER TO-MORROW"

Philip died. She never realized that he was dead. Can you imagine what that means? He kissed her good-by in the full flush of health, and within an hour they carried him in to her, dead. The shock was too much for her. She was under the influence of opiates most of the time until after he was buried, and ever since she has insisted that he is sleeping somewhere, and has kept looking for him. Now, suddenly, something has happened, and she is normal. Last night I went out after dinner, and it was midnight when I came home. I was just dozing off when Helen came into my room, sat down on the bed, and said: 'Elizabeth, Philip is dead.' I thought she had lost her mind entirely, and I lay there too terrified to speak or move, but she went on: 'Do not be frightened, sister. The danger is over, and I have come to myself. I must have caused you much anxiety, but I understand now, and I could not sleep without telling you.'"

"Poor girl!" said Forrest.

"Do you know," Elizabeth went on, "that just the right kind of shock would bring her out of her condition?"

Forrest started, and his mind went back to the day before.

"Perhaps she has had such a shock," he said.

Elizabeth looked astonished.

"What could it have been? It could not happen without my knowing it."

She looked at him searchingly. An utterly unpremeditated speech leaped from his lips.

"She will marry again."

"Yes, thank Heaven, she is a woman who will marry again!" Elizabeth paused an instant, and added with conviction: "And it will be the right man again, just as Philip was at first. The right man in all the world will find Helen and marry her."

Their eyes met. They finished the ride in almost complete silence.

After that there was open sesame for him. Compelled to subordinate every

hint of passion to the openness of friendship, he quickly found the rôle so easy that he settled down to a steady pace. Sometimes he marveled that the fire did not break through, but more often he went away satisfied that all was well. He knew Helen's pride and reticence of old, and it did not need Elizabeth's subtle warning that it would be useless for any one to speak to her of a new bond in less than a year.

Meanwhile, he took care to infuse into her life the little attentions to which she had been accustomed; to slip under her notice the fine suggestions of habitual remembrance; to flavor her whole existence with a delicate, impalpable essence of homage whose permanence would be indispensable.

His attentions fell around her as noiselessly as rose-leaves. So thoroughly did he refine his methods that his daily courtesies seemed almost detached from a personality. For many days, sometimes, though he spread around her the most delicate reminders, he was not in evidence at all. Then he would appear at dinner, calm, almost aloof, and never did he feel himself on firmer ground than on such occasions. Always he studied her closely. Slowly, gently, by almost imperceptible degrees, he was making himself necessary to her life.

Nothing disturbed him until late in August, at Newport. Then Bryant, whose wife had recently procured a divorce from him, made a desperate attempt to win Helen's favor; and Briggs, a multi-millionaire from Colorado, openly pursued her with a lavish and indiscriminate display of wealth. Forrest, keenly sensitive to the vicious wagging of gossiping tongues, frothed inwardly, and stayed away until he could stand it no longer. Then he sought her, full of quiet rage, and held her hand as long as he dared.

Her calm, smiling greeting did not suit his mood. He felt himself grow brutal.

"So you like this!" he said bluntly. "This is the way you forget!"

She looked at him till he withered inwardly.

"I do not forget," she said, in full, even tones.

Forrest could have cut out his tongue for his speech.

"Forgive me!" he pleaded. "I was

only terribly hurt because you did not care enough to send for me, and you know what the tongues of these harpies are."

"I do not care for them," she said. "They will find out their mistake later."

Reassured, he devoted himself more closely than ever. Bryant and Briggs having been sent on their several ways, and the society correspondents falling short of copy at the end of the season, it was presently reported that he was engaged to Helen, and that they were to be married before the holidays. This time Elizabeth sent for him, and advised him not to attempt to see Helen, but to go away for the present and let the rumor die out.

"I will attend to all the denying," she said. "I am going to take Helen up to a quiet place in the mountains for a while. Don't try to see her or communicate with her until we come back to town. It will turn out all right in due course of time, but she is quite upset just now and wants complete rest."

Forrest acquiesced. He took himself off on a hunting-trip in the West with a couple of companions, and enjoyed himself so well that he went on to Alaska. It was almost Christmas when he got back, with a bear's skin as a trophy for Helen. With deep inward satisfaction he received Elizabeth's assurance that not a rival was in sight. He was also delighted to learn that Bryant had eloped with the wife of his chauffeur, and that Briggs had married a chorus-girl.

Helen's greeting was so cordial, and so full of unaffected joy, that his spirits rose. He resumed his old, familiar intimacy with the family at once, and fitted into the niche as if he belonged there by right.

One evening, after dinner, as he lingered with Helen in the library, a mad desire to take her in his arms and kiss her into submission seized him. He had felt it before, but he had never dared to do more than touch her hand. Over her shoulder the sphinx smiled at him. Was it encouragement or contempt?

"What is it?" she asked, noting his silence.

"The sphinx is smiling at me."

"Remember the old saying, 'Beware when the gods laugh.'"

"The sphinx is not a god."

"Why not? It is another name for mystery."

"Then why not call it woman?"

She laughed.

"Oh, a woman can be understood!"

"I wish to Heaven she could be!" he broke out. He took a step nearer her and asked: "What is it a woman desires most?"

The year had passed. Twice he had gone to her, resolved to have her answer before he came away, and had found himself tongue-tied. Exasperated with himself beyond measure, he was idling away the time in the club one afternoon when Dowling passed him and said carelessly:

"Hello, old man! Know anything?"

"Not a thing," replied Forrest, without looking at him. "Do you?"

"No; except that I've just heard



SINKING INTO A DEEP CHAIR, HE STAYED FOR AN HOUR, SCARCELY HEARING THE TALK THAT FLOWED ON

"To be understood," she replied softly. "Only that."

"Then—Philip understood?"

"Yes; always. He never made a mistake."

Forrest went away thoroughly depressed. He knew that something was eluding him, but he could not tell what it was. As the weeks slipped by, he became more restless and Helen more serene. She was actively engaged in charity-work, busied herself with Elizabeth's children, and never complained of being lonely. How could so much have gone out of her life, he asked himself, and leave her with such perfect poise? Most women would have been only a bit of wreckage. She did not seem to lack anything. Was she leaning on him more than she knew?

that Worthington is coming home next week."

Forrest sat still for several minutes. Then he got up and went straight to Helen. She was in the library, and he stood just inside the door, transfixed by the change in her. She was in pale-gray draperies that swept around her in soft billows. Her eyes were luminous; she seemed to radiate light. The table and mantel were banked with lilies-of-the-valley. The atmosphere vibrated as with the presence of the sacrament.

"Come in," she said. "I knew you would come, and I know you are surprised, but I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" he asked.

"I am going to marry Paul Worthington."

The answer fell gently into the

scented air, and Forrest heard a strange humming in his ears.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"Oh, I am so glad to tell you! Do you remember the cablegram you brought me last spring, the first afternoon you called?"

"Yes."

"It was from him. He asked me to marry him."

Forrest felt his mind stand still.



"I AM GOING TO MARRY PAUL WORTHINGTON"

"Marry him!" he repeated. "Why—"

"I know what you are thinking," she broke in; "but do you know what that did for me? It saved my reason. I had never realized that Philip was dead until I got that cablegram. It was the shock of the words that brought me to my normal self. It all came to me in a lightning-flash. I knew that he had gone from me. I knew that I had really known it all the time, but some strange dream had deceived me into the horrible delusion

that he was still alive. Can you imagine what that means? I heard his voice calling me; I wakened in the night and saw him standing by me; I would speak to him, and he could not answer. He

was always with me, trying to help me, but he could not. It was horrible. I had tried with all my might to believe that he was dead, but I could not. Then, when I read those words, asking me to be the wife of another man, I knew that he was dead. Can you understand that it was a relief? Do not mistake me. I did not think of Paul as a lover. I only realized that at last I was in my right mind; that all the world had not been deceiving me; that my sister and my mother had not been trying to make me believe some awful lie. I came back to myself. Do you understand?"

In that one moment Forrest felt as if he knew all that he should have known for a year. He had seen her almost daily; had walked and talked with her, had looked into her eyes, and had thought himself near to her life; but this other man had reached across the sea with a few words and had taken possession.

"I understand," he said.

"I am sure you do. You have been so good

to me all this year. It was so generous of you to go away last summer when they said we were engaged."

The word stabbed him.

"Tell me," he said, "were you engaged to, to—" Despite himself he could not utter the name.

"Oh, no! Not until a week ago. He would not ask me for my answer for a whole year. You know he was Philip's most intimate friend, and he has waited patiently, only"—a deep and exquisite

flush suffused her face—"only, he dared to ask me right away."

An echo floated through Forrest's mind. "Knock a woman down with a club; it's as good a way as any."

"He sailed to-day from Paris," Helen went on.

A sudden suspicion darted into Forrest.

"How did he hear of Philip's death?"

"Mr. Dowling cabled him."

Dowling! Of course. It was stupid not to have guessed it.

"And does Dowling know what you have told me?"

"Oh, yes! He will be our best man."

Forrest's cup was full. He looked over her shoulder at the sphinx. It was inscrutably grave. He turned away.

"You have not said you are glad!" Her voice was full of reproach. He pulled himself together.

"I wish you much joy," he said. "I will offer all my congratulations now, for I am going away at once, and I don't know just when I shall be back."

As he walked down the street he dropped on the pavement the spray of lilies-of-the-valley that Helen had given him.

STORIETTES

The Amateur Cynic

BY GRIFFIN BARRY

THEY were talking of love, standing meanwhile in a crowded railway-station. It was an odd place for such a subject, but the tall young man had hooked his junior by the arm, and seemed determined to make him change his mind about it then and there.

"Never think of marriage until you forget what your brown old meerschaum is for, or they tax bachelors out of existence," he said, as if he meant it.

The boy was nearly angry. "You talk like the cynic's calendar," he said. "I suppose you'll tell me next that you never thought anything about what kind of a girl you'll marry!"

"I'd just as soon speculate on the figure on my monument," the other said, quite seriously.

The youngster looked up, astounded at his friend's cynicism.

"Piffle! I'm going, anyway. She's waiting," he cried, making for a big iron gate about to close.

"Jim, stay here. Think what you're doing!"

The tall fellow held the other gently back, talking down into his ear. When their faces were near together, it could

be seen that they were brothers. Before the pair reached the gate, it clanged to suddenly, and the train behind it moved slowly off.

II

Six months later the elder of the two attended his first house-party. It was in the country, where the snow was deep, and there was no getting away from the house full of people. Lawrence Haight made ten years of rather lonely hard work an excuse for keeping clear of the other sex; but what he thought was boredom passed into excitement after the second evening, when the spirit of the place caught him. And the excitement eventually became deep content at the slightest sign of favor from one guest.

Of course, when he fell in love, he fell deep. From something of a hermit, he became very much of a lover. People said he fed out of Gretchen Wall's hand, and it was nearly true.

Matters moved quickly to the proposal. He made it in the garden at sunset, for love had touched him with poetry, and he recited all the verse he knew to help out what he was trying to say. The

poets had figured it all out ahead, he said, and put it far better than he could; but even with trimmings from the poets, she laughed at the idea. First she dodged the issue by saying that she was not the marrying kind of girl. Then she declared that they had been merely playing a game, with chances even on both sides. Then she grew serious, and told the truth.

"You are the only man whose proposal I ever cared to hear," she said.

"Yes? Then I'll make it again and again until you know it by heart."

"But I only wanted to refuse you. You see, I imbibed your views on marriage one day last summer, when you were talking to your brother in the Grand Central Station. And I have taken pains to see that you should be rejected. You interested me, and I thought you needed the experience."

"Did Jimmy tell you what I said? I'll wring his neck!"

"Don't. He didn't tell me. I was standing at your elbow at the moment."

III

LAWRENCE HAIGHT retired in good order. He took his hurt pride back to his law-office, and almost forgot it in work. He was that kind of man; he could drown himself in a brief and for-

get what season of the year it was outside his office window.

But Gretchen Wall was not that kind of woman. She would have liked to talk further on matrimony in the abstract, only Lawrence had not tarried long after his rejection. Even his brother neglected her. Jimmy used to come often for good advice and the new jokes, but of late he had stayed away. Then a letter with an Arizona postmark came. At the end of sixteen pages about gold and opportunity, Jimmy had written:

Out here I have remembered something you said about Lawrence being a cynic. Don't you believe it; that's all put on! He confessed as much to me the week after he held your sex up to scorn in the Grand Central to prevent me marrying the wrong girl. He said she was the wrong girl at the time; and as she ran away with a man in the same chorus three days after I broke my date with her, I guess she was. But as Larry's recent letters hint at somebody who won't stay out of his thoughts, he's forgotten all the cynicism he never had, anyway, and . . .

All she could do was to mail a humble request for a call, and run the risk of being the rejector rejected; but after he had taken her in his arms, he said he wasn't cynic enough for that.

The Gentle-Voiced Lady

BY FORREST HALSEY

THE little bookstore looked cool and so invitingly dusky that Carter entered. Inside, the aisles of books stretched away into the dim cloister of the shop to where an old parchment of a man sat writing.

Carter idly picked up volume after volume, examining their dates. They were mostly novels and sermons, old and uninteresting. "To Anna, on her birthday, from her mother," he read on the yellow fly-leaf of one of them. Carelessly he closed the book, and as he did so a piece of paper fluttered to the floor. Stooping to pick it up, he saw that it was a letter, dated only the week before. With awakened curiosity he read it.

"Dear James," it began in a feminine hand. A few scratches followed, as if the writer had hesitated; then it began again, this time simply "James." "James," said the round, girlish letters, "I am sorry you wrote Stewart as you did; he is almost a wreck, and hopeless. He would not open your letter for fear you had refused. Dear brother, if you knew our struggle and how wretchedly—"

There was no more. Carter replaced the slip in the book, and walked to the back of the store.

"Twenty-five cents," the little man said.

Carter made his purchase and stood

hesitating, his thoughts busying themselves with this unknown "Anna" and her plea.

He was very lonely. The glacial routine of his inherited charities, the empty glitter of his inherited life—both legacies from a mother recently dead—palled upon him. His riches walled him away from his fellows, leaving him idle and solitary, and here at hand were interest and distraction.

"Do you remember who it was that you bought this from?" he asked.

Yes, the little old man could remember. It was only yesterday a lady had come with some old books—this was the only one he had bought. He had sent her on to another dealer—Morson, down the street.

Carter found Morson's a busy place, aggressively strewn with "best sellers." Did the salesman remember purchasing some old books from a lady? No, he did not, but he would inquire; and presently he returned with a clerk who recalled the lady. Yes, she had come in yesterday with some old books; he remembered her by her voice—yes, a kind of pretty, gentle voice; but they had bought nothing.

Carter went from place to place on that street of book-shops. He was in pursuit of a voice. Now he lost it in the clangor and bustle of some modern store, again he found it echoing faintly in the memory of some dried-up bookman in his literary cave, but at last it died away and was gone. He had lost her. In none of the places of her valiant quest had she left an address or sold another book.

Carter reentered his cab, disappointed. Well, good-by to the brave lady of the gentle voice and her worthless husband—of course "Stewart" was her husband.

"Wouldjermind if I gave the hoss a drink, sir?"

The driver's voice plumped like a stone through the trap over Carter's head. The cab had stopped, and the horse was already luxuriously muzzling in the street-fountain.

"We buy books," said a sign in front of Carter's face as he looked up.

The place was a little cupboard under the high stoop of a dwelling-house gone into trade, and obviously doing badly.

In response to the tapping of Carter's cane, the back of the shop suddenly flew open and shot out a small boy. After hearing his visitor's questions, he disappeared, then popped in again with an armful of books.

"Here dey are!" he squeaked. "Naw, we didn't buy 'em. De lady got took faint-like, and asked if she could leave 'em and come back. She was such a pretty-talking lady I told her she could. Naw, she didn't give no name. Wait a minute, dough, she might have give one to me mother;" and the young merchant again disappeared.

Sounds of a shouted conversation came from the back, and the boy rebounded into sight, thrusting a piece of crumpled paper into the young man's hand.

"Dat's her address," he snapped. "Youse can see her and make a price yourself. I'll keep 'em till you do."

"Fate must be at sorry work with the gentle-voiced lady," thought Carter as he saw the street where the address had sent him.

Squalid wretchedness glared from the shutterless windows and paintless doors of houses on which poverty had set its heel. Carter hesitated before the broken steps of a dwelling of such squalid aspect that he recoiled with the instinct that he must not intrude upon her here. Nothing in his life or training answered the question that now beset him; how was he to proffer his help to the object of his search?

He dismissed his cab, and, crossing to an Italian lemonade-shop directly opposite, sat down at a table in the window.

The cigarette-stubs on the plate before him had grown to a surprising number when at last he saw her. That it was the gentle-voiced lady was apparent at once; this dainty, graceful little figure was so far apart from the slovenly crowd that filled the wretched street. Pausing before the house of the broken steps, she was joined by a young fellow who had evidently waited for her.

"Stewart!" thought Carter. "Brother and sister!" he mentally added, as he saw how like they were.

They turned to enter the house, and he noticed that the books in her arms were the same in number and color as those he had examined up-town. The young

bookseller was just closing his shop as Carter returned.

"She came after 'em," he shrilled through the crack of the door. "Don't want ter sell 'em, after all—I guess she's hit luck;" and the door-chain rattled.

"If that is so," thought the young man, "that ends the adventure," and he took his way to the shrouded dreariness of his great house.

The first touch of romance and adventure in his carefully guarded, unromantic life had vanished. But why should it vanish? he asked himself. He determined to pursue the adventure of the gentle-voiced lady.

Two days later a shabby young man, evidently in search of work, secured a room in the house of the broken steps.

"What wit' the guineas and the has-beens, dis house is getting on the pazaz," said the janitress as she watched him smoking on the steps that evening.

Carter made it a practise to smoke on the steps in the evening. All day long the gentle-voiced lady climbed innumerable stairs in search of work; but always, in the evening, she returned to wait in the hall for her brother's return. One night fate gave Carter an opportunity to shield her from the boisterous roughness of some drunken laborers. She had thanked him in her pretty, soft voice; and after that they talked together, and it warmed his heart to see how unconsciously she shrank near him when rough dwellers in the house passed. Each night, so far as he could, he watched over her, never going off duty until her haggard brother came from his work. Then Carter went up-town, to a life more savorless than ever.

One morning, arriving early at the house of the broken steps, Carter found two men listening at the door of her brother's apartment.

"What do you want?" he exclaimed.

"You," said the man, opening his coat to show a detective's shield.

"What do you mean?" cried Carter in astonishment.

"You'll find out soon," said the detective. "Bang on the door, Jim; I hear him in there!" The door was opened by the girl. "Where's your brother?" he queried, as they entered.

"Here I am," said the young fellow.

"Come on down to the house," said the detective.

"What for?" asked the youth quietly.

"Well, for one thing, we're making a round-up of all the crooks in the precinct to show 'em to the new detectives. I guess we'll just take you down to the house so the boys will know you when they see you again."

The girl came forward and laid her hand on her brother's arm.

"When you convict a man, and he serves his sentence, does the fact that he works and lives honestly have weight with you? Where is the end of his penalty?" she said quietly. "Is that the law?"

"I ain't talkin' to you, lady. I remember you—you sat by him through his trial; but if he's working straight, what's he doing fooling with *him*?" and he pointed to the astonished Carter.

"With me!" cried the seeker of romance.

"Yes, you! We're on to you! You may dress like that here"—the detective pointed to the shabby clothes—"but it's another story at night, ain't it? Flashing dress-suits in swell hotels! You think you're wise, but we're on. There's some little hotel games been pulled lately that we think you can tell us about!"

The girl advanced toward Carter.

"You don't believe this?" he cried.

Her brother laughed recklessly. "What difference does it make? If we are not thieves, they'll see to it that we soon shall be. Come on, let's go down and let them look at us! I'm through being straight and starving—let's make them earn their money!" He turned to his sister. "It's no use, Anna; you see, once a thief, always a crook. You have done all you can, starving with me to help me keep straight. Well, I'm through—God forgive me for being fool enough to try! Go back to that respectable brother of ours; he'll feed you if you leave me. I found the pieces of his letter to you where he said so. Good-by, sister, don't wait—I'm not coming back!"

The girl came straight to Carter.

"I don't believe a word of this," she said. "Bring him back! Don't leave him. I trust you, and I'll wait for you here."

Three hours later an astonished and

angry commissioner turned to address a pair of perspiring plain-clothes men.

"Do you mean to say," he roared, "that after this boy has served his time for stealing that little bit of money, you drag him away from his work and lose him his job, to set him up to be looked at as a thief?"

"It's a custom in the department, commissioner," said a weak voice. "We show all suspicious characters to the new detectives."

"So you arrest him as a suspicious character because you find him in company with one of the richest young men in the city, whose face you should know well!"

"I'll get him another job, and a better one," said Carter at the commissioner's elbow. "Can we go now? Thank you, commissioner. Come, Stewart."

Bright with the eternal promise of the morning, the old street welcomed Carter

as he turned into it the next day and stopped before the familiar broken steps. The ancient house with its smashed windows, the door with its chipped and broken columns, seemed to smile at him.

Would she be alone, he wondered, as he mounted the stairs? Stewart, of course, had taken his way to work by this time. He knocked upon the door. She opened it, and the soft light in her eyes told him that she had waited for him—told him that Stewart, true to his promise, had left him to tell his own story.

"I waited last night, but I did not see you. Why did you not come back when my brother did?" she asked.

"Because," he said, "I wanted to see you alone, to ask you to trust me with all the rest of your life."

He held out his arms. Without a word she was in them, her face hidden against his shabby coat.

"Dear gentle-voiced lady!" he said.

The Kidnaping of Poggioreale's Twins

BY ZOË ANDERSON NORRIS

DORIS was in her native element on the East Side. It was so delightfully lawless! It reminded her of her home in a feud county of Kentucky, where, when she was a child, she dropped to the floor at the sound of firing, and lay there, face down, until it was over. Some mental telepathy seemed to connect her with the Black Hands. It seemed as if when she was most desperately short of money, they obligingly threw a bomb into some tenement and gave her a chance to sell the story to the newspapers.

At first she flung on her clothes and ran down—they usually chose half an hour after midnight as the time for their operations—but always flocks of night-hawk reporters were there before her; so she finally contented herself with sitting up in bed for a few minutes, listening, then going back to sleep, and waiting until morning to look up what was left of the tenement and get another story. It would evidently be impossible to get the first story until her own house was blown up. And then came the wreck of Poggioreale's tenement.

That was a beautiful wreck. It was reported that two musicians had serenaded Poggioreale, and had thrown the bomb as a parting tribute. They had cast it so neatly into the hall that it had wrecked the building in a most artistic manner. The walls were so nearly caving in that they appeared to be upon the eve of tumbling, and yet they stood. It was wonderful. Evidently the operators meant to leave something to work on the next time.

Doris stood outside, looking up at it. A small mob stood with her, exclaiming softly, wondering whether it was Sicilians who had done it, or some enterprising Genoese, or just two musicians who had been born of Italian parents in New York.

A small girl, about frying size, stood near, sobbing.

"All the beds went to the ceiling," she faltered. "The butcher-boy's bed—the grocer-boy's bed!"

And the ceiling showed it. The force of the contact had brought parts of it down. The walls had been papered with

pink roses. Fragments of the flowers were scattered broadcast among the laths and plaster scraps on the floor.

A tall, fresh-colored policeman, who stood at the door, politely gave Doris permission to enter. She went to Poggioreale's room, where there seemed to be a wake going on, or a party. It was, however, only the members of Poggioreale's family assembled there, quietly awaiting the crack of doom. Midway in the company sat Poggioreale's twins—two pretty, black-eyed, curly lashed children whom the Black Hands had threatened to kidnap after they had finished blowing up the house.

"They seem to have it in for you, don't they?" said Doris.

But even after his small son had interpreted that, Poggioreale couldn't understand it. He merely shrugged his shoulders up to his ears, and let them stay there to save the trouble of doing it again.

Two austere, brown-wigged aunts sat in straight-backed chairs, guarding the twins.

"The Black Hands will get them over our dead bodies!" they declared sullenly.

The room was a picture, with the brilliant sunshine coming in past the bright yellow of the cheap cotton curtains, and lighting up the mummy-like aunts who guarded Poggioreale's precious twins.

When Doris had finished asking some unimportant questions, she arose.

"I will write the story in such a way that the Black Hands will be afraid to kidnap the twins," she promised, and took her departure.

And so she did, but the editors formed a solid flank of refusal to publish it.

"Wait till it happens," they said. "It's no good just as a threat. Wait till it happens."

Doris was willing enough to wait until it happened, until the panic came. Then, like a good many other people, she began to need money. It seemed as if the mental telepathy between her and the Black Hands had ceased to exist. Though her rent was almost due, not a bomb wrecked a tenement, and nothing developed as to the kidnaping of the Poggioreale twins. A paint-shop in the neighborhood had been threatened, but had not been blown up. A magnificent

fire it would make, too, and a splendid story, filled as the shop was with naphtha and kerosene; but though Doris went down several times at about half past twelve, on the chance, it remained intact.

She also visited Poggioreale's tenement once or twice a week. Once she came upon the twins in the hall.

"Haven't you been kidnaped yet?" she queried wistfully.

"Not yet," they said.

"Why haven't you?" she begged to know.

"We don't know," they said.

Poggioreale emerged from the cellar with a bucket of coal.

"Do you think the Black Hands are ever going to kidnap your twins?" Doris asked him courteously.

"I hope not," gasped Poggioreale.

Doris approached him winningly.

"When they do," she implored, "will you let me know at once?"

"I will," said Poggioreale; whereupon she gave him her address and her telephone-number.

II

ONE day, about two weeks later, all the newspapers flamed with flaring headlines of the kidnaping of the Poggioreale twins. The story of the day it was, and Doris's story! It told how the Black Hands had at last carried out their threat, and, in spite of the vigilance of the brown-wigged aunts, had captured the little girls; how Poggioreale was frantic, and the mother of the twins was in despair. It filled two columns, with beautiful pictures of the twins, pictures of the father and mother, and pictures of the aunts. Two dollars apiece for the pictures, eight dollars a column for the story, and the rent paid!

And added to this, behold, on the following morning another story—the finding of the Poggioreale twins! The delight of the father, the mother, and the joy of the brown-wigged aunts!

Doris was resting quietly after her arduous labors when a reporter of the male persuasion called upon her.

"How did you manage it?" he asked.

Doris tiptoed to the middle of the room, finger to lip.

"You promise not to tell?" she whispered, though the door was shut.

"On my word," said he.

"Well, then"—very softly, her eyes on the door—"to tell you the truth, the times were so hard, and my rent wasn't paid, and something had to be done; so I met the twins at the pushcart market, without their aunts, for once, and asked them to come with me to have their pictures taken. They came right along. I took them to a photographer who often rushes through pictures for me, and then asked them to come to my flat for a little while. I told them I would give them some doll rags and a doll. While they dressed the doll, I wrote the story. They consented to take care of the flat, the doll not being quite dressed yet, while I went downtown. The way I hustled that story in Park Row was a caution! Meanwhile, the twins were locked in the flat, and—"

"What?" cried the reporter.

"Certainly," said Doris calmly. "I kept them there about half a day, till they finished dressing that doll. That was all; but by the way Poggioreale and those old aunts went on about them, you'd have thought they had been kidnaped!"

"And weren't they?" panted the reporter.

"Well, some might have called it that," Doris admitted; "but after all, they were only busy dressing the doll. Poggioreale kept his promise of phoning me about it right away, and I kept mine of finding them for him, so that made another story the next day, and paid my rent for another month. Will you have some tea?"

"I think," said the reporter weakly, "that if you don't mind, I will take something stronger. I seem somehow to feel the need of it!"

The Romance of a Modern American Girl

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

"I SHALL be glad to get home!"

They stood on the station platform of the North Carolina pleasure resort—two smart figures in the gray afternoon atmosphere.

He looked at her lovingly, straight in the eyes.

"So shall I, dearest," he said. "Just think what it would have meant if I hadn't come down here and known you! And to think we both come from New York and never met before!"

"I know it. It's like fate, isn't it? And what a lovely time we have had together. It's been really splendid. Only"—a slight shadow flitted over her face—"you know, dear, I came down here for a rest, and when I get back home I shall be so busy catching up. We may not be able to see quite so much of each other."

He smiled hopefully.

"Of course not," he said. "I expect that. You mustn't forget, too, that I have my business to attend to; but now that we have each other, and know each other so well, we can manage our time. Can't we?"

"Oh, yes," she replied dreamily, as

they heard the whistle of the incoming train. "That is—I hope so."

II

ON the morning of their arrival in New York—with the train two hours late—he squeezed her hand at the carriage-door, and rushed off to his office to "catch up." How hard it was to get back into harness again—to pick up all the loose ends! And yet steadily through the hurry and turmoil of the business day the thought of her flooded his heart and mind with pleasure. He would make all kinds of sacrifices to be with her, he said to himself; and although he ought to have stayed later, he hurried through, left a lot of work unfinished, and was at her house at five o'clock.

He rang the bell eagerly. Her maid—the one who had been in the South with her—came to the door.

"Ah, Nellie! Where is Miss——"

"Gone out, sir; to a bridge-party, sir."

His face fell.

"Well, I will come to-night."

"She said if you came I was to hand you this note."

He read it as he went along. It was written in a hurried scrawl:

DEAR:

There's a meeting of my girls' club to-night, and I've simply got to be there. You understand, I'm sure. I'm dying to see you, of course. To-morrow, I hope. Phone me. As ever,

NAN.

He passed a wretched night, as was quite natural. Next morning he called her up at the unearthly hour of nine. Nellie answered.

"Miss Nancy, sir, is not up yet. Could you call her at ten?"

At ten he got her.

"Is this really you, dear?"

"Please don't mind. We had a dandy time last night, and I was so sleepy this morning!"

"Oh, that's all right. But how about this afternoon?"

"Not then, dear. You see, there's a tea on."

"Well, to-night?"

"Oh, I simply can't. Of course, I want to; but mama's bridge club meets, and she wants me to fill in."

"How about the next day?"

"Good gracious! Haven't you heard of the Ganders' wedding? You know I'm a bridesmaid. Really, dear, I haven't a minute that day, all day and evening."

"Can you inform me"—his voice was growing colder—"just when you will be able to see me?"

"Now, please don't get angry. It really isn't my fault I—"

His voice was steadier as he broke in.

"That's all right, dear. I'm not blaming you. But think it over. Get your maid, or some one—call in an expert accountant, if necessary—to calculate your coming engagements, and when you've found out just what hour of the day, week, and year you can see me, let me know."

"Oh, dear!" her voice faltered. "I know you are angry!"

"No, I'm not. Only do as I say. I leave it with you."

For several days he waited. Sometimes he got hurried little notes. Once she called him up at his office to tell him she had hoped to see him that evening, but suddenly she had been invited to a

musical by some one she couldn't ignore—a woman, of course. Then there was a silence. He waited and waited—

Until one afternoon, as she came down-stairs hatted and gowned, ready to go out, a man confronted her.

She cried out as she saw him.

"Oh, Harry! I am so glad to see you!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Now, you mustn't blame me for this. I can't help it. I'm the victim of circumstances."

He took her hand and drew her into the reception-room.

"Come in here a moment," he said, "where we can have this out."

"But I shall be late."

"Never mind! Be late for once!"

Her face expressed her impatience, but she was powerless.

"Now, my dear," he said calmly, "don't think I'm mad about this. We were thrown together during an idle time when you and I had leisure, and we fell in love with each other. If we could have stayed down there forever it would all have been well; but you couldn't, and neither could I. You are a modern American girl, and I appreciate the situation perfectly. Your time is limited, and as I don't see the slightest prospect of our ever seeing anything of each other again, I have come to release you from our engagement."

She gazed at him almost piteously.

"Oh, Harry!" she exclaimed. "Not now. It's simply awful to think of! Can't you wait?"

"Why wait? Why not at once?"

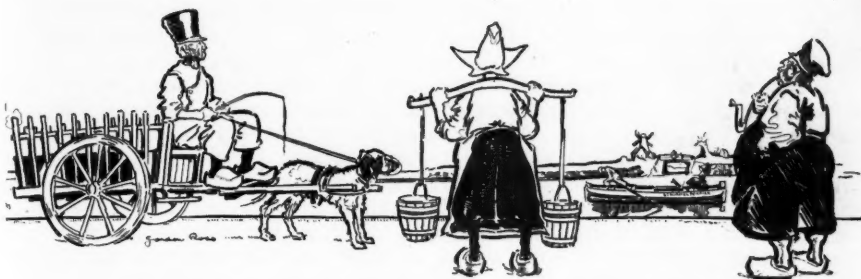
"You forget that our engagement has been announced."

"What of it? That sort of thing is happening right along."

Putting back the watch she had been holding in her hand, she flung both arms around him.

"You must wait a little longer, Harry, dear," she pleaded. "Don't you see that if you broke off our engagement just now—right in the midst of the season—I'd have to write letters of explanation to all my friends? They'd hold it up against me if I didn't. And I leave it to you if, with simply *everything* on my mind, I've got the time to do that now!"

And she tore herself away.



A HERO OF THE WATERWAYS

BY GERTRUDE PAHLOW

AUTHOR OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON ROSS

"GENEVIEVE," remarked the assistant professor of English literature, "we are in the deuce of a precarious situation."

Mrs. Thurston raised her wide blue eyes to her husband's. "How is that?" she asked.

The assistant professor enumerated on his fingers. "The past is unsatisfactory; the present is insecure; the future is veiled in the darkest, deadliest mystery. I admit that I am depressed. My spirit feels as if it had been sitting up every night for a month playing poker and holding busted flushes right along."

Mrs. Thurston looked very serious. "It's about Aunt Sophia," she said.

"Yes. You know, Genevieve, this is a crucial moment in our career. She says distinctly that she is going to make her will this summer; and you know I am the only kin she has, and of course the finger of Providence points straight at me; but, on the other hand, there's that confounded Seaman's Friend Society. It's been running a close second for years, and now things begin to look as if it was gaining on me."

"Yet, she came all the way from America and invited us to spend the summer with her," said Mrs. Thurston, "on purpose to see you before she made up her mind."

"I know she did, and that's what makes it worse," said the man of learning gloomily. "She liked me a lot better before she saw me than she does now. I have tried all my weapons—my charm, my loveliness, my powers of song and story—and this week she seems to like me even less than she did last."

"It may be only her manner," suggested Mrs. Thurston hopefully.

"I tried to think so at first, but I've about given it up. At the beginning she never called me anything worse than a good-for-nothing, or a silly ne'er-do-weel, and I told myself it was just her playful way; but yesterday, when she said I was a lazy lackadaisical fool, and a disgrace to the family, I couldn't help feeling that we were a little out of sympathy."

"The horrid thing!" said Mrs. Thurston indignantly. "I wouldn't touch her old money if she gave it to us! I'm sure we don't want it."

"That's all very well, Genevieve," said her spouse, "but you mustn't look at it from a petty, personal point of view. Be altruistic. Aunt Sophia has this money; it rests heavily on her mind, and she ought to shove it off. I am her next of kin, and the natural dumping-place for all her troubles. Consider how selfish it would be to refuse to shoulder this care for her! I am a man, Genevieve, and she

but a weak woman. Moreover, I can't think of adding to the responsibilities of the Seaman's Friend Society. It is clearly my duty to take the money; the only difficulty is to make Aunt Sophia see it in that light."

At this moment the door-knob turned with a loud, decided click, and the door swung back to admit a lady of solid build and determined port. She advanced with firm, decided movements to a chair, and turned a pair of very sharp black eyes upon the Thurston family.

"Well, young people," she said, opening her mouth with a snap, "what have you been doing with yourselves to-day?"

Mrs. Thurston started and colored. "I have been reading," she said, "and Tom has been—been—Tom has written a letter."

"Nothing else?" said the lady sharply. "No exercise, no work, no achievement to show?"

"Why, we haven't had time, Aunt Sophia!" said Mrs. Thurston. "It's only ten o'clock now."

"When I was your age," said Aunt Sophia, "by this time in the day I would have had my house in order, a week's mending done, and cake or pies in the oven. Your Uncle Joshua would, if at home, have chopped half a cord of wood, weeded the garden, and built a chicken-coop or a rod of fence. I have no patience with sluggards!"

"I was working till after midnight last night," remarked Thurston mildly, "and so I didn't wake up until half past eight."

"Working!" sniffed Aunt Sophia. "What kind of work were you doing?"

"Researching for my paper on 'The Folk-Lore of the Netherlands.' I find plenty of material here in The Hague, but it takes a lot of study."

"And you call that work!" said Aunt Sophia contemptuously. "I call it child's play. It's not fit employment for a man."

"I'll get a hundred and fifty dollars for it when it's done," remarked Thurston.

"I would rather you earned a dollar and a half by good, honest labor," said Aunt Sophia firmly.

"What do you call honest labor?" demanded Thurston, on the defensive.

"Work that a man does with his hands,

or directs others to do," expounded Aunt Sophia. "Your Uncle Joshua hadn't a penny in the world when he set out to seek his fortune; and look what he had accomplished by the time he was your age! He had worked up from cabin-boy to master of an East Indiaman; he had gathered the beginnings of a fortune, and won the respect of all who knew him. Now, what are your little putterings about Dutch folk-lore beside that? Bosh! I have no respect for men like you."

"Would you respect me more if I were to turn in and navigate a ship, or be a cabin-boy, or something like that?" inquired Thurston anxiously.

"Of course I would. But you couldn't," said Aunt Sophia calmly. "You haven't got it in you."

Thurston rose with a gleam of determination in his eye. "Watch me and see," he said; and without further speech he strode from the room.

The luncheon-hour had come and gone, and the afternoon was well begun, before any sign was received from the absent scholar. Mrs. Thurston sat peeping furtively and anxiously from the window, and Aunt Sophia remarked periodically to her darning-bag that unpunctuality was a vice she could not abide. Then, of a sudden, the door burst open with a bang; and the man of learning—breathless, disheveled, and beaming—stood upon the threshold.

"Aunt Sophia," he said, "did you say you respected sailormen?"

"I do," replied that lady, "more than any class on earth."

"Fresh-water ones as well as salt?"

"Certainly, if they work hard and honestly."

"Then respect your nevvie, Aunt Sophia. He is a sailor!"

"What?" exclaimed Aunt Sophia.

"Moreover, he is a cabin-boy," pursued Thurston, "and a pilot, and a first and second mate, and a whole crew."

"What?" ejaculated Aunt Sophia.

"And what's more," said Thurston impressively, "he is the captain of a ship. The whole illustrious career of Uncle Joshua epitomized in one thrilling, throbbing, palpitating moment! Seventeen separate individuals crystallized into one radiant, glowing, scintillant personality! What do you think of that, eh, Aunt

Sophia? Pretty good for a beginner, eh?"

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Thurston anxiously. "What have you done now?"

"I've chartered a canal-boat. I'm going to play Noah in a small way, and rescue our reputations from the deluge. You and I are going on a cruise."

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped Mrs. Thurston. "When are we going?"

ought to be glad you lived to see this day, Genevieve."

Aunt Sophia, who had recovered from the first shock of her amazement, drew her mouth down into an inverted crescent of incredulity. "You'll never do it!" she said.

"Just hold your hosses, Aunt Sophia, and you'll see," said Thurston. "Come on, Genevieve. 'My boat is on the shore, and my bark is on the sea.'"



"YON IS THE GOOD SHIP SCHIMMELPENNICK!"

"Right this minute. We'll go down to Delft for dinner, make Rotterdam tomorrow, and Dordrecht the next day; then we'll corkscrew around the southern canals a little, go to Amsterdam, and turn home again. There's only a beggarly five hundred miles of canal in the whole blessed country, but it'll do for a preliminary flier."

"What's the boat run by?" asked Mrs. Thurston dubiously.

Her husband expanded his chest. "By the power of the human arm—my arm!" he said proudly. "No boisterous steam-puffer, no odorous gasoline-popper; just a gentle, swanlike gliding over the still waters, propelled by the hand that has long supported you in luxury! You

"All the same," added Aunt Sophia, "I don't say I don't respect you more for attempting it. Don't catch cold; and write me every three days how you are getting on."

Thurston drew his wife outside the door with a jubilant face. "Hooray for us!" he cried. "You mark my words, Genevieve—the right is bound to triumph!"

II

"THERE!" exclaimed the mariner proudly. "Doff your hat, Genevieve! Yon is the good ship Schimmelpennick!"

Mrs. Thurston looked. Before them lay a wide, flat, lumpish craft, with a sullen, snub nose and a broad, deter-

mined stern. A miscellaneous litter of ropes, boards, and boxes strewed the deck; a small yellow dog of dejected mien and doubtful pedigree sat by the tiller; and over all brooded a thick layer of damp dirt and a strong fragrance of tar.

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Thurston faintly. "Are we going on *that* thing?"

"You've guessed it," said her spouse pleasantly. "Not exactly an ocean greyhound, is she? More the canal dachshund build. But just wait till you see how she sails after Aunt Sophia's money!"

Mrs. Thurston smothered a sigh of misgiving, and followed her husband on board. A simple and unstudied stairway of soap-boxes led down to the vessel's interior. Descending this, they found themselves in a long, low room, roofed with cobwebs and carpeted with dust. At the stern stood two wooden chairs; amidships sulked a rusty cooking-stove, and at the bow three bunks were built into the wall. Add to these items the fact that the tarry atmosphere was here enriched by wandering whiffs of kerosene and stale tobacco-smoke, and you have the list of the Schimmelpennick's furnishings complete.

"There! All the comforts of home, you see!" said Thurston cheerfully. "Salon here, kitchen and butler's pantry amidships, and sleeping-apartments at the farther end. It seems gilding refined gold to add anything to such luxury, but I've gone 'em one better and made a dressing-room." He strode down the dirty floor, and pulled a canvas curtain.



WIMPJE THE LITTLE DUMB BROTHER

"See that!" he added proudly. "A sanctuary in which you and I and Wimpje can adorn ourselves, remote from the gaze of the gaping world!"

"Who's Wimpje?" asked Mrs. Thurston quickly.

"He's the dog. It's Dutch for Bill," explained the man of learning. "I took him with the boat—thought he'd add domesticity."

"He's more likely to add fleas," said the lady sharply. "The boat is bad enough, but I won't stand that beast. You must put him off!"

"Now, Genevieve!" pleaded her husband. "He is an orphan, without resources or home, and he is our little dumb brother. I know you haven't the heart to turn him away. Go up on deck and make friends with him, and think how we ought to cherish the unfortunate. I want to be alone, for I'm going to prepare a surprise that will take your mind off your troubles."

Mrs. Thurston climbed the stairway slowly, and, seating herself upon an inverted box, looked around her with emphatic disapproval. As usual, a curtain of mist hung over the landscape. Already her pretty gown was beaded with moisture, and Wimpje, the little dumb brother, looked like a wet sponge. The two regarded each other with mutual distrust. Mrs. Thurston frowned at Wimpje; he, on his part, cocked up one ear in insolent defiance, and drooped the other in supercilious scorn. The Schimmelpennick, meanwhile, sat on the waters as placidly as a lump of mud on a shovel; but there was a look of sullen malevolence about her broad, snub nose.

Suddenly, in the depths of the vessel's hold, arose a terrifying clamor. Heavy clattering steps, as of an approaching troop of cavalry, thundered over the floor. There came a sharp collision of wooden surfaces, and a heavy thudding sound; then a burst of smothered exclamations. Mrs. Thurston started to her feet in alarm. The little dumb brother let loose a shrill, yapping volley of protest that caused the very echoes to jump nervously.

Nearer came the clatter, more frequent grew the collisions; and now the exclamations were heard at the foot of the staircase. A moment more and through

the companion came a round blue cap, followed by a loose dark blouse, an enormous pair of baggy trousers, and a stretch of stout woolen stocking. The whole seemed to move with incredible difficulty, the figure assisting itself to mount with its hands; and in a moment the cause of this slow progress was revealed. The feet of the apparition were incased in gigantic wooden shoes, which struck each successive step with a loud bang, and fell off, one after the other, when lifted into the air.

Mrs. Thurston opened her mouth to scream; but at the same instant the figure stood erect and turned to face her.

"Aha, my hearties!" it said. "Blast me tarry topights, but this is a fine day!"

"Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Thurston, in a tone of blended amazement and relief.

"Scheepskapitein Thurston, if you please," said the mariner with dignity. "I had the deuce of a time getting up those stairs. These fairy shallows are awfully hard to steer!"

"Aren't they enormous?" said Mrs. Thurston, looking at his shoes with reverence. "They're something the shape of this ship, aren't they?"

"That's why I got 'em—because they're shipshape," remarked the captain, with a furtive grin. "Now, Genevieve, Wimpje and I are prepared for the worst, in neat and appropriate uniform. I have brought up the ship's library—a naval code, a log-book, and a 'Traveler's Guide' in Dutch. Everything's ready but you, and you don't want to spoil the *ensemble*, do you? Then go down to the dressing-room, and you'll find your togs—fourteen or fifteen skirts, a cap with gold bed-springs at the sides, and a cunning little pair of ferry-boats like these."

The lady looked rebellious. "Have I got to wear them?" she asked.

"If you don't," said the captain, "you'll have to be a passenger, and sit on deck all day and hold Wimpje in your lap. Take your choice!"

Mrs. Thurston rose hastily and went below. The captain, grinning, began to clear the deck for action; the cruise had begun.

The method of propelling a boat by what is technically denominated the Armstrong motor is not an elaborate one. The motive-power grasps a pole, embeds it

in the canal's bottom, and, walking from bow to stern, imparts a brief momentum to the craft. When the stern has caught up with the pole the latter is withdrawn and implanted again at the boat's head, and the motive-power resumes his promenade. It looks a simple, even poetic,



TRANSFORMING HERSELF INTO A ROUND
DUTCH CHEESE

practise; but, like making love, it is easy only to the initiated.

Scheepskapitein Thurston seized his pole with a jaunty air, thrust it in, and pushed. The Schimmelpennick sat in silent majesty, unmoved. He took a long breath, and pushed harder; the color mantled his cheek; but still the proud ship did not stir. He cast his cap upon the deck, thrust anew, and pushed until the sweat beaded his forehead. The Schimmelpennick seemed to turn up her broad nose a little more defiantly, but made no other sign.

A group of Dutch youths who had gathered on the bank began to titter and to offer humorous expressions of sympathy. Wimpje, quivering with mortifica-

tion, averted his head. The proud spirit of the mariner rose wrathfully. He swore a mighty oath, and seized his pole as if it were a battle-ax. His face grew purple with his endeavor; and lo, with a shiver and a groan of obvious reluctance, the Schimmelpennick, like a maritime Aurora, freed herself from the embrace of the detaining mud, and moved!

It was a glorious moment. A cheer went up from the bank; Wimpje yelped ecstatically, and a smile of pride stole over the features of the *schepskapitein*.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Mrs. Thurston. "It isn't safe to go so fast! Do stop!"

"Now, Genevieve," said her lord breathlessly, "are you captain of this ship, or am I? Don't talk to the motor-man!" He thumped on, flushed and panting.

The stern was reached, the bow-legged children passed; he turned in triumph to give an exultant yell, when presto, borne on the wings of his pride, transported above material things by the ecstasy of achievement, he rose into the air, bal-



"IT ISN'T SAFE TO GO SO FAST! DO STOP!"

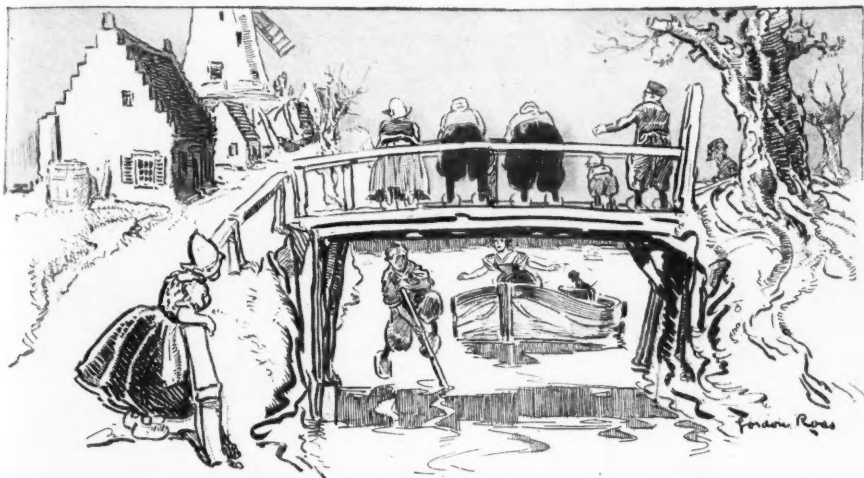
He thrust hard, and pushed vigorously. Flushed with triumph, he sped toward the stern as if wafted by a swift zephyr of spring.

Mrs. Thurston, transforming herself into a round Dutch cheese in the dressing-room, was startled by a tremendous commotion. With one of her gilt corkscrews in her hand, she ran to the gangway and looked out. Her lord was careering along the deck with terrific speed, his red hair wildly alert upon his head, his face set in a grin of mingled ferocity and glee. Two bow-legged children on the bank were being rapidly overtaken; Wimpje, looking alarmed, was frisking hurriedly out of the way; and the bystanders, hardened though they were to maritime exploits, were dumb with awe.

He thrust hard, and pushed vigorously. Flushed with triumph, he sped toward the stern as if wafted by a swift zephyr of spring.

Mrs. Thurston shrieked, Wimpje gave vent to a shrill yell that told of overwrought nerves, and both together rushed to the stern. There was a moment of agonized suspense. Then the red poll and redder face of the man of learning rose, Aphrodite-like, from the waves, and his faithful crew seized him and drew him aboard. He received their demonstrations somewhat coldly; his ardor had been damped.

"I'm not drowned," he said, "so never mind the blue lights and soft music. Go sit down, Genevieve, and you, too, Wimpje. Family ties can't be considered in such a moment as this."



HE ROSE INTO THE AIR, BALANCED FOR A SECOND ON THE TIP OF HIS POLE,
AND DISAPPEARED

He took up his pole again with a somewhat clouded brow, and resumed his labors. This time the start was wholly successful. The fine exhilaration of the Armstrong motor was gone; but discretion ruled in its place. The Schimmelpennick glided smoothly and equably over the waters. Mrs. Thurston, seated in the stern, relaxed her nervous tension. After all, it was a pleasant means of travel—restful, and very thorough. She looked at the streets of The Hague, unfolding to her view at the rate of twenty feet an hour or thereabouts, and felt that she was in a position to see something of Dutch life.

Opposite her, on the right bank, sat a child, tying a tin can to the tail of a pet dog—a pretty domestic picture. On the other side, a vender of fruit, imbued with the Dutch passion for cleanliness, was polishing his wares with a cloth on which he expectorated from time to time. At the bow, a tomato, rosy as the kindly housewife who had thrown it there, bobbed lazily against the boat. At the stern, beside her, Wimpje sought for fleas with the light-hearted mien of one who has no cares beyond the present.

The time wore on, and the afternoon sun pierced through the mist. It was very warm. Mrs. Thurston, who had been dozing slightly, thought longingly of wide green fields flecked with kine, of lazy windmills, and of rippling brooks.

She looked around her. On the left bank the vender of fruit still polished his wares; on the right, the child had finished with the first dog and begun on another; the tomato now bobbed against the stern instead of the bow. Otherwise all was as before.

"Tom!" called Mrs. Thurston. "Can't we go a little faster?"

Her husband straightened himself, and wiped his dripping brow.

"Faster!" he said indignantly. "What do you think I am—a forty-thousand-horse-power steam-engine, or a triple-expansion turbine with ball bearings? Try it yourself a while, and see how you like it!"

"Oh, of course you're doing splendidly," said Mrs. Thurston hastily. "But do you think—do you think we've gone very far?"

"I don't know what you call far," rejoined her lord, in an injured tone. "If you compare it to a trip around the world, of course it isn't far. But I've yanked this crowbar out of the mud and jabbed it in again, and hauled the old cattle-ranch along after it, five times since we started, and I should think that was going some!"

Mrs. Thurston discreetly forbore further comment, and the Armstrong motor set to work again. Wimpje, wearying of the pleasures of the chase, slept placidly. The moments slipped by; the shores re-



"HOW DO YOU DO, HONORED SIR? IT IS A FINE DAY!"

mained nearly stationary. Suddenly the voice of the *scheepskapitein* rent the drowsy silence.

"Genevieve!" it shouted. "Give me the naval code!"

Mrs. Thurston looked up, to see another canal-boat, propelled by another Armstrong motor, bearing down upon them. She fumbled distractedly among the ship's library, unearthed the naval code, and ran with it to her commander.

"Port your hellum!" cried he. "Quick!"

"How do you do it?" asked the lady breathlessly.

"Hard a-lee! Port, port! Luff her!" yelled the captain.

"I'd gladly do it, if I only knew how," said Mrs. Thurston, looking around her piteously. "Where do you begin?"

The other boat, meanwhile, was coming very close, its occupant shouting vigorously. Thurston dropped his pole, and dived into the naval code, muttering frantically: "Which tack are we on? How'm I going to signal if I haven't any whistle? Thunder! Thunder!"

There was a wild volley of advice, accompanied by a frenzied waving of the arms, from the other boat; and then, with a loud impact, the two struck sharply together. The little dumb brother took

upon himself the task of signaling, and burst into such an uproarious yapping that even the remarks of the stranger were drowned. Mrs. Thurston wrung her hands.

"Pass me the 'Traveler's Guide,' quick!" said Captain Thurston. "This is a case for arbitration." He turned the leaves rapidly, muttering over the headings. "'At the Tailor's,'—'At the Railway Station,'—'In a Picture-gallery'—oh, confound it, where's the one about a collision? Here's 'On Meeting a Stranger'—that might help." He cleared his throat, and read loudly, "How do you do, honored sir? It is a fine day!"

At this hollow formality the stranger's wrath boiled over, and he left his boat and stamped furiously on board the *Schimmelpennick*.

"You red-headed fool!" he roared, in fluent Dutch. "I'll show you what kind of a day it is!"

"I am much interested in your charming country," read Thurston hopefully, "and I would like to ask you—"

"Ask me at the police station," said the stranger grimly, clutching the *scheepskapitein's* arm.

"Now, none of that!" said the captain, relapsing into his native tongue. "I may be weak in navigation and in Dutch, but I'm strong on defending my

rights. Talk politely or get back to your own boat!"

He thrust the visitor forcibly from him, and put himself in the attitude of defense. The stranger, with black looks and a volley of earnest Dutch sentiment, turned away, but not to his own boat. Instead, he made a neat spring for the bank, and strode rapidly up a neighboring street, muttering still.

"Now, Genevieve," said the mariner quickly, "this looks to me like a good time to effect an *alibi*. Come on to dinner."

Mrs. Thurston glanced back over their course. They had traveled a good three blocks since early afternoon, but the starting-point was plainly visible.

"We're still pretty far from Delft, aren't we?" she said.

"Delft!" said the mariner. "If you want dinner in Delft, you'll have to tow a dead husband. We're going to the Vieux Doelen as fast as we can make tracks."

Mrs. Thurston brightened. "Oh, all right!" she said. "I'll run and change."

"No, you won't," said her lord decidedly. "It's now or never." He laid a plank to the shore and hurried her briskly off. To her protests he answered: "Wimpje will watch the boat; it's what I hired him for. I don't care how we look; it would take worse clothes than these to spoil my appetite. I don't care

what they think; we are upborne by the proud consciousness of virtue. Come, beat it, Genevieve! This is no time for repartee!"

However, it was but a few moments before they were hurrying back to the Schimmelpennick, faster than they had left it. They had been refused admission in restaurant after restaurant, because the custom of peasants was not desired. Mrs. Thurston's lip quivered, and her husband's eye flashed. The pangs of hunger were consumed in the flame of just resentment.

"It's enough to make a fellow turn socialist," said the angry mariner. "Think of the nerve of that head-waiter at the Doelen! Wait till I come back in my store-clothes, with a bomb in my pocket. I'll boost him!"

"Oh, my clothes!" sighed Mrs. Thurston—prettier than ever in her peasant garb and rosy indignation—"if I ever get into my own blessed clothes, I'll never, never take them off again!"

"Here he is!" exclaimed a voice in the gloom. "Arrest him, officer! He is a lunatic and a villain!"

A strong hand seized Thurston's collar. "You come with me, my fine fellow," said a voice. "To the police station, double-quick!"

Mrs. Thurston cried out; but the valiant mariner was calm.

"Never you mind, Genevieve," he said



MRS. THURSTON LOST ONE OF HER WOODEN SHOES OVERBOARD, AND HAD TO PAY FOUR DOLLARS FOR ANOTHER PAIR

loftily. "I'll teach them to abuse a citizen of a free country! Their coward hides shall smart for this. Go on board, and pull the plank in; I'll only stay long enough to teach them a lesson!"

Two hours later, a draggled figure, dripping from a summary passage of the canal, boarded the Schimmelpennick

body stole your suit and my blue foulard, and Wimpje tore up my hat."

Likewise tragically calm, her commander made no comment. He reached up the stairway for the log-book, and began to write.

Ship Schimmelpennick; first day of cruise. Latitude 41144, longitude 23. Lost a man



PENNILESS, FRIENDLESS, HOMELESS

and descended the soap-box stairway. A dirty kerosene-lamp lighted the drawing-room, the kitchen, and the sleeping apartments. Cockroaches and black beetles frisked nimbly over the floor. Wimpje lay on his back, snoring with an expression of imbecile content. The rest of the crew sat on a box, stony-eyed, her face stamped with a melancholy too deep for tears.

"What happened?" she asked, without preface.

"I lost," said the mariner briefly. "Had to pay fifty gulden or lose the boat."

"I thought so," said Mrs. Thurston calmly. "And while we were gone, some-

overboard. Motor broke down. Grub gave out; all hands starving. Encountered hostile natives; got defeated. Boarded by pirates; heavy losses.

He stared a moment thoughtfully at this entry, smeared away the water that trickled down his pencil-point, and added:

Very damp. Life on ocean wave has drawbacks.

IV

It would take nerves of steel and a heart of galvanized iron to follow in detail the agonizing experiences of the next days. Have you the courage, reader, to hear how the sight of Aunt Sophia out

walking kept the voyagers below decks a whole morning; how Wimpje assaulted a respectable burgher, and was fined by the police; how the captain, after his third collision, was made to pay tribute to the city for running a boat without a license; how the cockroaches made the Thurstons' food their daily promenade, and the Thurstons' persons the scene of their nightly revels? No; nor have I the heart to tell the harrowing tale. Let those two torn souls suffer in decent privacy, and let us pass humanely on.

"Tom," said Mrs. Thurston, "this is the day when you promised to write to Aunt Sophia."

"Good Heavens!" said the mariner. "Is it only three days since we left? It seems like three thousand lifetimes, all extra long."

"No, it's only Friday. You *must* write; she'll never forgive you if you don't."

"She'll never forgive me if I do, so it's all one," said the captain gloomily. "Whatever happens now, our hash is settled with Aunt Sophia. However, I'll die facing the enemy. Let it never be said that a Thurston's body was found on the battle-field with a back like a porous plaster!"

He pulled a moist pencil from his soggy pocket, and wrote:

DEAR AUNT SOPHIA:

It is with shame and sorrow that I write you from a place so near our starting-point. Misfortune has attended our path and delayed our progress. Indeed, I begin to perceive that a mariner's life is a painful one at best. My sympathy and respect for Uncle Joshua increase momentarily, and I can see why you think my labors are child's play beside his. I fear you will be much disappointed in me for having gone no farther; but I can only assure you that I have done my best, and remind you that angels can do no more. If you care to write, address us at Rotterdam, where we hope to be to-morrow night.

Your affectionate nephew,
T. H. THURSTON.

"How will you post it?" asked his wife.

"I'll give it to this fellow who's just catching up with us, and ask him to post it in Rotterdam," said he. "For myself, I feel doubtful whether I shall ever live

to see a letter-box again; man's only allowed threescore years and ten. Here, you, sir! Please take letter—put in mail-box—Rotterdam!"

The man hailed came alongside, and took the letter with a good-natured grin. His boat had one of the small auxiliary engines commonly seen on the Dutch canals, and traveled at a good speed for a craft of its proportions. He put the missive in his pocket, and chugged away southward; and the Thurstons, settling wearily down to the day's toil, looked after him with envious eyes.

Now, this man, if they had but known it, was the Thurstons' good angel. Instead of serving their interests as they—in their blind human ignorance—desired, by posting the letter at Rotterdam, he served them far better by forgetting them altogether. Thus, when he arrived at his home in Amsterdam that night, and celebrated the circumstance by going intoxicated to bed, his wife went through his pockets, and posted the letter herself, supposing it to be some concern of his employer's; and when it was finally delivered to the waiting Aunt Sophia, it bore the postmark of Amsterdam clear and plain upon its face.

So little, however, do we realize when we harbor these heavenly ministers, that the Thurstons looked at their angel critically, and Mrs. Thurston even went so far as to remark that he smelled very unpleasant.

With many distresses the journey continued. Wimpje raided a neighboring chicken-yard, and Captain Thurston's baggy breeches yielded of their store once more. Mrs. Thurston lost one of her wooden shoes overboard, and had to pay four dollars for another pair. The captain, in standing on his head to repair the Schimmelpennick's side after one of her collisions, lost his watch and all his change out of his pockets. And so, with blow upon blow and pang upon pang, the bold voyagers and the proud ship crept on to Rotterdam.

It was evening of the fifth day when they moored at the Linker Rotte Quay. They were securing Wimpje in the coalbin, preparatory to going ashore for their frugal meal, when they heard a shout from an approaching boat.

"I think that man wants to talk to

you," said Mrs. Thurston. "He's yelling and shaking his fists."

"Yes, he wants me, all right," said the captain. "He's got all the symptoms. Stand aside, Genevieve, in case he throws anything."

He walked to the bow and faced the new arrival boldly. A violent colloquy ensued. With the help of interested bystanders and of much gesticulating, it was made clear that Captain Thurston's title to the Schimmelpennick was not valid; that, in the absence of its owner, it had been let by an irresponsible third party; that Wimpje's family considered him to have been fraudulently abducted; and that the adventurers must pay five hundred gulden as damages or go to prison for theft.

By degrees the hot resistance of the captain was cowed into dull acquiescence. With his remaining money, his wife's watch, and Wimpje, he canceled the obligation; and the bold mariner and the stanch crew clumped wearily off the ship they had boarded with such high hopes. Wimpje, with one ear erect and the other at half-mast, watched their departure with a cynical look which did little credit to the quality of his heart.

Penniless, friendless, homeless, the wanderers stood in the dim twilight and watched the proud ship fade from view.

"There she goes," said the captain bitterly. "I took her to sail after Aunt Sophia's money, and she's sailed away with all our own, instead!"

Mrs. Thurston, mute and miserable, wiped away a tear.

"Schimmelpennick! Schimmelpennick! Where is the Schimmelpennick?" shouted a voice near them.

"Yonder," answered Thurston sepulchraly. "In the land of the Might-Have-Been."

The inquirer came toward them. "Are you Toorston, the Englishman?" he asked. "Yes! I see it by your hair. Take this!" He held out a letter, addressed in the firm chirography of Aunt Sophia.

Thurston opened it with trembling fingers, and they peered at it together. It ran thus:

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

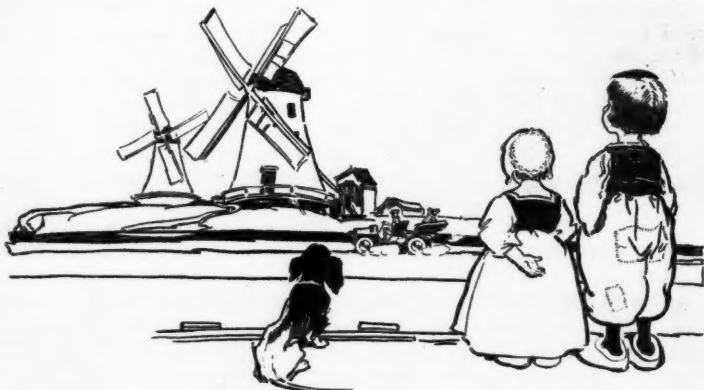
Your letter from Amsterdam has made me a proud woman. I am amazed and gratified at what you have done. You are not such fools as you look. The man who gives you this is waiting with an automobile to bring you home. I began to miss you as soon as you went, and am free to say I want to see you back again. Your Uncle Joshua would be proud of you; and I want you to understand that from this day I look upon you as a son and daughter.

Your affectionate aunt,
SOPHIA JENKS.

The two voyagers stared at each other blankly.

"What in the world does she mean?" gasped Mrs. Thurston.

"You can search me," said the *scheepskapitein*. A slow grin began to dawn over his worn features. "But I told you, Genevieve," he added, "the right was bound to triumph! Come on to the automobile!"



THE PRIMA DONNA*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF
THE KING," "FAIR MARGARET," ETC.

XXV

WHEN Logotheti and his doctor had taken Mr. Feist away from the hotel, to the no small satisfaction of the management, they had left precise instructions for forwarding the young man's letters and for informing his friends, if any appeared, as to his whereabouts. But Logotheti had not given his own name.

Sir Jasper Threlfall had chosen for their patient a private establishment in Ealing, owned and managed by a friend of his—a place for the treatment of morphia mania, opium-eating, and alcoholism.

To all intents and purposes, as Logotheti had told Margaret, Charles Feist might as well have been in jail. Every one knows how indispensable it is that persons who consent to be cured of drinking or taking opium, or whom it is attempted to cure, should be absolutely isolated, if only to prevent weak and pitying friends from yielding to their heartrending entreaties for the favorite drug and bringing them "just a little"; for their eloquence is often extraordinary, and their ingenuity in obtaining what they want is amazing.

So Mr. Feist was shut up in a pleasant room provided with double doors and two strongly barred windows that overlooked a pretty garden, beyond which there was a high brick wall half covered by a bright creeper, then just beginning to flower. The walls, the doors, the ceiling, and the floor were sound-proof, and the garden could not be reached without passing through the house.

As only male patients were received, the nurses and attendants were all men; for the treatment needed more firmness and sometimes strength than gentleness. It was uncompromising, as English methods often are. Except where life was actually in danger, there was no drink and no opium for anybody. When absolutely necessary, the resident doctor gave the patient hypodermics of something which he called by an unpronounceable name, lest the sufferer should afterward try to buy it. He smilingly described it as a new vegetable poison, and in fact it was nothing but dionine, a preparation of opium that differs but little from ordinary morphia.

Now Sir Jasper Threlfall was a very great doctor indeed, and his name commanded respect in London at large and inspired awe in the hospitals. Even the profession admitted reluctantly that he did not kill more patients than he cured, which is something for one fashionable doctor to say of another; for the regular answer to any inquiry about a rival practitioner is a smile—"a smile more dreadful than his own dreadful frown"—an indescribable smile, a meaning smile, a smile that is a libel in itself.

It had been an act of humanity to take the young man into medical custody, as it were, and it had been more or less necessary for the safety of the public, for Logotheti and the doctor had found him in a really dangerous state, as was amply proved by his attempting to cut his own throat and then to shoot Logotheti himself.

Sir Jasper said he had nothing especial the matter with him except drink;

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that when his nerves had recovered their normal tone his real character would appear, so that it would then be possible to judge more or less whether he had will enough to control himself in future. Logotheti agreed, but it occurred to him that one need not be knighted and write a dozen or more mysterious capital letters after one's name, and live in Harley Street, in order to reach such a simple conclusion; and as Logotheti was a millionaire, and liked his doctor for his own sake rather than for his skill, he told him this, and they both laughed heartily. Almost all doctors, except those in French plays, have some sense of humor.

On the third day Isidore Bamberger came to the door of the private hospital and asked to see Mr. Feist. Not having heard from him, he had been to the hotel and had there obtained the address.

The doorkeeper was a quiet man who had lost a leg in South Africa, after having been severely wounded five times in previous engagements. Mr. Bamberger, he said, could not see his friend yet. A part of the cure consisted in complete isolation from friends during the first stages of the treatment. Sir Jasper Threlfall had been to see Mr. Feist that morning. He had been twice already. Dr. Bream, the resident physician, gave the doorkeeper a bulletin every morning at ten for the benefit of each patient's friends; the notes were written on a card which the man held in his hand.

At the great man's name, Mr. Bamberger became thoughtful. A smart brougham drove up just then, and a tall woman, who wore a thick veil, got out and entered the vestibule where Bamberger was standing by the open door. The doorkeeper evidently knew her, for he glanced at his notes and spoke without being questioned.

"The young gentleman is doing well this week, my lady," he said. "Sleeps from three to four hours at a time. Is less excited. Appetite improving."

"Can I see him?" asked a sad and gentle voice through the veil.

"Not yet, my lady."

She sighed as she turned to go out, and Mr. Bamberger thought it was one of the saddest sighs he had ever heard. He was rather a soft-hearted man.

"Is it her son?" he asked, in a respectful sort of way.

"Yes, sir."

"Drink?" inquired Mr. Bamberger in the same tone.

"Not allowed to give any information except to family or friends, sir," answered the man. "Rule of the house, sir. Very strict."

"Quite right, of course. Excuse me for asking. But I must see Mr. Feist, unless he's out of his mind. It's very important."

"Dr. Bream sees visitors himself from ten to twelve, sir, after he's been his rounds to the patients' rooms. You'll have to get permission from him."

"But it's like a prison!" exclaimed Mr. Bamberger.

"Yes, sir," answered the old soldier imperturbably. "It's just like a prison. It's meant to be."

It was evidently impossible to get anything more out of the man, who did not pay the slightest attention to the cheerful little noise Mr. Bamberger made by jingling sovereigns in his waistcoat pocket; there was nothing to do but to go away, and Mr. Bamberger went out very much annoyed and perplexed.

He knew Van Torp well, or believed that he did, and it was like the man whose genius had created the Nickel Trust to have boldly sequestered his enemy's chief instrument, and in such a clever way as to make it probable that Mr. Feist might be kept in confinement as long as his captor chose. Doubtless such a high-handed act would ultimately go against the latter when on his trial, but in the meantime the chief witness was locked up and could not get out. Sir Jasper Threlfall would state that his patient was in such a state of health, owing to the abuse of alcohol, that it was not safe to set him at liberty, and that in his present condition his mind was so unsettled by drink that he could not be regarded as a sane witness; and if Sir Jasper Threlfall said that, it would not be easy to get Charles Feist out of Dr. Bream's establishment in less than three months.

Mr. Bamberger was obliged to admit that his partner, chief, and enemy had stolen a clever march on him. Being of a practical turn of mind, however, and

not hampered by much faith in mankind, even in the most eminent, who write mysterious capital letters after their names, he wondered to what extent Van Torp owned Sir Jasper, and he went to see him on pretense of asking advice about his liver.

The great man gave him two guineas' worth of thumping, auscultating, and poking in the ribs, and told him rather disagreeably that he was as healthy as a young crocodile, and had a somewhat similar constitution. A partner of Mr. Van Torp, the American financier? Indeed! Sir Jasper had heard the name, but had never seen the millionaire, and asked politely whether he sometimes came to England.

It is not untruthful to ask a question to which one knows the answer. Mr. Bamberger, for instance, who knew that he was perfectly well, was just going to put down two guineas for having been told so, in answer to a question.

"I believe you are treating Mr. Feist," he said, going more directly to the point.

"Mr. Feist?" repeated the great authority vaguely.

"Yes. Mr. Charles Feist. He's at Dr. Bream's private hospital in West Kensington."

"Ah, yes," said Sir Jasper. "Dr. Bream is treating him. He's not a patient of mine."

"I thought I'd ask you what his chances are," observed Isidore Bamberger, fixing his sharp eyes on the famous doctor's face. "He used to be my private secretary."

He might just as well have examined the back of the doctor's head.

"He's not a patient of mine," Sir Jasper said. "I'm only one of the visiting doctors at Dr. Bream's establishment. I don't go there unless he sends for me, and I keep no notes of his cases. You will have to ask him. If I am not mistaken, his hours are from ten to twelve. And now"—Sir Jasper rose—"as I can only congratulate you on your splendid health—no, I really cannot prescribe anything—literally nothing—"

Isidore Bamberger had left three patients in the waiting-room and was obliged to go away, as his "splendid health" did not afford him the slightest pretext for asking more questions. He

deposited his two guineas on the mantel-piece neatly wrapped in a bit of note-paper, and he said "Good morning" as he went out.

"Good morning," answered Sir Jasper, and as Mr. Bamberger crossed the threshold the single clanging stroke of the doctor's bell was heard, summoning the next patient.

The American man of business was puzzled, for he was a good judge of humanity and was sure that when the Englishman said that he had never seen Van Torp he was telling the literal truth. Mr. Bamberger was convinced that there had been some agreement between them to make it impossible for any one to see Feist. He knew the latter well, however, and had great confidence in his remarkable power of holding his tongue, even when under the influence of drink.

When Tiberius had to choose between two men equally well fitted for a post of importance, he had them both to supper and chose the one who was least affected by wine, not at all for the sake of seeing the match, but on the excellent principle that in an age when heavy drinking was the rule the man who could swallow the largest quantity without becoming talkative was the one to be best trusted with a secret.

Bamberger, on the same principle, believed that Charles Feist would hold his tongue, and he also felt tolerably sure that the former secretary had no compromising papers in his possession, for his memory had always been extraordinary. Feist had formerly been able to carry in his mind a number of letters which Bamberger "talked off" to him consecutively without even using shorthand, and could type them afterward with unflinching accuracy. It was, therefore, unlikely that he kept notes of the articles he wrote about Van Torp.

His employer did not know that Feist's memory was failing from drink, and that he no longer trusted his marvelous faculty. Van Torp had sequestered him and shut him up, Bamberger believed; but neither Van Torp nor any one else would get anything out of him.

And if any one made him talk, what great harm would be done, after all? It was not to be supposed that such a man as Isidore Bamberger had trusted only

to his own keenness in collecting evidence, or to a few penciled notes as a substitute for the principal witness himself, when an accident might happen at any moment to a man who led such a life. The case for the prosecution had been quietly prepared during several months past, and the evidence that was to send Rufus Van Torp to execution, or to an asylum for the criminal insane for life, was in the safe of Isidore Bamberger's lawyer in New York, unless at that very moment it was already in the hands of the public prosecutor.

A couple of cables would do the rest at any time, and in a few hours. In murder cases the extradition treaty works as smoothly as the telegraph itself. The American authorities would apply to the English Home Secretary, the order would go to Scotland Yard, and Van Torp would be arrested immediately and taken home by the first steamer, to be tried in New York.

Six months earlier he might have pleaded insanity with a possible chance, but in the present state of feeling the plea would hardly be admitted. A man who has been held up to public execration in the press for weeks, and whom no one attempts to defend, is in a bad case if a well-grounded accusation of murder is brought against him at such a moment; and Isidore Bamberger firmly believed in the truth of the charge and in the validity of the evidence.

XXVI

LEAVING Sir Jasper Threlfall's door, Mr. Bamberger walked slowly down Harley Street to Cavendish Square, with his head low between his shoulders, his hat far back on his head, his eyes on the pavement, and the shiny toes of his patent-leather boots turned well out. His bowed legs were incased in loose black trousers, and had as many angles as the fore paws of a dachshund or a Dandie Dinmont. The peculiarities of his ungainly gait and figure were even more apparent than usual, and as he walked he swung his long arms, which ended in large black gloves that looked as if they were stuffed with sawdust.

Yet there was something in his face that set him far beyond and above ridicule, and the passers-by saw it and won-

dered gravely who and what this man in black might be, and what great misfortune and still greater passion had molded the tragic mark upon his features. None of those who looked at him glanced at his heavy, ill-made figure, or noticed his clumsy walk, or realized that he was most evidently a typical German Jew, who perhaps kept an antiquity-shop in Wardour Street, and had put on his best coat to call on a rich collector in the West End.

Those who saw him only saw his face, and went on, feeling that they had passed near something greater and sadder and stronger than anything in their own lives could ever be.

But he went on his way, unconscious of the men and women he met, and not thinking where he went, crossing Oxford Street and then turning down Regent Street and following it to Piccadilly and the Haymarket. Just before he reached the theater, he slackened his pace and looked about him, as if he were waking up; and there, in the cross street, just behind the theater, he saw a telegraph-office.

He entered, pushed his hat still a little farther back, and wrote a cable message. It was as short as it could be, for it consisted of one word only besides the address, and that one word had only two letters:

"Go."

That was all, and there was nothing mysterious about the syllable, for almost any one would understand that it was used as in starting a foot-race, and meant, "Begin operations at once!"

It was the word agreed upon between Isidore Bamberger and his lawyer. The latter had been allowed all the latitude required in such a case, for he had instructions to lay the evidence before the district attorney without delay, if anything happened to make immediate action seem advisable. In any event, he was to do so on receiving the message which had now been sent.

The evidence consisted, in the first place, of certain irrefutable proofs that Miss Bamberger had not died from shock, but had been killed by a thin and extremely sharp instrument with which she had been stabbed in the back. Isidore Bamberger's own doctor had satisfied

himself of this, and had signed his statement under oath, and Bamberger had instantly thought of a certain thin steel letter-opener which Van Torp always had in his pocket.

Next came the affidavit of Paul Griggs. The witness knew the opera-house well. Had been in the orchestra on the night in question. Had not moved from his seat till the performance was over, and had been one of the last to get out into the corridor. There was a small door in the corridor on the south side which was generally shut. It opened upon a passage communicating with the part of the building that is let for business offices. Witness's attention had been attracted by part of a red silk dress which lay on the floor outside the door, the latter being ajar. Suspecting an accident, witness opened door, found Miss Bamberger, and carried her to manager's room, not far off. On reaching home had found stains of blood on his hands. Had said nothing of this, because he had seen notice of the lady's death from shock in next morning's paper. Was nevertheless convinced that blood must have been on her dress.

The murder was therefore proved. But the victim had not been robbed of her jewelry, which showed that, if the crime was committed by a lunatic, the motive for it must have been personal.

With regard to identity of the murderer, Charles Feist deponed that on the night in question he had entered the opera-house late, having only an admission to the standing-room; that he was close to one of the doors when the explosion took place, and had been one of the first to leave the house. The emergency lights in the corridors were on a separate circuit, but had been also momentarily extinguished. They were up again before those in the house. The crowd had at once become jammed in the doorways, so that people got out much more slowly than might have been expected. Many actually fell in the exits and were trampled on. Then Mme. Cordova had begun to sing in the dark, and the panic had ceased in a few seconds. The witness did not think that more than three hundred people altogether had got out through the several doors. He himself had at once made for the main en-

trance. A few persons rushed past him in the dark, descending the stairs from the boxes. One or two fell on the steps.

Just as the emergency lights went up again, witness saw a young lady in a red silk dress fall, but did not see her face distinctly; he was certain that she had a short string of pearls round her throat. They gleamed in the light as she fell. She was instantly lifted to her feet by Mr. Rufus Van Torp, who must have been following her closely. She seemed to have hurt herself a little, and he almost carried her down the corridor in the direction of the carriage lobby on the Thirty-Ninth Street side. The two then disappeared through a door. The witness would swear to the door, and he described its position accurately. It seemed to have been left ajar, but there was no light on the other side of it. The witness did not know where the door led to. He had often wondered. It was not for the use of the public. He frequently went to the opera, and was perfectly familiar with the corridors. It was behind this door that Paul Griggs had found Miss Bamberger.

Questioned as to a possible motive for the murder, the witness stated that Rufus Van Torp was known to have shown homicidal tendencies, though otherwise perfectly sane. In his early youth he had lived four years on a cattle-ranch as a cow-puncher, and had undoubtedly killed two men during that time. Witness had been private secretary to his partner, Mr. Isidore Bamberger, and while so employed Mr. Van Torp had fired a revolver at him in his private office in a fit of passion about a message witness was sent to deliver. Two clerks in a neighboring room had heard the shot. Believing Mr. Van Torp to be mad, witness had said nothing at the time, but had left Mr. Bamberger soon afterward. It was always said that, several years ago, on board of his steam-yacht, Mr. Van Torp had once violently pulled a friend who was on board out of his berth at two in the morning, and had dragged him on deck, saying that he must throw him overboard and drown him, as the only way of saving his soul. The watch on deck had had great difficulty in overpowering Mr. Van Torp, who was very strong.

With regard to the late Miss Bamberger, the witness thought that Mr. Van Torp had killed her to get rid of her, because she was in possession of facts that would ruin him if they were known, and because she had threatened to reveal them to her father. If she had done so, Van Torp would have been completely in his partner's power. Mr. Bamberger could have made a beggar of him as the only alternative to penal servitude.

Questioned as to the nature of this information, witness said that it concerned the explosion which had been planned by Van Torp for his own purposes. Either in a moment of expansion, under the influence of the drug he was in the habit of taking, or else in real anxiety for her safety, he had told Miss Bamberger that the explosion would take place, warning her to remain in her home, which was situated on the Riverside Drive, very far from the scene of the disaster. She had undoubtedly been so horrified that she had thereupon insisted upon dissolving her engagement to marry him, and had threatened to inform her father of the horrible plot. She had never really wished to marry Van Torp, but had accepted him in deference to her father's wishes. He was known to be devoting himself at that very time to a well-known prima donna engaged at the Metropolitan, and Miss Bamberger probably had some suspicion of this. Witness said the motive seemed sufficient, considering that the accused had already twice taken human life. His choice lay between killing her and falling into the power of his partner. He had injured Mr. Bamberger, as was well known, and Mr. Bamberger was a resentful man.

The latter part of Charles Feist's deposition was certainly more in the nature of an argument than of evidence pure and simple, and it might not be admitted in court; but Isidore Bamberger had instructed his lawyer, and the public prosecutor would say it all, and more also, and say it much better; and public opinion was roused all over the United States against the Nickel Tyrant, as Van Torp was now called.

In support of the main point there was a short note to Miss Bamberger in Van Torp's handwriting, which had afterward been found on her dressing-table. It

must have arrived before she had gone out to dinner. It contained a final and urgent entreaty that she would not go to the opera, nor leave the house that evening, and was signed with Van Torp's initials only, but no one who knew his handwriting would be likely to doubt that the note was genuine.

There were some other scattered pieces of evidence which fitted the rest very well. Mr. Van Torp had not been seen at his own house, nor in any club, nor down-town, after he had gone out on Wednesday afternoon, until the following Friday, when he had returned to make his final arrangements for sailing the next morning. Bamberger had employed a first-rate detective, but only one, to find out all that could be discovered about Van Torp's movements. The millionaire had been at the house on Riverside Drive early in the afternoon to see Miss Bamberger, as he had told Margaret on board the steamer; but Bamberger had not seen his daughter after that till she was brought home dead, for he had been detained by an important meeting at which he presided, and, knowing that she was dining out to go to the theater, he had telephoned that he would dine at his club. He himself had tried to telephone to Van Torp later in the evening, but had not been able to find him, and had not seen him till Friday.

This was the substance of the evidence which Bamberger's lawyer and the detective would lay before the district attorney on receiving the cable.

XXVII

WHEN Lady Maud stopped at Margaret's house on her way to the theater she had been dining at Princes' with a small party of people, among whom Paul Griggs had found himself, and as there was no formality to hinder her from choosing her own place, she had sat down next to him. The table was large and round, and the sixty or seventy other diners in the room made a certain amount of noise, so that it was easy to talk in undertones while the conversation of the others was general.

The veteran man of letters was an old acquaintance of Lady Maud's; and as she made no secret of her friendship with Rufus Van Torp, it was not sur-

prising that Griggs should warn her of the latter's danger. As he had expected when he left New York, he had received a visit from a "high-class" detective, who came to find out what he knew about Miss Bamberger's death.

This is a bad world, as we all know, and it is made so by a good many varieties of bad people. As Mr. Van Torp had said to Logotheti, "different kinds of cats have different kinds of ways," and the various classes of criminals are pursued by various classes of detectives. Many are ex-policemen, and make up the pack that hunts the well-dressed lady shoplifter, the gentle pickpocket, the agile burglar, the Paris Apache, and the common murderer of the *Bill Sykes* type; they are good dogs in their way, if you do not press them, though they are rather apt to give tongue. But when they are not ex-policemen, they are always ex-something else, since there is no college for detectives, and it is not probable that any young man ever deliberately began life with the intention of becoming one.

Edgar Poe invented the amateur detective, and modern writers have developed him till he is a familiar and always striking figure in fiction and on the stage. Whether he really exists or not does not matter. I have heard a great living painter ask the question: What has art to do with truth? But as a matter of fact, Paul Griggs, who had seen a vast deal, had never met an amateur detective; and my own impression is that if one existed he would instantly turn himself into a professional because it would be so very profitable.

The one who called on Griggs in his lodgings wrote "barrister-at-law" after his name, and had the right to do so. He had languished in chambers, briefless and half starving, either because he had no talent for the bar, or because he had failed to marry a solicitor's daughter. He himself was inclined to attribute his want of success to the latter cause. But he had not wasted his time, though he was more than metaphorically threadbare, and his waist would have made a sensation at a staymaker's. He had watched and pondered on many curious cases for years; and one day, when a "high-class" criminal had baffled the police and had well-nigh confounded the

attorney-general and proved himself a saint, the starving barrister had gone quietly to work in his own way, had discovered the truth, had taken his information to the prosecution, had been the means of sending the high-class one to penal servitude, and had covered himself with glory; since when he had grown sleek and well-liking, if not rich, as a professional detective.

Griggs had been perfectly frank, and had told without hesitation all he could remember of the circumstances. In answer to further questions, he said he knew Mr. Van Torp tolerably well, and had not seen him in the opera-house on the evening of the murder. He did not know whether the financier's character was violent. If it was, he had never seen any notable manifestation of temper.

Did he know that Mr. Van Torp had once lived on a ranch, and had killed two men in a shooting affray? Yes, he had heard so, but the shooting might have been in self-defense.

Did he know anything about the blowing up of the works of which Van Torp had been accused in the papers? Nothing more than the public knew.

Or anything about the circumstances of Van Torp's engagement to Miss Bamberger? Nothing whatever.

Would he read the statement and sign his name to it? He would, and he did.

Griggs thought the young man acted more like an ordinary lawyer than a detective, and said so with a smile.

"Oh, no," was the quiet answer. "In my business it's quite as important to recognize honesty as it is to detect fraud. That's all."

For his own part, the man of letters did not care a straw whether Van Torp had committed the murder or not, but he thought it very unlikely. On general principles, he thought the law usually found out the truth in the end, and he was ready to do what he could to help it. He held his tongue, and told no one about the detective's visit, because he had no intimate friend in England; partly, too, because he wished to keep his name out of what was now called "the Van Torp scandal."

He would never have alluded to the matter if he had not accidentally found himself next to Lady Maud at dinner.

She had always liked him and trusted him, and he liked her and her father. On that evening she spoke of Van Torp within the first ten minutes, and expressed her honest indignation at the general attack made on "the kindest man that ever lived." Then Griggs felt that she had a sort of right to know what was being done to bring against her friend an accusation of murder, for he believed Van Torp innocent, and was sure that Lady Maud would warn him; but it was for her sake only that Griggs spoke, because he pitied her.

She took it more calmly than he had expected, but she grew a little paler, and that look came into her eyes which Margaret and Logotheti saw there an hour afterward. Presently she asked Griggs if he too would join the week-end party at Craythew, telling him that Van Torp would be there. Griggs accepted, after a moment's hesitation.

She was not quite sure why she had so frankly appealed to Logotheti for help when they left Margaret's house together, but she was not disappointed in his answer. He was "exotic," as she had said of him; he was hopelessly in love with Cordova, who disliked Van Torp, and he could not be expected to take much trouble for any other woman; she had not the very slightest claim on him. Yet she had asked him to help her in a way which might be anything but lawful, even supposing that it did not involve positive cruelty.

For she had not been married to Leven four years without learning something of Asiatic practises, and she knew that there were more means of making a man tell a secret than by persuasion or wily cross-examination. It was all very well to keep within the bounds of the law and civilization, but where the whole existence of her best friend was at stake, Lady Maud was much too simple, primitive, and feminine to be hampered by any such artificial considerations, and she turned naturally to a man who did not seem to be a slave to them either. She had not quite dared to hope that he would help her, and his readiness to do so was something of a surprise; but she would have been astonished if he had been in the least shocked at the implied suggestion of deliberately torturing Charles Feist

till he revealed the truth about the murder. She only felt a little uncomfortable when she reflected that Feist might not know it after all, whereas she had boldly told Logotheti that he did.

If the Greek had hesitated for a few seconds before giving his answer, it was, not that he was doubtful of his own willingness to do what she wished, but because he questioned his power to do it. The request itself appealed to the Oriental's love of excitement and to his taste for the uncommon in life. If he had not sometimes found occasions for satisfying both, he could not have lived in Paris and London at all, but would have gone back to Constantinople, which is the last refuge of romance in Europe, the last hiding-place of medieval adventure, the last city of which a new "Decameron" of tales could still be told, and might still be true.

Lady Maud had good nerves, and she watched the play with her friends and talked between the acts, very much as if nothing had happened, except that she was pale and there was that look in her eyes. Only Paul Griggs noticed it, because he had a way of watching the small changes of expression that may mean tragedy, but more often signify indigestion, or too much strong tea, or a dun's letter, or a tight shoe, or a bad hand at bridge, or the presence of a bore in the room, or the flat failure of expected pleasure, or sauce spilt on a new gown by a rival's butler, or being left out of something small and smart, or any of those minor aches that are the inheritance of the social flesh, and drive women perfectly mad while they last.

But Griggs knew that none of these troubles afflicted Lady Maud, and when he spoke to her now and then, between the acts, she felt his sympathy for her in every word and inflection.

She was glad when the evening was over and she was at home in her dressing-room, and there was no more effort to be made till the next day. But even alone, she did not behave or look very differently; she twisted up her thick brown hair herself, as methodically as ever, and laid out the black velvet gown on the lounge after shaking it out, so that it should be creased as little as possible; but when she was ready to go to bed she put on a

dressing-gown and sat down at her table to write to Rufus Van Torp.

She had written half a dozen lines when she laid down the pen, to unlock a small drawer, from which she took an old blue envelope that had never been sealed, though it was a good deal the worse for wear. There was a photograph in it, which she laid before her on the letter; and she looked down at it steadily, resting her elbows on the table and her forehead and temples in her hands.

It was a snapshot photograph of a young officer in khaki and puttees, not very well taken, and badly mounted on a bit of white pasteboard that might have been cut from a bandbox with a pen-knife; but it was all she had, and there could never be another.

She looked at it a long time.

"You understand, dear," she said at last, very low; "you understand."

She put it away again and locked the drawer before she went on with her letter to Van Torp. It was easy enough to tell him what she had learned about Feist from Logotheti; it was even possible that he had found it out for himself, and had not taken the trouble to inform her of the fact. Apart from the approval that friendship inspires, she had always admired the cool discernment of events which he showed when great things were at stake. But it was one thing, she now told him, to be indifferent to the stupid attacks of the press; it would be quite another to allow himself to be accused of murder. The time had come when he must act, and without delay. There was a limit beyond which indifference became culpable apathy. It was clear enough now, she said, that all these attacks on him had been made to ruin him in the estimation of the public on both sides of the Atlantic before striking the first blow, as he himself had guessed. Griggs was surely not an alarmist, and Griggs said confidently that Van Torp's enemies meant business. Without doubt, a mass of evidence had been carefully got together during the past three months, and it was pretty sure that an attempt would be made before long to arrest him. Would he do nothing to make such an outrage impossible?

She had not forgotten, she could never forget, what she owed him; but, on his

side, he owed something to her, and to the great friendship that bound them to each other. Who was this man Feist, and who was behind him? She did not know why she was so sure that he knew the truth, supposing that there had really been a murder, but her instinct told her so.

Lady Maud was not gifted with much power of writing, for she was not clever at books, or with pen and ink, but she wrote her letter with deep conviction and striking clearness. The only point of any importance which she did not mention was that Logotheti had promised to help her, and she did not write of that because she was not really sure that he could do anything, though she was convinced that he would try.

She was very anxious. She was horrified when she thought of what might happen if nothing were done. She entreated Van Torp to answer that he would take steps to defend himself; and that, if possible, he would come to town so that they might consult together.

She finished her letter and went to bed; but her good nerves failed her for once, and it was a long time before she could get to sleep. It was absurd, of course, but she remembered every case she had ever heard of in which innocent men had been convicted of crimes they had not committed and had suffered for them; and in a hideous instant, between waking and dozing, she saw Rufus Van Torp hanged before her eyes.

The impression was so awful that she started from her pillow with a cry and turned up the electric-lamp. It was not till the light flooded the room that the image quite faded away and she could let her head rest on the pillow again, and even then her heart was beating violently, as it had only beaten once in her life before that night.

XXVIII

SIR JASPER THRELFALL did not know how long it would be before Mr. Feist could safely be discharged from the establishment in which Logotheti had so kindly placed him. Dr. Bream said "it was as bad a case of chronic alcoholism as he often saw." What has grammar to do with the treatment of the nerves?

Mr. Feist said he did not want to be

cured of chronic alcoholism, and demanded that he should be let out at once. Dr. Bream answered that it was against his principles to discharge a patient half cured. Mr. Feist retorted that it was a violation of personal liberty to cure a man against his will. The physician smiled kindly at a view he heard expressed every day, and which the law shared, though it might not be very ready to support it.

Physically, Mr. Feist was afraid of Dr. Bream, who had played football for Guy's Hospital and had the complexion of a healthy baby and a quiet eye. So the patient changed his tone, and whined for something to calm his agitated nerves. One teaspoonful of whisky was all he begged for, and he promised not to ask for it to-morrow if he might have it to-day. The doctor was obdurate about spirits, but felt his pulse, examined the pupils of his eyes, and promised him a calming hypodermic in an hour. It was too soon after breakfast, he said. Mr. Feist only once attempted to use violence, and then two large men came into the room, as quiet and healthy as the doctor himself, and gently but firmly put him to bed, tucking him up in such an extraordinary way that he found it quite impossible to move or to get his hands out; and Dr. Bream, smiling with exasperating calm, stuck a needle into his shoulder, after which he presently fell asleep.

He had been drinking hard for years, so that it was a very bad case; and besides, he seemed to have something on his mind, which made it worse.

Logotheti came to see him now, and took a vast deal of trouble to be agreeable. At his first visit, Feist flew into a rage and accused the Greek of having kidnaped him and shut him up in a prison, where he was treated like a lunatic. To this, Logotheti was quite indifferent; he only shook his head rather sadly, and offered Feist a very excellent cigarette, such as it was quite impossible to buy, even in London. After a little hesitation the patient took it, and the effect was very soothing to his temper.

Indeed, it was wonderful, for in less than two minutes his features relaxed, his eyes became quiet, and he actually apologized for having spoken so rudely.

Logotheti had been kindness itself, he said, had saved his life at the very moment when he was going to cut his throat, and had been in all respects the good Samaritan. The cigarette was perfectly delicious. It was about the best smoke he had enjoyed since he had left the States, he said. He wished Logotheti to please to understand that he wanted to settle up for all expenses as soon as possible, and to pay his weekly bills at Dr. Bream's. There had been twenty or thirty pounds in notes in his pocketbook, and a letter of credit, but all his things had been taken away from him. He concluded it was all right, but it seemed rather strenuous to take his papers, too. Perhaps Mr. Logotheti, who was so kind, would make sure that they were in a safe place, and tell the doctor to let him see any other friends who called. Then he asked for another of those wonderful cigarettes, but Logotheti was awfully sorry—there had only been two, and he had just smoked the other himself. He showed his empty case.

"By the way," he said, "if the doctor should happen to come in and notice the smell of the smoke, don't tell him that you had one of mine. My tobacco is rather strong, and he might think it would do you harm, you know. I see that you have some light ones there, on the table. Just let him think that you smoked one of them. I promise to bring some more to-morrow, and we'll have a couple together."

That was what Logotheti said, and it comforted Mr. Feist, who recognized the opium at once; all that afternoon and through all the next morning he told himself that he was to have another of those cigarettes, and perhaps two, at three o'clock in the afternoon, when Logotheti had said that he would come again.

Before leaving his own rooms on the following day, the Greek put four cigarettes into his case, for he had not forgotten his promise; he took two from a box that lay on the table, and placed them so that they would be nearest to his own hand when he offered his case, but he took the other two from a drawer which was always locked, and of which the key was at one end of his superornate watch-chain, and he placed them on the other side of the case, conveniently for

a friend to take. All four cigarettes looked exactly alike.

If any one had pointed out to him that an Englishman would not think it fair play to drug a man deliberately, Logotheti would have smiled and would have replied by asking whether it was fair play to accuse an innocent man of murder, a retort which would only become unanswerable if it could be proved that Van Torp was suspected unjustly. But to this objection, again, the Greek would have replied that he had been brought up in Constantinople, where they did things in that way; and that, except for the trifling obstacle of the law, there was no particular reason for not strangling Mr. Feist with the English equivalent for a bowstring, since he had printed a disagreeable story about Miss Donne, and was, besides, a very offensive sort of person in appearance and manner. There had always been a certain directness about Logotheti's view of man's rights.

He went to see Mr. Feist every day at three o'clock, in the most kind way possible, made himself as agreeable as he could, and gave him cigarettes with a good deal of opium in them. He also presented Feist with a pretty little asbestos lamp which was constructed to purify the air, and had a really wonderful capacity for absorbing the rather peculiar odor of the cigarettes.

Dr. Bream always made his round in the morning, and the men nurses he employed to take care of his patients either did not notice anything unusual, or supposed that Logotheti smoked some "outlandish Turkish stuff," and, because he was a privileged person, they said nothing about it. As he had brought the patient to the establishment to be cured, it was really not to be supposed that he would supply him with forbidden narcotics.

Now, to a man who is poisoned with drink and is suddenly deprived of it, opium is from the beginning as delightful as it is nauseous to most healthy people when they first taste it; and during the next four or five days, while Feist appeared to be improving faster than might have been expected, he was in reality acquiring such a craving for his daily dose of smoke that it would soon

be acute suffering to be deprived of it; and this was what Logotheti wished. He would have supplied him with brandy if he had not been sure that the contraband would be discovered and stopped by the doctor; but opium, in the hands of one who knows exactly how it is used, is very much harder to detect, unless the doctor sees the smoker when he is under the influence of the drug, while the pupils of the eye are unnaturally contracted and the face is relaxed in that expression of beatitude which only the great narcotics can produce—the state which Baudelaire called the "artificial paradise."

During these daily visits Logotheti became very confidential; that is to say, he exercised all his ingenuity in the attempt to make Feist talk about himself. But he was not very successful. Broken as the man was, his characteristic reticence was scarcely at all relaxed, and it was quite impossible to get beyond the barrier.

One day Logotheti gave him a cigarette more than usual, as an experiment, but he went to sleep almost immediately, sitting up in his chair. The opium, as a moderate substitute for liquor, temporarily restored the habitual tone of his system and revived his natural self-control, and Logotheti soon gave up the idea of extracting any secret from him in a moment of garrulous expansion.

There was the other way, which was now prepared, and the Greek had learned enough about his victim to justify him in using it. The cipher expert who had been at work on Feist's diary had now completed his key and brought Logotheti the translation. He was a rather shabby little man, a penman employed to do occasional odd jobs about the Foreign Office, such as engrossing documents and the like, by which he earned from eightpence to half a crown an hour, according to the style of penmanship required, and he was well known in the criminal courts as an expert on handwriting in forgery cases.

He brought his work to Logotheti, who at once asked for the long entry concerning the night of the explosion. The expert turned to it and read it aloud. It was a statement of the circumstances to which Feist was prepared

to swear, and which have been summed up in a previous chapter. Van Torp was not mentioned by name in the diary, but was referred to as "he"; the other entries in the journal, however, fully proved that Van Torp was meant, even if Logotheti had felt any doubt of it.

The expert informed him, however, that the entry was not the original one, which had apparently been much shorter, and had been obliterated in the ordinary way with a solution of chlorid of lime. Here and there very pale traces of the previous writing were faintly visible, but there was not enough to give the sense of what was gone. This proved that the ink had not been long dry when it had been removed, as the expert explained. It was very hard to destroy old writing so completely that neither heat nor chemicals would bring it out again. Therefore Feist must have decided to change the entry soon after he had made it, and probably on the next day.

The expert had not found any other page which had been similarly treated. The shabby little man looked at Logotheti, and Logotheti looked at him, and both nodded; and the Greek paid him generously for his work.

It was clear that Feist had meant to aid his own memory, and had rather clumsily tampered with his diary in order to make it agree with the evidence he intended to give, rather than meaning to produce the notes in court. What Logotheti meant to find out was what the man himself really knew and what he had first written down; that, and some other things. In conversation, Logotheti had asked him to describe the panic at the theater, and Cordova's singing in the dark, but Feist's answers had been anything but interesting.

"You can't remember much about that kind of thing," he had said in his drawling way, "because there isn't much to remember. There was a crash, and the lights went out, and people fought their way to the doors in the dark till there was a general squash; then Mme. Cordova began to sing, and that kind of calmed things down till the lights went up again. That's about all I remember."

His recollections did not at all agree with what he had entered in his diary; but though Logotheti tried a second time

two days later, Feist repeated the same story with absolute verbal accuracy. The Greek asked him if he had known "that poor Miss Bamberger who died of shock." Feist blew out a cloud of drugged tobacco-smoke before he answered, with one of his disagreeable smiles, that he had known her pretty well, for he had been her father's private secretary. He explained that he had given up the place because he had come into some money. Mr. Bamberger was "a very pleasant gentleman," Feist declared, and poor Miss Bamberger had been a "superb dresser and a first-class conversationalist, and was a severe loss to her friends and admirers."

Though Logotheti, who was only a Greek, did not understand every word of this panegyric, he perceived that it was intended for the highest praise. He said he should like to know Mr. Bamberger, and was sorry that he had not known Miss Bamberger, who had been engaged to marry Mr. Van Torp, as every one had heard.

He thought he saw a difference in Feist's expression, but was not sure of it. The pale, unhealthy, and yet absurdly youthful face was not naturally mobile, and the almost colorless eyes always had rather a fixed and staring look. Logotheti was aware of a new meaning in them rather than of a distinct change. He accordingly went on to say that he had heard poor Miss Bamberger spoken of as heartless, and he brought out the word so unexpectedly that Feist looked sharply at him.

"Well," he said, "some people certainly thought so. I dare say she was. It don't matter much, now she's dead, anyway."

"She paid for it, poor girl!" answered Logotheti very deliberately. "They say she was murdered."

The change in Feist's face was now unmistakable. There was a drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and a lowering of the lids that meant something, and the unhealthy complexion took a grayish shade. Logotheti was too wise to watch his intended victim, and leaned back in a careless attitude, gazing out of the window at the bright creeper on the opposite wall.

"I've heard it suggested," said Mr.

Feist rather thickly, out of a perfect storm of drugged smoke.

It came out of his ugly nostrils, it blew out of his mouth, it seemed to issue even from his ears and eyes.

"I suppose we shall never know the truth," said Logotheti in an idle tone, and not seeming to look at his companion. "Mr. Griggs—do you remember Mr. Griggs, the author, at the Turkish Embassy, where we first met? Tall old fellow, sad-looking, bony, hard. You remember him, don't you?"

"Why, yes," drawled Feist, emitting more smoke. "I know him quite well."

"He found blood on his hands after he had carried her. Had you not heard that? I wondered whether you saw her that evening. Did you?"

"I saw her from a distance in the box with her friends," answered Feist, steadily.

"Did you see her afterward?"

The direct question came suddenly, and the strained look in Feist's face became more intense. Logotheti fancied he understood very well what was passing in the young man's mind; he intended to swear in court that he had seen Van Torp drag the girl to the place where her body was afterward found; and if he now denied this, the Greek, who was probably Van Torp's friend, might appear as a witness and narrate the present conversation; and though this would not necessarily invalidate the evidence, it might weaken it in the opinion of the jury. Feist had of course suspected that Logotheti had some object in forcing him to undergo a cure, and this suspicion had been confirmed by the opium cigarettes, which he would have refused after the first time if he had possessed the strength of mind to do so.

While Logotheti watched him, three small drops of perspiration appeared high up on his forehead, just where the parting of his hair began; for he felt that he must make up his mind what to say, and several seconds had already elapsed since the question.

"As a matter of fact," he said at last, with an evident effort, "I did catch sight of Miss Bamberger later."

He had been aware of the moisture on his forehead, and had hoped that Logotheti would not notice it, but the drops

now gathered and rolled down, so that he was obliged to take out his handkerchief.

"It's getting quite hot," he said, by way of explanation.

"Yes," answered Logotheti, humoring him, "the room is warm. You must have been one of the last people who saw Miss Bamberger alive," he added. "Was she trying to get out?"

"I suppose so."

Logotheti pretended to laugh a little.

"You must have been quite sure when you saw her," he said.

Feist was in a very overwrought condition by this time, and Logotheti reflected that if his nerve did not improve he would make a bad impression on a jury.

"Now I'll tell you the truth," he said, rather desperately.

"By all means!" And Logotheti prepared to hear and remember accurately the falsehood which would probably follow immediately on such a statement.

But he was disappointed.

"The truth is," said Feist, "I don't care much to talk about this affair at present. I can't explain now, but you'll understand one of these days, and you'll say I was right."

"Oh, I see!"

Logotheti smiled and held out his case, for Feist had finished the first cigarette. He refused another, however, to the other's surprise.

"Thanks," he said, "but I guess I won't smoke any more of those. I believe they get on to my nerves."

"Do you really not wish me to bring you any more of them?" asked Logotheti, affecting a sort of surprised concern. "Do you think they hurt you?"

"I do. That's exactly what I mean. I'm much obliged, all the same, but I'm going to give them up, just like that."

"Very well," Logotheti answered. "I promise not to bring any more. I think you are very wise to make the resolution, if you really think they hurt you—though I don't see why they should."

Like most weak people who make good resolutions, Mr. Feist did not realize what he was doing. He understood horribly well, forty-eight hours later, when he was dragging himself at his tormentor's feet, entreating the charity of

half a cigarette, of one teaspoonful of liquor, of anything, though it were deadly poison, that could rest his agonized nerves for a single hour, for ten minutes, for an instant, offering his life and soul for it, parching for it, burning, sweating, trembling, vibrating with horror.

For Logotheti was an Oriental and had lived in Constantinople; and he knew what opium does, and what a man will do to get it, and that neither passion of love, nor bond of affection, nor fear of man or God, nor of death and damnation, will stand against that awful craving when the poison is within reach.

XXIX

THE society papers printed a paragraph which said that Lord Creedmore and Countess Leven were going to have a week-end party at Craythew, and the list of guests included the names of Mr. Van Torp, Mme. de Cordova, M. Konstantinos Logotheti, and Mr. Paul Griggs, after those of a number of overpoweringly smart people.

Lady Maud's brothers saw the paragraph, and the one who was in the Grenadier Guards asked the one who was in the Blues if "the governor was going in for zoology or lion-taming in his old age"; but the brother in the Blues said it was "Maud who liked freaks of nature, and Greeks, and things, because they were so amusing to photograph."

At all events, Lady Maud had studiously left out her brothers and sisters in making up the Craythew party, a larger one than had been assembled there for many years; it was so large, indeed, that the "freaks" would not have been prominent figures at all, even if they had been such unusual persons as the young man in the Blues imagined them. For though Lord Creedmore was not a rich peer, Craythew was a fine old place, and could put up at least thirty guests without crowding them and without causing that most uncomfortable condition of things in which people run over one another from morning to night during week-end parties in the season, when there is no hunting or shooting to keep the men out all day.

The house itself was two or three times as big as Mr. Van Torp's at Oxley

Paddox. It had its hall, its long drawing-room for dancing, its library, its breakfast-room and its morning-room, its billiard-room, sitting-room, and smoking-room, like many another big English country house; but it had also a picture-gallery, the library was a historical collection that filled three good-sized rooms, and it was completed by one which had always been called the study, beyond which there were two little dwelling-rooms, at the end of the wing, where the librarian had lived when there had been one. For the old lord had been a bachelor and a book-lover, but the present master of the house, who was tremendously energetic and practical, took care of the books himself.

Now and then, when the house was almost full, a guest was lodged in the former librarian's small apartment, and on the present occasion Paul Griggs was to be put there, on the ground that he was a man of letters and must be glad to be near books, and also because he could not be supposed to be afraid of Lady Letitia Foxwell's ghost, which was believed to have spent the nights in the library for the last hundred and fifty years, more or less, ever since the unhappy young girl had hanged herself there in the time of George II.

Lady Maud went out on foot that afternoon and met Van Torp in the drive, half a mile from the house. He came in his motor-car with Miss More and Ida, who were to go back after tea. It was by no means the first time that they had been at Craythew; the little girl loved nature, and understood by intuition much that would have escaped a normal child. It was her greatest delight to come over in the motor and spend two or three hours in the park, and when none of the family were in the country she was always free to come and go, with Miss More, as she pleased.

Lady Maud kissed her kindly and shook hands with her teacher before the car went on to leave Mr. Van Torp's things at the house. Then the two walked slowly along the road, and neither spoke for some time, nor looked at the other, but both kept their eyes on the ground before them, as if expecting something.

(To be concluded)

THE STAGE

THE TWO PRINCIPALS IN "A WALTZ DREAM."

LIGHTNING, according to popular belief, never strikes twice in the same place; and it hardly seems possible that Vienna could give us another success like "The Merry Widow." But

the present theatrical year has been full of unexpected events. Its first half was remarkable for a series of failures scored by plays from the desks of leading authors. On the other hand, some notable hits have been made by players not hitherto well known to Broadway; and now

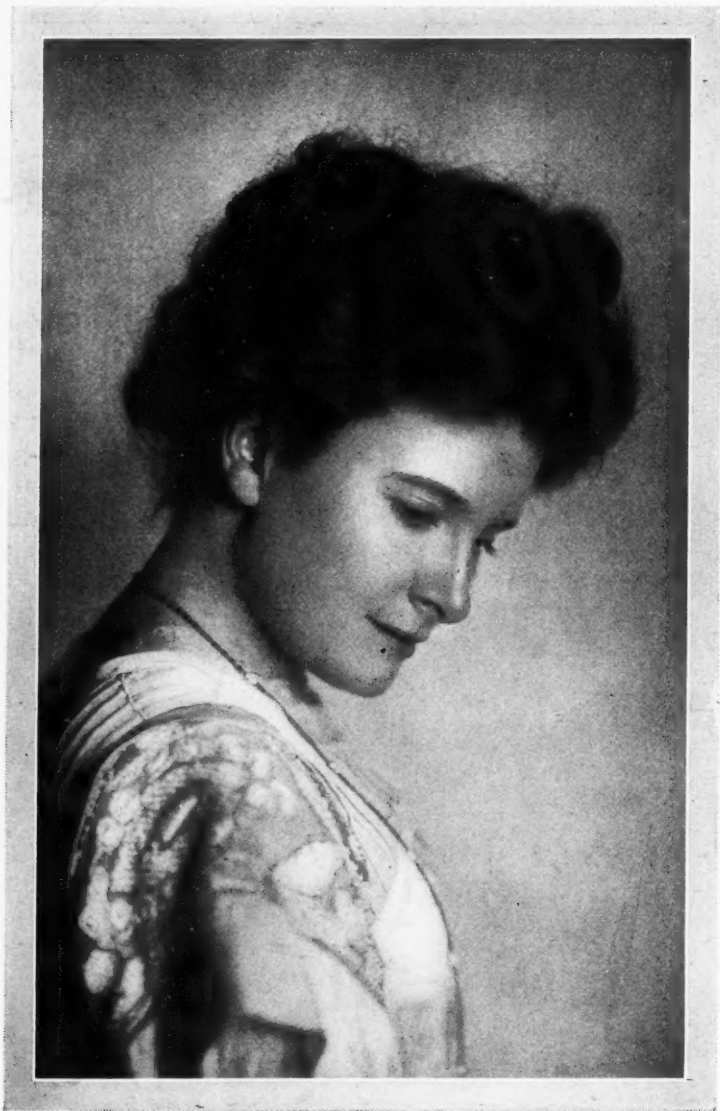


SOPHIE BRANDT, WHO IS FRANZI, LEADER OF THE WOMAN'S ORCHESTRA,
IN "A WALTZ DREAM"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

—not the least of the season's surprises—"A Waltz Dream," imported from the Austrian capital in the wake of "The Merry Widow," in the more or less des-

har's opera, but the New York notices were almost equally enthusiastic, and it is quite within the possibilities that the big Broadway Theater will be a running-



CHRISTIE MACDONALD, WHO IS SALLY HOOK IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS, "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND"

From her latest photograph by Bangs, New York

perate hope of another furor, has fulfilled its sponsors' expectations. It is scarcely likely to duplicate the popular craze that has centered upon Herr Le-

mate of the New Amsterdam in keeping open its doors all summer.

Oddly enough, in spite of the fact that Joseph Herbert was obliged to do a deal



MARGUERITE LESLIE, OF SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S CRITERION THEATER
COMPANY, LONDON

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London



EDWARD JOHNSON, LATELY CHURCH CHOIR AND ORATORIO TENOR,
AS LIEUTENANT NIKI IN THE VIENNESE OPERA,
"A WALTZ DREAM"

From a photograph by White, New York

of expurgating to fit the libretto to Anglo-Saxon conventions, one could more safely take the proverbial *jeune fille* to "A Waltz Dream," as it stands, than to "The Merry Widow," whose act at Maxim's must inevitably shock those whose theatrical pilgrimages have never extended beyond Maude Adams or "The Old Homestead."

Briefly, the story of "A Waltz Dream," which is based on a short tale

by Hans Müller, concerns itself with the ruler of a mythical eastern principality—a sort of Zenda. This petty sovereign has a daughter, but no son, and as the suitors for the daughter's hand are all court personages of more or less splashed morals, *Joachim XIII*—a comedy character played by Charles A. Bigelow—decides to let her choose a husband where her fancy dictates. She selects a handsome young lieutenant of the Austrian army, who is not anxious to wed at all, and who consents to marry the princess merely because it is the command of his emperor. He leaves her on the wedding-night to go out on a lark with a fellow lieutenant, and in a beer-garden, which forms the second act setting, carries on a desperate flirtation with *Franzi* (Sophie Brandt), the leader of a woman's orchestra. The king and the princess come in search of him, and the act closes with a dramatic scene in which the lieutenant, dancing the famous waltz—"Love's Roundelay"—is torn from the arms of the princess by the jeal-

ous *Franzi*, who whirls off with him. Suddenly the royal party is recognized by the populace—*Franzi* and her orchestra are strangers from Vienna—and *Franzi*, overwhelmed with horror at what she has done, sinks down at the foot of the music pagoda, while the lieutenant, at the stern command of the king, marches off with his wife, the princess.

The last act is taken up with the latter's scheme to win her husband's affec-



LOTTA FAUST, WHO IS NINETTE VALOIS, OF THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT, WITH
LEW FIELDS IN "THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER"

From her latest photograph by Bangs, New York



EDNA GOODRICH, LEADING WOMAN WITH N. C. GOODWIN IN BROADHURST'S
NEW PLAY, "THE EASTERNER"

From her latest photograph by Majonier, Los Angeles

tions by appearing indifferent to him, and this she succeeds in doing under the tutelage of no less a person than *Franzi*, with her violin. A weak spot in the

come so popular that by the time these lines are read the remotest hamlet will have heard it in concert, gramophone, piano, or piano-player, and every reader



MAY BUCKLEY AS ROSALIE IN "THE RIGHT OF WAY"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

piece is the ending, which seems rather confused and unconvincing; but up to this point the whole thing is of such holding power that one is quite inclined to forgive a slip or two at the finish. And the music? Well, this promises to be-

can judge of its beauties for himself. It was composed by Oscar Strauss—no relation either to Richard Strauss, composer of "Salome," or to the Vienna Strausses, Johann and Eduard, whose waltzes have made them famous. Oscar



GRACE HEVER AS MME. VALENTINE MERAN, A WOMAN OF FASHION, IN THE FRENCH FARCE, "TWENTY DAYS IN THE SHADE"

From her latest photograph by Sargons, New York

Straus is the author of another opera, written after "A Waltz Dream." This is called "Prince Hugo's Honeymoon," and the American rights to it have been in the possession of Henry W. Savage for some time past.

Just as Donald Brian's dancing is the sensation of "The Merry Widow," so

the singing of Edward Johnson is the marvel of "A Waltz Dream." More marvelous still is the fact that Mr. Johnson is not yet thirty, and quite new to the stage, *Lieutenant Niki* in the Viennese operetta being the first part he ever played. For three years past he has been a member of the choir in the Brick Pres-

byterian Church in New York, where he sang up to the beginning of January. His voice is a really exceptional one, both in quality and in power.

Mr. Johnson was born in the town of Guelph, Canada, fifty miles from Toronto, and in his youth paid more attention to his instrumental than his vocal abilities, both his father and himself being members of the town band, the former playing the clarinet and the latter the flute. Edward had a great ambition to become a scholar, and stood at the head of his classes in the preparatory school; but as so often happens, a chance opening decided his profession. A concert was being given in a neighboring town, at which Miss Edith Miller, a New York girl who has recently made a hit in London, was to be the principal attraction. At the last minute the tenor of the occasion fell ill, and there was nobody in town to replace him. In despair, the committee sent to Guelph for aid.

"Why don't you let Eddie go sing for them?" somebody suggested to the elder Johnson.

"Oh, I don't know as he would do. He's not much more than a boy."

But as no other entry turned up, young Johnson went, and his voice made such an impression on Miss Miller that after the concert she said to him:

"Why don't you go to New York?"

The boy couldn't say why, except that it had never occurred to him; but after he returned to Guelph the idea haunted him. It affected his studies, and he began to drop behind his high rating as a student. Finally he could stand it no longer, and he went to his father.

"I want to go to New York," he said, "and get this thing out of my system. I can either succeed or fail, but whichever it is to be, I want to have it over and done with."

"Very well, my boy," replied the father. "You may go to New York."

This was eight years ago. Young Johnson made his appearance in the city, knowing only one person in all Manhattan. In three days he had secured a position in a church choir, and in a brief time had all the concert engagements he could fill. He traveled as far west as St. Paul on these concert tours under the

Wolfsohn management, having an arrangement with his church by which he could be absent a certain number of Sundays, provided he was always on hand at Christmas and Easter.

Realizing that the tenor part in "A Waltz Dream" was of the highest importance, the management went to a concert impresario—Mr. Wolfsohn, in fact—and asked him to suggest a man with the voice and the personality for the rôle. He named young Johnson, and by dint of buying off his other engagements the latter was able to accept the offer; and so it came to pass that the most important personage in the production had been on the stage only three weeks before he opened with "A Waltz Dream" on Broadway.

By way of coincidence, Sophie Brandt, the *Franzi* of the operetta, has had a similar experience so far as never having been in a subordinate rôle is concerned. Although born in St. Louis, she comes of German parentage, her father having been German consul in the Western city, and she received most of her education on the other side, in Vienna and Berlin. After her father's death she came with her mother to New York, where Mrs. Brandt engaged in business. The daughter's voice was a great pleasure to her friends, but she had never thought of putting it to commercial use until the wish to help her mother occurred to her.

"I am going on the stage," she announced one day.

The mother was opposed to the idea at first, but finally consented to see what could be done about it.

"But let me attend to the arrangements, Sophie," she stipulated.

So the daughter went out of town on a visit, and the mother betook herself to the office of Frank Perley in the Knickerbocker Theater Building. It so happened that she had once met Mr. Perley and his wife at a reception, and she had just read that he was looking for a prima donna to appear in "A Venetian Romance."

She found the corridors approaching the firm's rooms lined with girls looking for a job, and the office itself crowded with more of them. It reminded her of nothing so much as certain experiences

of hers when she had been in quest of a cook. Pushing her way through the throng, Mrs. Brandt inquired of the young man at the railing if she could see Mr. Perley.

"Have you an appointment?" was the instant retort.

"No, but he—"

"He can see no one except by appointment."

"But if you will take him this card—"

"Cards! If I took cards in I'd be busy all day doing nothing else. Voice trial to-morrow morning at eleven down in the theater;" and the young man turned to the next comer behind Mrs. Brandt.

The latter was about to leave in despair, not to say disgust, when the door of an inner sanctum opened and Mr. Perley himself appeared on the scene.

"Oh, Mrs. Brandt," he exclaimed with outstretched hand, "have you been waiting long? Come in."

When she explained that she might have waited indefinitely had he not entered at that lucky moment, he turned to the clerk with the withering remark: "Can't you tell the difference?"

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked, when they were both seated in his sanctum.

When she announced her errand Mr. Perley dropped his chin into the palm of his hand for an instant.

"Let me think," he said musingly. "I saw your daughter once. She wore a maroon gown. Yes, I remember her quite distinctly. Tell her to come and sing for me on the Knickerbocker stage to-morrow morning at nine-thirty."

This was hurrying matters with a vengeance, but Mrs. Brandt telegraphed Sophie to return to the city by the first train the next day, and together they proceeded to the theater. The voice trial was satisfactory, and Mr. Perley awarded the prima-donna part in the new opera to this young girl who had never been on the professional stage in her life.

She made her debut in New London, Connecticut, but the show missed fire, and Mr. Perley thought she had better not come into New York with it. After "A Venetian Romance," she was sent on a hurry call to London by Henry W. Savage to replace Trixie Friganza as

the *Widow* in "The Prince of Pilsen," playing in the summer of 1904 at the Shaftesbury Theater. She studied her part on the steamer on the way over, arrived Friday evening, and went on at the Saturday matinée. The season before last she followed Lulu Glaser in "A Madcap Princess" on the road, and last winter sang in vaudeville.

She was selected for *Franzi* in "A Waltz Dream" via "The Merry Widow" in a rather odd fashion. Savage sent for her two or three times during her vaudeville term, but she had obligations to fulfil which she did not like to break. Finally she was free of these, and began studying the part of *Sonia* with the idea of being placed in the second company which, it was rumored, was to be launched in New York at the Garden Theater, managed by Mr. Savage. But she could get no satisfactory information on this point, and one day chanced to meet in the street a friend of hers from one of the agents' offices.

"I hear you are to be a *Merry Widow*," said the latter. "It's a pity. You are just the type for *Franzi* in 'A Waltz Dream.'"

"Haven't they the woman for that yet?" demanded Miss Brandt eagerly. "Whom do I see about it?"

She was told, and went straightway to that individual's office.

"*Franzi* to the life!" he exclaimed when she entered.

When he heard that she had never sung any but leading parts in her life he was inclined to disbelieve her, for he had never heard her name; but she convinced him that she was telling the truth, and then was assigned the task of singing the *Merry Widow's* part straight through as a test of her abilities.

As it turned out, "The Merry Widow" company with which Miss Brandt rehearsed was sent to Chicago. Lina Abarbanell, singing the name part in it, came near being *Franzi* in "A Waltz Dream," she herself being a Viennese.

A DANISH DANCER AND A FRENCH FARCE

The only thing that is not wonderful about Genée's dancing is the fact that she comes of theatrical stock. "What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," and this is truer perhaps in stage-

land than anywhere else. Adeline Genée is a native of Denmark, where she was born twenty-seven years ago, according to her own statement. From the age of eight she was brought up by her uncle, Alexander Genée, himself a celebrated dancer and a teacher of dancing. When she was twelve, he decided that his niece was ready to become a *prima ballerina*; and her first appearance in public took place at a theater that he was managing in Stettin, Germany. She has been on the stage practically ever since, for the last ten years in London, where last summer she was the sensation of the season at the Empire music-hall as *Lady Dolly*, niece and ward of *Sir Roger*, in the so-called "old English ballet divertissement," "Sir Roger de Coverley."

Genée's dancing is a revelation—the poetry of motion in the concrete, if one may so say. She seems all buoyancy, the essence of lightness, the very embodiment of swift movement under perfect control. And she herself appears to enjoy it as much as do the onlookers. There is no frozen smile to conceal the inward agony of pirouetting across the stage on both toes.

What she wears, too, seems to make no sort of difference. In "The Soul Kiss," for example, each dance would appear increasingly difficult of execution, for she steps from slippers to high-heeled shoes, and from the latter to tight riding-habit and top boots. In this last costume she goes through a hunting dance that carries one into the very heart of the chase without the aid of song or program-key. There was no disputing the success she made in New York.

As to "The Soul Kiss," there is at least one thing to be said in its favor—there was nothing niggardly in the manner of its mounting. There is one particularly striking scene, in which *J. Lucifer Mephisto*, perched at night on the cornice of the Singer Building, looks down on the roofs of the other skyscrapers and sings about the various New Yorkers that he won't permit to smoke with him.

When it was suddenly decided to place Genée in a brand-new piece, rather than in Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1907," "The Soul Kiss" was prepared at lightning speed by the indefatigable Harry B.

Smith. Our managers and playwrights find it necessary to work fast in these days of many theaters and few hits. The whole world must needs be scanned for a possible "find." Vienna has come up nobly with "The Merry Widow" and "A Waltz Dream," and two new operettas recently launched there are already in line for importation to our shores. They are "The Dollar Princess," which has an American girl for its heroine, and "The Man with the Three Wives," with music by Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow." The latter was produced on January 22 at the An der Wien Theater—the house which was lifted into prosperity by "The Merry Widow." Its proprietors have just leased another Vienna theater, the Raimund, of which they have made Herr Lehar artistic director.

One of the speediest importations of the season was accomplished by Charles Frohman with "Twenty Days in the Shade," a French farce brought out at the Nouveautés, in Paris, on the 20th of November, and presented in New York just two months later, in a translation by Paul Potter, who adapted "Trilby" for the stage. The story is funny, and the cast one of the most competent of the season, the failure of other plays having made it possible to pick the best people for this farcical trifle.

"FIFTY MILES FROM BOSTON"

After heaping praises galore on his "Talk of New York," the metropolitan critics doled out sarcasm in large doses to George Cohan's "Fifty Miles from Boston." The burden of their complaint was that the "Yankee Doodle comedian," as he is fond of calling himself, had made an unsuccessful effort to be serious.

In this little play, which begins at half past eight and is over by half past ten, the audience is treated to as many surprises as are ordinarily offered in three shows; and none of them are disagreeable surprises even if they do shatter the ordinary stage conventions. One cannot deny that the suspense in the last act is held to the very tag of the piece, and this is a real achievement in a season where most offerings have petered out after the first curtain-fall.

As in "The Thief" and "A Grand Army Man," the story of "Fifty Miles from Boston" hinges on the eighth commandment—certainly a grateful variant from the everlasting harping on the seventh. It was written originally for George M. Cohan himself, but it is not surprising that he discovered the hero's part to be distinctly inferior in appeal to that of the villain, which he also played a few times. Then an effort was made to induce Lulu Glaser to shine as a star in the heroine's shoes, but one look at the manuscript was enough for her. And assuredly she cannot be blamed. No matter what Mr. Cohan's intentions might have been when he set out to write the play, the two leading rôles are assuredly not the ones calculated to win the most applause. One can well imagine how poignant was Donald Brian's disappointment when his contract to play *Joe Westcott* prevented his accepting the offer of *Prince Danilo* in "The Merry Widow," and how keen his joy when he found that he could play *Danilo* after all, as Cohan decided, at the eleventh hour, to do the hero in "Fifty Miles" himself.

Cohan did not stick to the character long, however. He decided to go to Europe, and turned the part over to Lawrence Wheat, who created *Artie* in the ill-fated George Ade comedy of the name. Meantime Edna Wallace Hopper was induced—by promises that her name should be displayed in electric lights on the theater and in large capitals on the playbills—to take the so-called leading feminine part. Hence we have the anomaly of a play with a star overshadowed at every performance by two people in the support—by Emma Janvier as the village gossip, *Mrs. Tilford*, and by George Parsons as *Dave Harrigan*, the most doggedly delightful villain that ever smoked a cigarette.

DEPRESSING WHIMS AND A HAPPY REVIVAL

The whims of actresses are passing strange, we know, but what sort of brain-storm was it which suggested to Olga Nethersole that "The Awakening" was a suitable vehicle for her? In the first place, it is about the poorest play that ever came out of Paris; and in the second, the leading part is most assuredly

not the woman's—a miserable, whining creature from first to last—but that of the banished prince, excellently played by Charles Stevenson, late in the support of Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Paul Hervieu, author of "The Awakening," seems to have hypnotized the Nethersole. It was another drama of his, "The Labyrinth," with which she came to grief when she last played in New York—at the Herald Square, in November, 1905. Still another of his plays, "The Enigma," is included in her present season's list, but only served to emphasize the deterioration in her acting.

Miss Nethersole first appeared in America in 1894, and swept New York with a wave of admiration for her *Carmille*. Her next sensation was "Carmen," in which the so-called Nethersole kiss attracted as much attention as the rival article in "A Waltz Dream" does now. But we have Nethersole's own word for it—under date of November 14, 1898—that she never did approve of her osculatory exhibition, and wants everybody to forget all about it. Her next grand coup was "Sappho," which resulted in the closing of Wallack's Theater by order of the police, the taking of the case into the courts, the triumphal vindication of the management, and the resumption of the play to much diminished attendance, as was perhaps natural under the circumstances.

Last summer Miss Nethersole played an engagement in Paris at Sarah Bernhardt's own theater, and although the "divine Sarah" would not let the English actress have her dressing-room, the manager of the Opéra Comique, who had forbidden the presentation of "Carmen," relented at the last moment and permitted her to give one performance under the name of "The Spanish Gipsy."

Another English actress haunted by an inexplicable whim this season was Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who could not be happy until she had shown New Yorkers what she could do with "Electra," translated by Arthur Symons from a German version of the classic story. The performance was made up entirely of the very things that most modern playgoers hold in special abhorrence—long speeches, lugubrious yammerings, and action that takes place off the stage.

Last autumn it was announced that Mrs. Campbell had been at work upon this play for two years, that it was to be expanded into three acts, and that among the startling effects were to be the appearance of Castor and Pollux when Clytemnestra is murdered by Orestes and Electra, and the descent of the Furies to drive the matricides into banishment.

What New Yorkers saw was a single act—which was more than enough—containing practically no action or effects whatever, but merely a lot of declamatory talk, and winding up with a feeble attempt at dancing by Mrs. Campbell, in order to celebrate *Electra's* murder of her mother.

The Greek tragedy was preceded by another harrowing affair, translated from the Japanese. It was called "The Flower of Yamato," and may be a classic in its original language. In English it seemed absurd to a degree, unless it was the author's intention to make a sort of "Lady-or-the-Tiger" problem out of the thing, and set playgoers guessing whether *Muraski* allowed herself to be killed because she loved her husband, or because she preferred the man whom she instructed how to slay him. The outcome, like a ferry-boat, could be made to work either way.

Mrs. Campbell was supported by a company of first-class players, including Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Charles Dalton, and Ben Webster, but neither these nor the fine mountings, nor yet the full band in the orchestra-pit, could infuse a glow of enthusiasm into a house chilled by the frosty nature of the plays themselves.

If actresses with whims have contributed to the junk-heap of the season, playwrights with theories have actively assisted them. Whenever, under the title, you see the words, "a play of to-day," prepare for the worst. You may know that the dramatist has set out to exploit some grievance or expound some moral which he must get off his system, no matter what the dramatic or undramatic result. This was the direful category in which David Graham Phillips placed his first theatrical effort, "The Worth of a Woman," which poor Katherine Grey tried her best to make convincing. Mr. Phillips's pet theory, this time, was that no woman should marry a man if he

offers matrimony as a reparation for the greatest wrong one of his sex can do her. Oceans of talk swirled about this unpleasant subject in the effort to make the heroine's attitude plausible, but did not prevent people in the audience audibly whispering: "She's a fool!"—which she certainly was.

What a relief to turn from such a record of wasted paper, time, and scenery, to dilate upon the success achieved by E. H. Sothorn in reviving his father's most famous vehicle! "Lord Dundreary," as it is now called, was put on at the Lyric for a fortnight, but had its time extended again and again. It was a hazardous experiment, there is no denying. The play itself—most people seem to forget that there is such a thing, written by the Englishman, Tom Taylor, and named "Our American Cousin"—is just fifty years old, and nothing ages so fast as drama.

The interest of 1908 centered, as did that of 1858, not upon plot or character development, but upon *Lord Dundreary*. Everybody knows the story that tells how the elder Sothorn looked askance upon the part when it was offered to him, and how he set out to elaborate it for himself until it became practically the whole play. This task the son has not had to do, but he has had a still more difficult one—that of standing comparison with his father's historic triumph. Of course, only a small percentage of the audiences can make the comparison from personal knowledge of both players. One who is in position to do so, declares that the only difference seems to be one of accent. E. A., being English born, spoke *Dundreary's* lines with a blown-in-the-bottle genuineness; E. H. is obliged to assume the proper inflection.

"Our American Cousin" was originally produced at Laura Keane's Theater, in New York, which was under the management of Miss Keane herself, she creating the part of *Florence Trenchard*. The piece was put forward with much trepidation, no one having any confidence in it save John Lutz, business manager of the theater, whom Laura Keane afterward married. She gave it more than a thousand times, as set forth in the program upon the occasion of her benefit at Ford's Theater, Washington. This was the

fateful night of Friday, April 14, 1865, when President Lincoln was shot as he sat in a private box watching the performance. Neither Joseph Jefferson—the first *Asa Trenchard*—nor E. A. Sothorn was in the company at that time. The only actor of the present day in the cast on that memorable night was W. J. Ferguson, who recently played the name-part in “The Toymaker of Nuremberg,” and who on that occasion was *Lieutenant Vernon*.

As originally written, the character of *Asa Trenchard* in “Our American Cousin” was meant to portray the Englishman’s idea of a typical American type—shrewd, alert, slangy, and hustling. That of *Dundreary*, on the other hand, was designed to present the American’s idea of the average Englishman—obtuse and blundering, but honorable and good-natured. The play had been in repose some thirty years when a happy inspiration suggested the revival to Sothorn.

NAT GOODWIN'S CHANGE OF MIND

At the end of January, last year, it was announced that George Broadhurst, then in the first flush of his big hit with “The Man of the Hour,” had signed a contract to write a play for Nat Goodwin. Broadhurst had persistently declared that he would never write for a star, but finally agreed to make an exception in Goodwin’s case. In the following June, a Philadelphia paper announced, in a despatch from San Francisco, that Nat Goodwin had decided to quit the stage.

“Because acting interferes with my evenings,” he explained. “Besides, I want to live among real men and real things.” To this end he had purchased an interest in mining properties in Nevada, and proposed to spend the rest of his life there. “I’ve met men in Nevada,” he added, “men that are men. And I prefer the desert and its men to London and its fops. London is an excellent referee for the game of play-acting; that’s why I act there. But let me live in my own country, and away from artifice and artistry and all the other big names for little things.”

But nobody changes his mind so often as an actor. When the new season came around, Nat was back on the stage again, in repertoire, until the Broadhurst play

should be ready, and this, “The Easterner,” will have been presented in New York, at the Garrick Theater, by the time these lines are before the public.

The portrait of Edna Goodrich shows Mr. Goodwin’s leading woman, who has had a truly remarkable rise. Some four years ago she was merely a show girl in the chorus at Joe Weber’s music-hall. From there she passed to the same sort of position with Sam Bernard in “The Rollicking Girl,” whence she was plucked by some discerning eye and sent on tour as a star in “The Genius and the Model.” Then Goodwin saw her, and not only secured the actress, but also the play for himself, and under the name of “The Genius,” presented it in New York last spring—with no very great success.

A TASTE OF SHAKESPEARE

When Henry Ludlowe came before a New York audience as *Shylock* in “The Merchant of Venice,” he was practically unknown to the metropolis, although he had acted there, some fifteen or twenty years before, with the Booth and Barrett company, under his real name of Ludland. Meanwhile he has been off the boards, preparing others for them, at his dramatic school in Philadelphia.

He appeared in New York with a good company, with the Mansfield scenery, and with the physical advantages of a tall, well-proportioned figure and a fine bass voice.

What he had against him was Broadway’s indifference to Shakespeare, the cramped dimensions of the Bijou stage, and the presence of a host of enthusiastic and injudicious friends whose applause may have been meant wisely, but was certainly given too well to be considered as altogether disinterested.

Mr. Ludlowe makes *Shylock* more human and more modern than do most of his impersonators. One feels that one might meet his counterpart any afternoon in the Ghetto of New York, as easily as on the Rialto of medieval Venice. Arthur Forrest was the *Bassanio*, and Sheridan Block the *Gratiano*, while Charles Harbury doubled *Old Gobbo* and the *Duke*. Keith Wakeman was the *Portia*, and made an excellent one. Miss Wakeman is a Californian, who once played with Lawrence Barrett.

IN THE SPRING A WOMAN'S FANCY—

BY MARY VAN BRUNT HUNTER

AUTHOR OF "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

"I'VE a lovely scheme for doing over the dining-room," announced Juliet, as she poured John's second cup of coffee. "I read a description in the last *House Charming*. Flemish oak and old blue, with old blue window-hangings of raw silk—"

"Doing over the dining-room?" John looked up from his muffin uneasily. "Does it need doing over?" He glanced about. "Looks all right to me as it is."

Juliet shook her head.

"This golden oak and the red in the rug and curtains are—ordinary. Ethel, don't put so much sugar on your orange—it's bad for your stomach. Well, the sour is what we eat them for—acid is good for us in the spring."

"We get a whole lot of acid in the spring," observed John, his intonation suggesting dark and hidden meanings. "Yes, a lot of acid—taxes to pay, and life-insurance, and bills for Easter clothes. But this house-cleaning and renovating is the worst dose of all. Why, it's only a year or so since we had the dining-room done!"

"John Carlton! It was the year before Billy was born, and he's in the third grade! Billy, don't take such great mouthfuls—there, half of that. Yes, that's better. You know yourself, John, the paper is frightfully shabby. I never liked it, anyway; and I shall have to give a luncheon or something for Louise, when she comes on in June. Old blue, with panels, and a wide plate-rail."

"It doesn't sound attractive," protested John helplessly. "Dark woodwork and paper. Why, you said the other day light colors were the thing."

"Oh, that is for bedrooms—light, dainty effects there, and the solid, more somber colors in living-rooms."

"Cheerful on a dark morning!"

"Well, as the *House Charming* article said, electric lights are most effective on dark backgrounds. And an open fire. I'm so glad we have an open fireplace in our dining-room!"

"I suppose the *House Charming* will pay the electric-light bills for the sake of artistic effects," grumbled John. "What about the table and chairs?"

"Of course we'll have to change them. And I'll have a low, broad buffet instead of that hideous old sideboard."

"And what do you propose to do with this furniture?"

"Well, you know, I've been thinking about that. Mrs. Butler sold a lot of her things to Loewenstein when she broke up housekeeping. She got enough for them to pay for her beautiful new tailor suit."

"That second-hand man! Juliet, you're crazy! Those fellows make their money off people like you and Mrs. Butler. It's the wise ones who pick up bargains in their shops. Same thing with collectors of antiques—that Sheffield-plate tray you're so proud of—some foolish person sold that for a tithe of its real value."

"What's a shuffled plate?" Billy, who had been clamoring to be heard, at last succeeded, with unhappy results.

"It's time for you and Ethel to go," was his mother's unsatisfactory response. "Run up-stairs and brush your teeth—thoroughly, now, Billy—inside as well as out. Ethel, see that he does it prop-

erly; and bring down a fresh hair-ribbon and I'll tie it for you. That one is mussy. Hurry, for I'm very busy this morning."

"What's doing to-day?" John asked from the hall, struggling into his light overcoat. "The attic, or closets, or—"

then paused, restraining herself heroically. "Now, go on, John." She opened the door as she spoke. "You talk just like all men—you don't know anything about it. It has to be done. You'd hate a dirty house as much as any one."

"Of course I'd hate a dirty house, but



"TO-DAY WE'RE GOING TO BEGIN DOWN-STAIRS; THE LIVING-ROOM COMES FIRST"

"I did those weeks ago." Juliet followed him, answering abstractedly. "To-day we're going to begin down-stairs; the living-room comes first."

She glanced in as she spoke, and John, his eyes following hers, sighed.

"What in the world you want to clean that room for I can't imagine. It looks in perfect order. It's a strange thing how this microbe of cleaning and changing about infects women. You're in now, I can see, for a regular jag of it—an orgy, a saturnalia of tearing things up and putting them back again. What possible pleasure you can find in it—"

"Pleasure!" exclaimed Juliet, and

it never is dirty. That's why it's so absurd—"

"And why isn't it dirty? Oh, John! It is you who are absurd—you're talking in paradoxes, like the 'Alice in Wonderland' people. Go on, now, do—it's late, and I must get to work. The children are coming down-stairs. Don't let us wrangle before them. Good-by." Her voice fell to a soothing cadence. "When you come home to-night it will all be in order—you wouldn't know anything had been done if I hadn't told you."

"Now, that's exactly what I said—"

Juliet closed the door on his insistence, somewhat forcibly. She tied Ethel's

hair-ribbon, inspected Billy's teeth, kissed the children good-by, then donned her dusting-cap and apron as she instructed the maid:

"Get the dishes out of the way as soon as you can, Anna. James is here already for the rugs. Never mind about luncheon. There's that cold roast left from yesterday; we'll make that do for dinner, with—oh, baked potatoes, and sliced oranges for dessert. I'll get at the books directly. We must get the living-room and den both done to-day—Mr. Carlton does hate it so!"

The living-room, a picture of comfort with its soft, deep-colored rugs and mahogany furniture, was Juliet's joy. It was the one room in her house whose contents, with a sole exception, perfectly satisfied her esthetic longings. Bookcases in mahogany matching the wood-work filled corners and spaces beneath windows; but at one side of the mantel towered a tall black-walnut case, whose old-fashioned outline and inharmonious coloring vexed her soul.

"So out of keeping with the rest," she often sighed to John.

His reply was always the same—that it was perfectly good, that the glass doors protected the books from dust, and finally that he had used it in college. To Juliet the last statement was good and sufficient proof that the case had outlived its usefulness. John, who, with all cats and some people, inclined tenderly toward furnishings, no matter how shabby, to which he was comfortably wonted, regarded this as the best of reasons why his bookcase should continue to do service where it stood, so long as it held together.

Juliet surveyed it now with a pang. They certainly needed more book-room. The table and desk in John's den were heaped with homeless volumes, and the children, too, were accumulating so many. If John would only be reasonable and do away with this horror, she would replace it with two low cases of mahogany, one on either side of the fireplace. She would hang the Shakespeare portrait and inscription over one, and the Aurora over the other—and upon the one at the left the bronze Cossack should stand against the gray-green burlap wall. But there—what was the use?

So Juliet pondered as she dusted books, wiped glass, and washed *bric-à-brac* throughout the morning.

After luncheon, when James came in to wax the floors, an inspiration seized her.

"I'm going to try that bookcase in the den," she told him. "We can move it, I'm sure, now the books are all out. Anna and I will take this end and you the other."

James was less sanguine.

"It'll scratch the floor something awful," he objected.

"We'll put down some old rugs to run it on." Small obstacles did not hinder Juliet when her course was decided.

"My, but ain't the wall faded terrible!" cried Anna, when they had succeeded in launching the unwieldy craft upon its voyage.

"An' I don't believe it'll go through the door, it's that tall," contributed James.

Juliet looked at wall and at door, while her face assumed the expression well known to Billy when he too long persisted in a contrary course. It couldn't be the inscription and the portrait, but there was that tapestry she had been hoarding for an age. And really, she liked the burlap better in its faded state.

"That carved top will come off," she said. "Take the step-ladder, James—just pull that top piece up. It hasn't been off in years, but it will come if you pry it. Wait, I'll find something."

She was out of the room only a moment, but when she returned the deed was done. The top was off and in three pieces.

"I don't know how it ever happened, ma'am," said James contritely. "But it can be mended."

Mended? Never! Suddenly Juliet saw her opportunity. It was an accident, of course; but a broken bookcase is quite different from one in good order—even John would admit that. Blithely she went toward the telephone.

II

SOME hours later the despised bookcase left the house in the second-hand man's wagon. Juliet gazed speculatively at its outline on the wall, while in her



AT ONE SIDE OF THE MANTEL TOWERED A TALL BLACK-WALNUT CASE

hand she clutched the result of an hour's haggling with the buyer—a ragged two-dollar bill.

At six o'clock she listened with some apprehension for John's footstep. He was late. This was fortunate, as it gave her time to make his favorite pudding. Ethel joyfully relinquished her half-hour's practise for the privilege of running to the market, whence she returned with a thick and tender porterhouse—no cold roast and makeshift dinner would do to-night.

Save for the piles of books on the floor, the room was in its accustomed order, as Juliet had predicted. She had made an attractive toilet, and a sacrificial fire was laid on the immaculate hearth, ready to be touched into a blaze. John liked open fires.

"What is that noise?" asked Juliet, bending stiffly, match in hand. After her strenuous day she longed to throw herself on the davenport, letting dinner and

the situation take care of themselves. "Is it father? Look quick, Billy, and see."

Billy clambered upon the window-seat. "Yes, it's father!" The match scratched, and kindling flames brightened the room. "There's some men with him—there's a wagon—they're bringing something to the house," came successive bulletins from the lookout.

"Well, you look cheerful here!" cried John in the hall. "Look out there, men—careful, going through the doorway—yes, right in here. Juliet, I'm going to prove to you that I knew what I was talking about this morning. On my way home, going by Loewenstein's I struck the greatest bargain! There on the sidewalk I happened to see this bookcase, exactly like mine—yes, the one I had in college. Nothing the matter with it, except the carved top is broken in two places. A little glue will fix that in no time. I've heard you say we needed

more book-room, and must have a case on the other side of the mantel. What luck, wasn't it, to find one exactly like—what on earth's the matter with you, Juliet?"

She stood as if petrified, her gaze turn-

lege, I tell you. And I got it for seven and a half!"

Juliet fell over on the davenport, her face buried in the pillows, shrieking with hysterical laughter. John's eye, as he advanced in alarm, lighted on the or-



JULIET FELL OVER ON THE DAVENPORT, HER FACE BURIED IN THE PILLOWS

ing from him to a tall object that loomed in the doorway.

"John Carlton, how—much—did—you—pay—for—that—bookcase?"

"A trifle compared with its real value—it's worth every cent of twenty-five dollars—it's a good old piece, in fine order—exactly like the one I had in col-

derly piles of books, the vacant space, the bright, unfaded spot upon the wall. For an instant he stared, bewildered; then as Juliet's laughter redoubled, a sickly smile of comprehension spread itself over his countenance.

"Well, I'll be—blowed!" he substituted, remembering Billy.

DREAMS OF HOME

In the still night, while stars their vigil keep,
I wander where the old home lies asleep.

With the white moon, my lonely soul looks down
On well-known paths and sheltering roofs of brown.

With the night wind my spirit sweeps the lane,
Sighs o'er the threshold, taps the window-pane!

Minnie Reid French

INTIMATE TALKS ABOUT BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

IX—THE ESSAYS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

SOME of these days there will have to be a general readjustment of values in the accepted history of American literature. For a long, long while our people were necessarily so given over to material things as to have little time for cultivating any of the arts. In this respect Americans were like the Romans of the early period. They were engaged in a struggle for existence. Their thoughts were turned toward what was useful rather than toward what was beautiful. Hence, in this country, as in early Rome, the artistic instinct was approved only when it seemed to have in it an element of the practical.

Thus, while painting was not entirely discouraged, it was only the portrait-painter who could make a living in the young commonwealth. He could transmit to posterity the features of his conspicuous contemporaries; and so they let him paint them, being moved by that pride which was shared alike by Puritan and by Cavalier.

Again, in literature it was only the historian and the orator who were viewed with approbation. The historian could record the exploits of soldiers and of nation-builders. The orator, whether political or theological, could influence his hearers to action. Therefore, histories and speeches and sermons were committed

to writing, and were printed and even read; but poets and dramatists and essayists were for a long time scarcely known. When, in the early nineteenth century, they finally appeared, they wrote for a public which had long since lost all standards of appreciation. It was thought to be remarkable that any one could write a book at all. Even a newspaper poet was worth consideration, and had at least a local fame; while professional authors, even though they made but little money, and wrote, as Prescott once did, for a dollar a page, were viewed with indiscriminating admiration.

A LITERARY SIFTING PROCESS

This is why, if you open one of the early American anthologies, such as Griswold's, or if you turn over the pages of the "literary keepsakes" and "gift-books" of that generation, you will find the productions of a few men of talent indiscriminately mixed with the crudest scrawls of mediocrity. The reading public could not feel the difference, for example, between the early writings of Longfellow and those of Maria Brooks; between the strange harmonies of Poe and the slipshod verse of Amelia Welby; or between the graceful, accurate scholarship of Prescott and the ponder-

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the ninth article of a series discussing in a familiar way the best modern and classical books, some knowledge of which is absolutely indispensable to educated men and women, and to any one who would associate with intelligent people of the world. The following papers have already appeared: "The Novels of Charles Dickens" (August, 1907); "Sappho," by Alphonse Daudet (September); "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne (October); Homer's "Odyssey" (November); "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë (December); "The Short Stories of Edgar Allan Poe" (January, 1908); "M. Lecoq," by Emile Gaboriau (February); and "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray (March). Next month's article will deal with "Anna Karénina," by Count Tolstoy.

ous pedantry of Bancroft. Poe himself pilloried Longfellow as a mere plagiarist, while praising very highly women scribes whose verse was mawkish to the last degree.

It came about, therefore, that American literature, as our first critics understood it, was really a most *bizarre* assemblage of unequal work—a sort of crazy-quilt in which silk and velvet were cobble-stitched to calico. Only by very slow degrees did there begin a process of sifting, and even now this process has not been fully carried out. Take any recent history of American literature—like that, for example, of Professor Trent—and you will find serious attention given not merely to Irving and Cooper and Hawthorne and Lowell, but likewise to such feeble folk as Thomas Prince and John Woolman and Joseph Dennie and John P. Kennedy and Enos Hitchcock.

As I said before, the time is coming when all this literary underbrush must be rooted out remorselessly. Then we shall have remaining a mass of writers to whom new values will be assigned. At the present time the practise is to rank them as being almost equally important. Soon, however, it will be no longer necessary to hold that Cooper was a very great romancer, that Hawthorne was a genius of extraordinary accomplishments, that Bayard Taylor was very much of a poet, or that Oliver Wendell Holmes possessed more than cleverness and facility. We shall have to balance these earlier writers with those of our own time, and to judge them, not by parochial standards, but by the criterion of world literature.

LONGFELLOW AND EMERSON

When this is done, we may be sure that two men, at least, will meet any test that shall be applied to them. Longfellow and Emerson have nothing to fear. Their place is fixed; or, if it be changed at all, they will be advanced to still greater heights.

I need not speak of Longfellow, because I have already done so in this magazine. His fame has grown each year. He is no longer a poet of America alone, but of the whole English-speaking world. Yet he must yield to Emerson, and for a reason that is very plain. In

Longfellow, one admires most of all the beauty and the fitness of the form in which he has embodied what he thought and felt. Apart from the form, his thought and feeling are not remarkable. Translate him into any other language, and his poetry will not rise above the level of the commonplace. It is the exquisite gift of expression which makes his lines so lovely, so touching, and so impossible to forget.

Emerson, on the other hand, unites the intellectual quality with the emotional, fineness of form with originality of content. Longfellow soothes and charms and pleases. Emerson stimulates and inspires. In one you find a certain sensuousness and sweetness as in music. In the other there is that which energizes the brain and is a trumpet-call to action.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, THE MAN

What is remarkable about both these men is the circumstance that, although their surroundings in the formative period of their lives were plain, provincial, and almost rustic, they both wrote in the language of a larger world—a language that was and still remains devoid of what is local. Emerson, speaking at Oxford or at Edinburgh, would not be recognized as a citizen of the New World. Far less would one think of him as a rural Yankee who invariably breakfasted on pie, who picked peas in his little garden, who was regular in his attendance at "town meetings," and who entered into all the interests of the hamlet where he lived. Matthew Arnold, the most fastidious of critics, tells us of the impression made upon him by the first reading of Emerson's early essays:

There came to us in that old Oxford time a clear and pure voice, which, for my ear, at any rate, brought a strain as new and moving and unforgettable as the strain of Newman or Carlyle or Goethe. To us at Oxford, Emerson was but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away. But so well he spoke that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and of Weimar.

It is odd, yet it gives proof of the American lack of critical power at the

time, that Emerson's own countrymen by no means greeted him with the same enthusiasm. In 1840, Dean Stanley, meeting some Americans at Malta and desiring to please them, spoke with hearty admiration of the "Essays," which had just been published. Whereupon the Americans shook their heads and said that in the United States Emerson was thought to be much too "greeny." It was the very perfection of his style and the originality of his mind that made his sentences appeal with far more force to cultivated foreigners than to the home public, which preferred the obvious, dressed up in tawdry rhetoric.

It is, indeed, impossible to discover just how Emerson acquired the felicitous touch that gives his writings such distinction, the wealth of illustration that enriches them, the penetration of thought that fills them with so much power. He was but an indifferent student in his college days. His reading was very wide, but very desultory. His allusions are often quite inaccurate. None the less, in some strange fashion he absorbed the essence of Platonism and an understanding of the great German philosophers, together with a myriad facts and fancies from all the world's best writers—facts and fancies which he unconsciously assimilated so that they gave beauty and brilliancy to his own most esoteric thoughts.

He was a most unusual figure, this man of Concord. He lived a life which touched the world at many points, though he was scarcely of the world himself. His consistent attitude was one of intellectual detachment. He had many friends, yet no one really knew him. No one ever clapped him on the shoulder and called him Waldo. There was something almost Buddhistic in his serene aloofness in that small community where every one knew everybody else, and where, for most men, there was little privacy. Yet Emerson was quite apart, composed and tranquil, friendly, but with little heat of friendship. He seldom laughed. He disliked loud laughter in others, or loud speaking. He detested the superlative degree in everything.

Perhaps this sensitiveness may have been partly physical in its origin. Writing once to Carlyle, he used the phrase

"my vast debility." It was surely not a debility of mind. It was possibly a debility of body which made the noise and bustle of what he called "this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America" distasteful to him. Even in good causes he deplored the strenuous attitude. He wrote:

Nature does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition convention, or the temperance meeting, or the Transcendental Club, into the fields and woods, she says to us: "So hot, my little sir?"

And thus to Emerson all the actualities of material life were more or less a dream. At least, they never stirred his depths. When, as a clergyman, he found himself unable, by reason of conscientious scruples, to administer the sacrament, he caused no schism in the church. He merely told his people of his changed belief; and when they could not follow him, he left the pulpit very quietly and put aside the clerical profession. Whenever he received offense in private life—which was but seldom—he showed no anger, but simply withdrew into himself and ceased thereafter to know the persons who had offended him. Though he sympathized with the Abolition movement, he took no active part in it. Though the Brook Farm experiment in socialism interested him, he would not himself become a member of the brotherhood. Politics repelled him. Of personal ambition he had none.

EMERSON, THE PHILOSOPHER

A great deal has been said and written concerning the philosophy of Emerson, and a great deal of what has been said and written is little better than nebulous nonsense. Emerson, in truth, had no philosophy—at least, no system of philosophy which can be reduced to any definite form. He was rather a great fountain of isolated thoughts which he put forth in essays, some of which have no structural coherence. At times, as in his essay on "The Over-Soul," he scarcely apprehended what he wished to say, but merely struggled amid a flood of half-shaped ideas. As Oliver Wendell Holmes has well expressed it:

His paragraphs are full of brittle sentences that break apart and are independent units, like the fragments of a coral colony.

Of course, his thought was fundamentally Platonic. His quest was for ideals. He had a truly oriental belief in the transmigration of souls, and this was supplemented by a kind of pantheism; since he believed that God is omnipresent, that He pervades every living thing, and that our souls are but a part of the divine soul which is the very essence of the universe. Philosophically, there is nothing new in Emerson. What made him so remarkable a figure in his time and country was his splendid advocacy of free thought, of the right of every mind to think precisely as it would. It was because of this that Carlyle wrote to him with a touch of Scottish condescension:

You are a new era, my man, in your new, huge country.

It was his championship of intellectual freedom that burst through the petty, narrow, provincial way of thinking which had clamped New England in a strangling grip. His doctrine worked like new yeast upon the brains of those who heard and read him. Some of these brains were very feeble brains, and they were responsible for much babbling and for much of the absurdity of Transcendentalism. The cheap cleverness of Margaret Fuller and the boresome, windy platitudes of Bronson Alcott are rather favorable specimens of the occasional miscarriage of Emerson's inspiration. But in the end, his influence was tonic and stimulating; and after he had taught for many years, his influence led his countrymen into a wider world of thought, just as it made for courage, for self-reliance, and for a love of truth eternal.

It may seem odd to couple the names of Emerson and Walt Whitman, since no two human beings could have lived more different lives; yet, each of these two men gave his supreme devotion to the doctrine of an intense individualism. Whitman, however, seems to feel only the intoxication of physical well-being. He is drunken with the pride of flesh and blood, the joy of sense, the glory of the outward man. Emerson, striking a far higher note, yields not to Whitman in his exaltation of humanity. But to him,

man is not a mere eating, drinking, loafing, sprawling creature, likening himself to cattle because they are not "respectable," and approving lust because untamed nature prompts it. Listen to Emerson and see how gloriously he rises above the purely sensual view of life:

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. We are now men, and must accept from the highest minds the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, nor cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

The nonchalance of boys, who are sure of a dinner and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature.

We are wiser than we know. If we will not interfere with our thought, but will act entirely, or see how the thing stands in God, we know the particular thing, and everything, and every man. For the Maker of all things and all persons stands behind us, and casts His dread omniscience through us over things.

No society can ever be so large as one man. He in his friendship, in his natural and momentary associations, doubles or multiplies himself; but in the hour in which he mortgages himself to two, or ten, or twenty, he dwarfs himself below the stature of one.

That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Every great man is unique. Do that which is assigned to you, and you cannot hope too much, or dare too much.

Let a man, then, know his worth and keep things under his feet.

Here is a proclamation of the greatness and dignity of man, as forcible as Whitman's, yet delivered as it were in clear tones from a mountain-peak, while Whitman bellows vociferously in a valley.

THE APHORISMS OF EMERSON

These sentences alone would give one who had not read him a very fair understanding of the rare quality which Emerson possessed of concentrating a pungent thought within the compass of a few words. He teaches in aphorisms. As I have already said, his essays seem often a collection of unrelated units. One might liken each essay to a quiver filled

with arrows. Every shaft flies forth unerringly to its mark. It is a mere accident that they all leap, as it were, from a single bowstring. Each sentence is often in its effect equivalent to a long disquisition by a writer whose phrases are less pregnant. I can think of no parallel to certain of these papers except, perhaps, in some of the Epistles of Horace, where maxim after maxim, and epigram after epigram, strike the mind as a succession of lightning-flashes strikes the vision. Take, for example, the famous essays on "Compensation" and "Circles," and note these remarkable sayings which, as you pass from page to page, scintillate like a rivière of diamonds in a golden setting:

Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. For every grain of wit, there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something.

Nature hates monopolies and exceptions.

The only sin is limitation.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew.

Character makes an overpowering present. Character dulls the power of particular events. When we see the conqueror, we do not think much of every one battle or success. We see that we had exaggerated the difficulty. It was easy to him.

Thus is the universe alive. All things

are moral. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. The dice of God are always loaded.

Our strength grows out of our weakness.

A great man is always willing to be little.

Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper.

The man is all.

Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. We gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

Horace is the most quoted writer of classical antiquity. Emerson is certainly the most quoted writer who holds a place in American literature. It is probably to the fact that these single, poignant thoughts of his have found a lodgment in so many minds that we may ascribe the power which he has exerted for several generations. He may be criticized for unevenness, for his lack of philosophic system, and for many other things. Yet all such criticism is but the cheep of insects when we consider how splendidly this one writer has combated the forces of materialism, how he has taught men to look upward to the ideal truth, and how he has given a multitude of noble thoughts to instil nobility in minds which would have been ignoble had he never lived and written.

So far as our native literature has advanced in its gradual evolution, there can be no doubt that Emerson to-day is the very foremost of those who have shed luster on its annals.

MY ISLAND

My soul a little island is,
And all about the sea;
It cannot reach to other lands,
Nor other lands to me.

The wide blue stretches in between;
And who beyond would know
That, washed on every side by waves,
A few tall palm-trees grow?

Aloof my island is, and yet,
When night has blurred the skies,
I wonder if another land
Still farther seaward lies!

I wonder if, with shores like mine,
In space of blue afloat,
Across the sea on misty nights
It dreameth of a boat!

Mary Eastwood Knevels